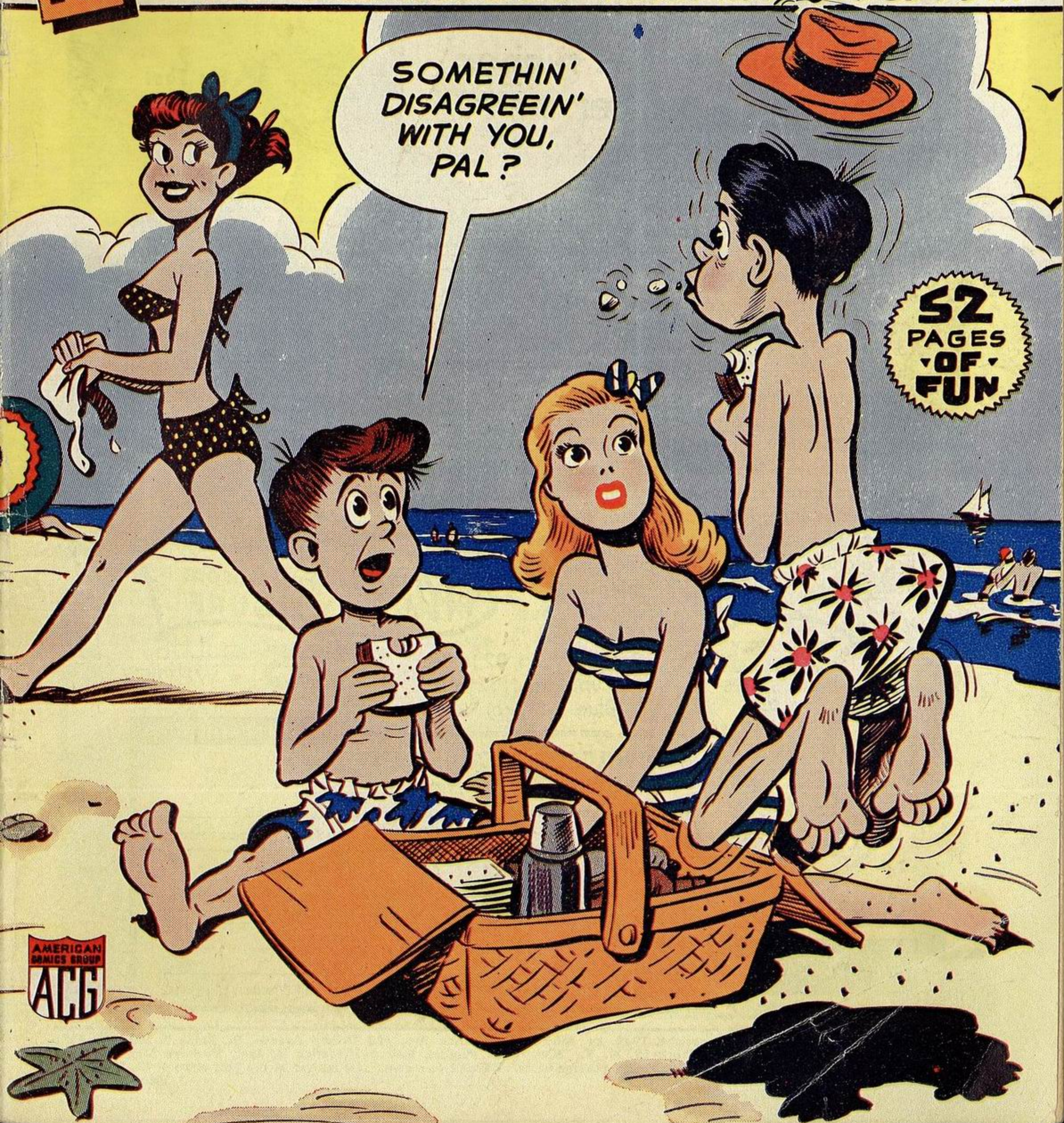


# GOOKLE

10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*



**52**  
PAGES  
OF  
FUN

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*Now* YOU CAN HAVE  
DARING *Newest Look* BEAUTY  
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**TRIOLETTE**

*It's All  
These*

- 1-uplift bra
- 2-waist nipper
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Put your figure in style! Look feminine, curvaceous—*instantly*—with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It's taken New York by storm...it's all the rage with smart girls...because it rounds you enticingly in the *right* places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly boned—to pull in your waist; give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter what shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree...and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace inserts at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRIOLETTE costs little more than bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with

your glamorous  
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figure. A cup, 32 to 36.  
B cup, (larger) 32 to 38.  
Blue white or nude.

*Have* Tiny Waist  
—Full Bosom  
**FIGURE**

**\$5.95** • BLUE  
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Rush your new TRIOLETTE for \$5.95. CUP \_\_\_\_\_ SIZE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage. ☐ I enclose \$5.95. You pay postage

1st Color Choice

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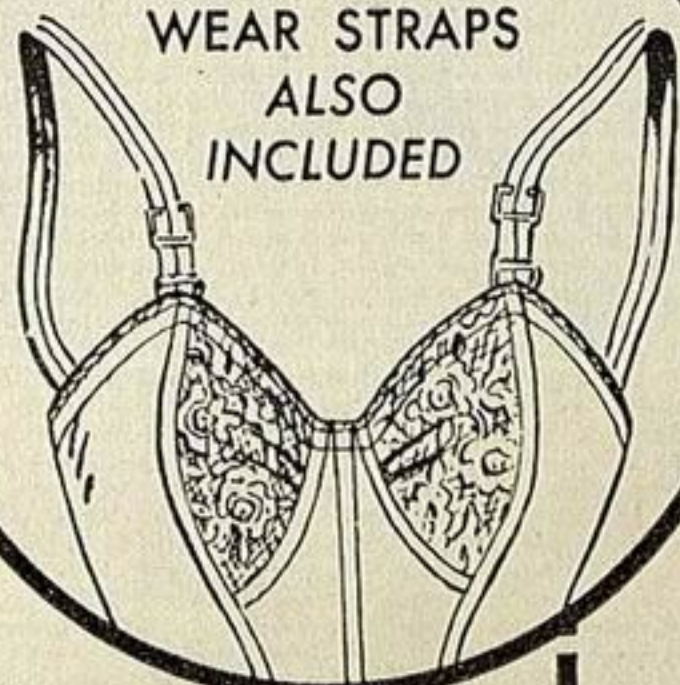
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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone, State \_\_\_\_\_

I understand if not delighted with TRIOLETTE I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

BE SMARTLY  
STRAPLESS OR  
WEAR STRAPS  
ALSO  
INCLUDED



**Costs so little**

**MAIL COUPON NOW!**



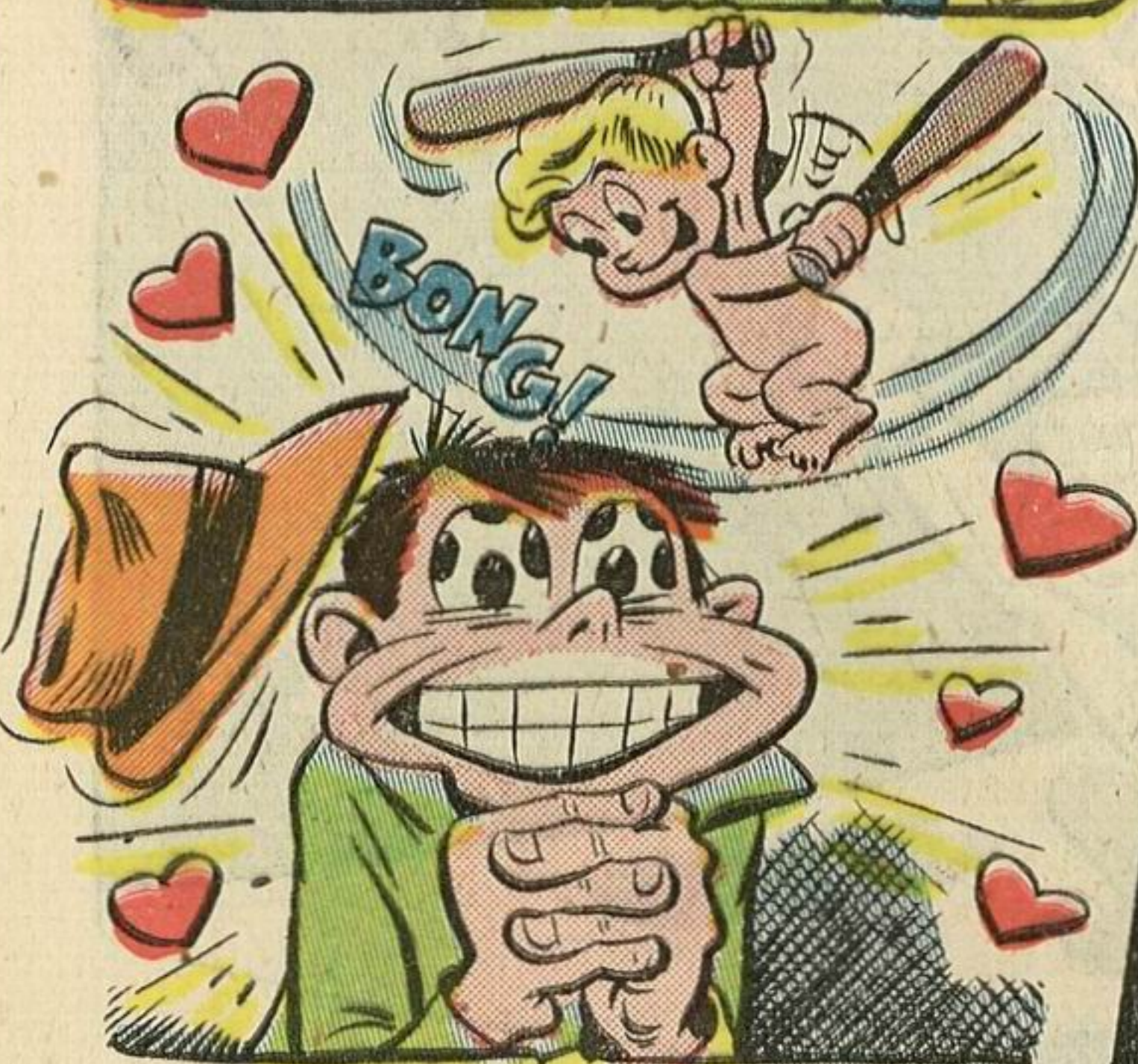




THAT'S JUST YER TROUBLE  
---WASTIN' YER YOUTH AN'  
DOUGH ON **BABES!**...  
WHY DON'TCHA BE LIKE  
**ME?**

OKAY, OKAY, SO YOU'RE  
THE STRONG, SILENT  
STAG-LINE TYPE! BUT  
SOMEDAY, LI'L OL'  
CUPID'LL PUNCTURE  
YOUR ARMOR!

LOOK, CUPID'LL HAFTA  
USE SOMETHIN' **BIGGER**  
THAN AN ARROW IF...IF...



OH, **BABY!** WHERE  
HAVE YOU **BEEN** ALL  
MY LIFE?

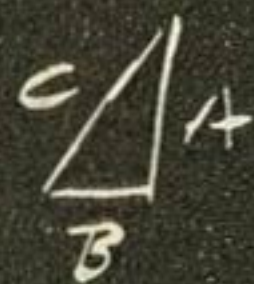
AY BANE MOPPIN'  
DIRTY FLOORS!...  
WHERE YOU BANE  
ALL **MY** LIFE?





... AND NOW THAT YOU'VE MET OUR NEW STUDENT, MISS DIXIEBELLE LARUE, LEAVE US GET ON WITH OUR LESSONS! AS YOU ALL KNOW, YESTERDAY WE...

Geometry



150+

AHEM!... I SAID, AS YOU ALL KNOW, YESTERDAY...

DIXIEBELLE LARUE... WOO-WOO! TELL ME, BABY... DO YOU LIKE TA DANCE?

JITTERBUCK JONES, WILL YOU PLEASE PAY ATTENTION?

OH, SURE... SURE, MISS BIBBLESNICKER! I... I ONLY WANTED TO ASK HER IF SHE'D GO TO THE DANCE WITH ME!

MISS LARUE, WILL YOU PLEASE TELL HIM WHETHER OR NOT YOU'LL GO WITH HIM... SO WE MAY PROCEED WITH TODAY'S LESSON?

TEE-HEE!... WHY, SHO'-NUFF, HONEY, AH'LL GO WITH HIM-ALL!

NOW THAT **THAT'S** SETTLED, MR. JONES, PLEASE BE GOOD ENOUGH TO STOP DROOLING! STEP TO THE BOARD AND GIVE US AN EXAMPLE OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY!

SHO'-NUFF... I MEAN, OKAY!

Geometry

OTHER NAMES

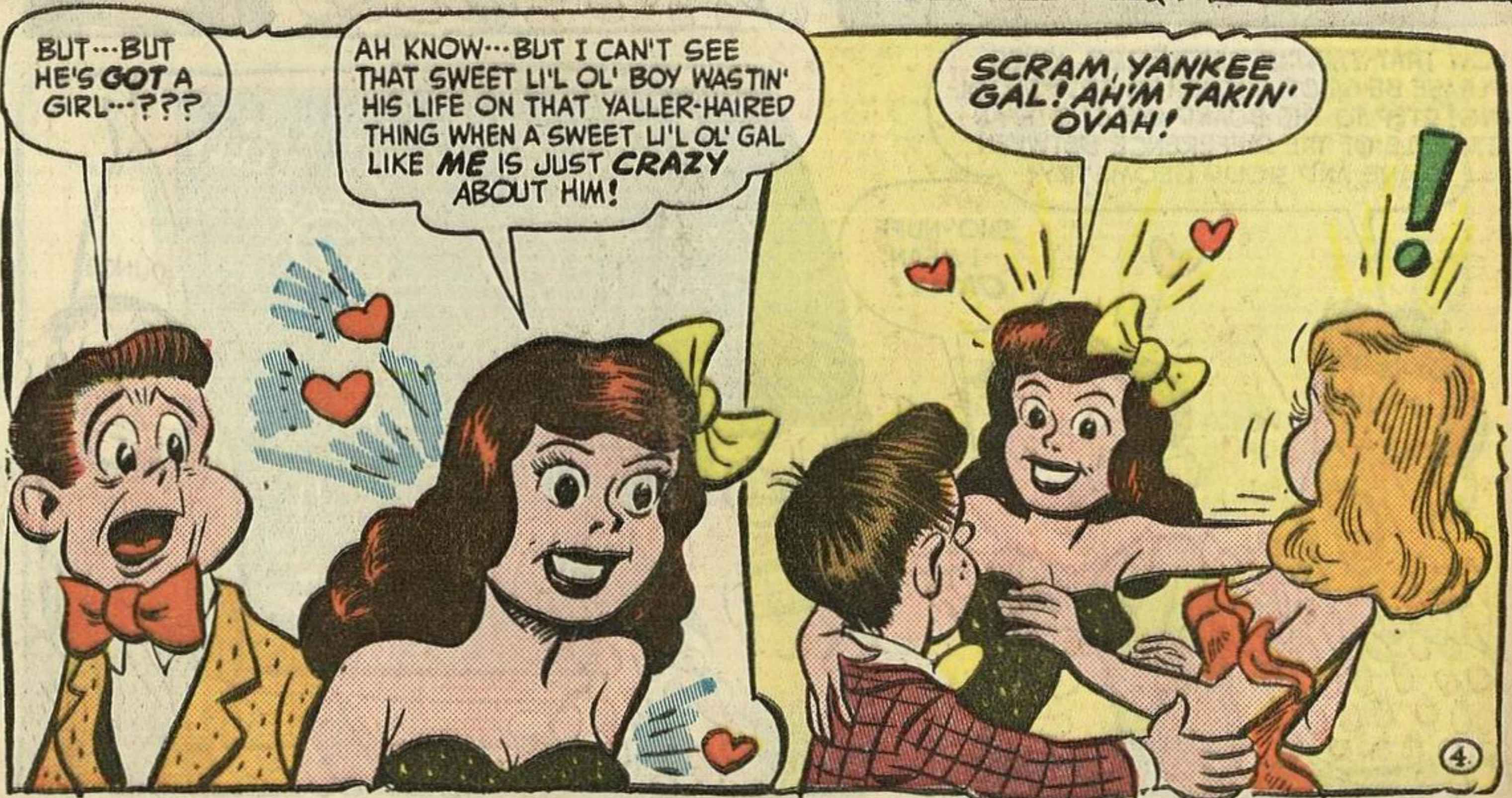
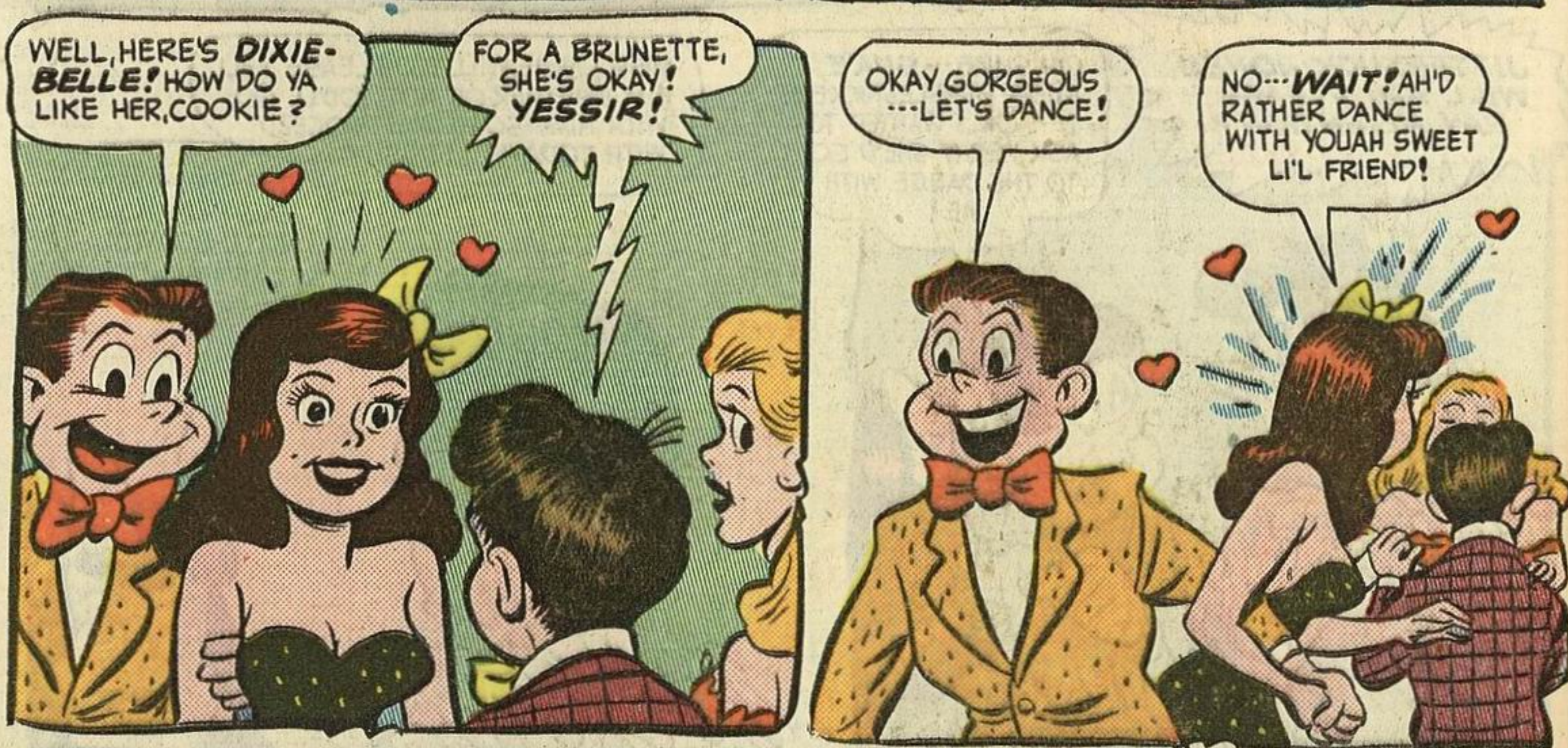
DIXIEBELLE

PLAIN

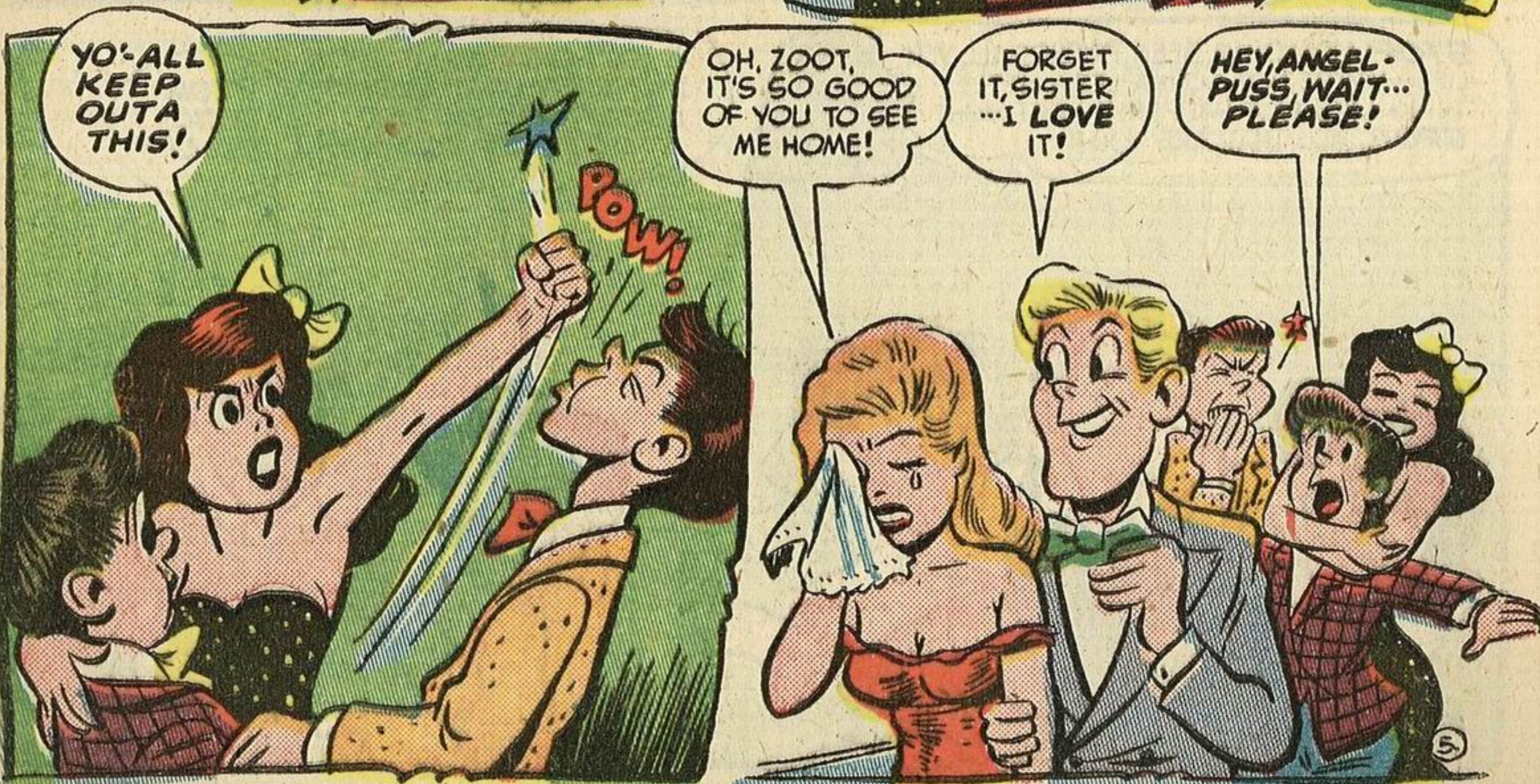
VERY SOLID

DUNCE











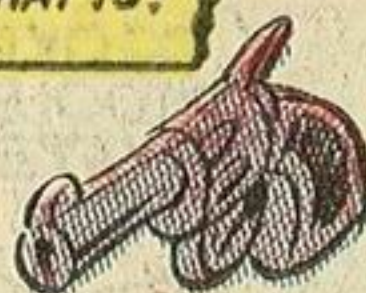
AND SO THE NEXT DAY DAWNS DARK AND DREARY...FOR SOME PEOPLE, THAT IS!

FINE THING! MY  
BEST PAL STEALS THE  
ONLY WOMAN I EVER  
LOVED!

IF THAT JERK  
JITTERBUCK  
HADN'T  
BROUGHT  
THAT  
DAME---



Soda  
Jerkerie



00000



BAM!  
BAM!

HELLO,  
SKUNK!



WHY,  
YOU...

DITTO,  
PAL!

HEY,  
YOU GUYS!  
BREAK  
IT UP!



STOP IT! YOU'VE BEEN FRIENDS ALL YER  
LIFE...YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET A LITTLE  
THING LIKE WOT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT  
SPOIL ALL THAT, ARE YOU?



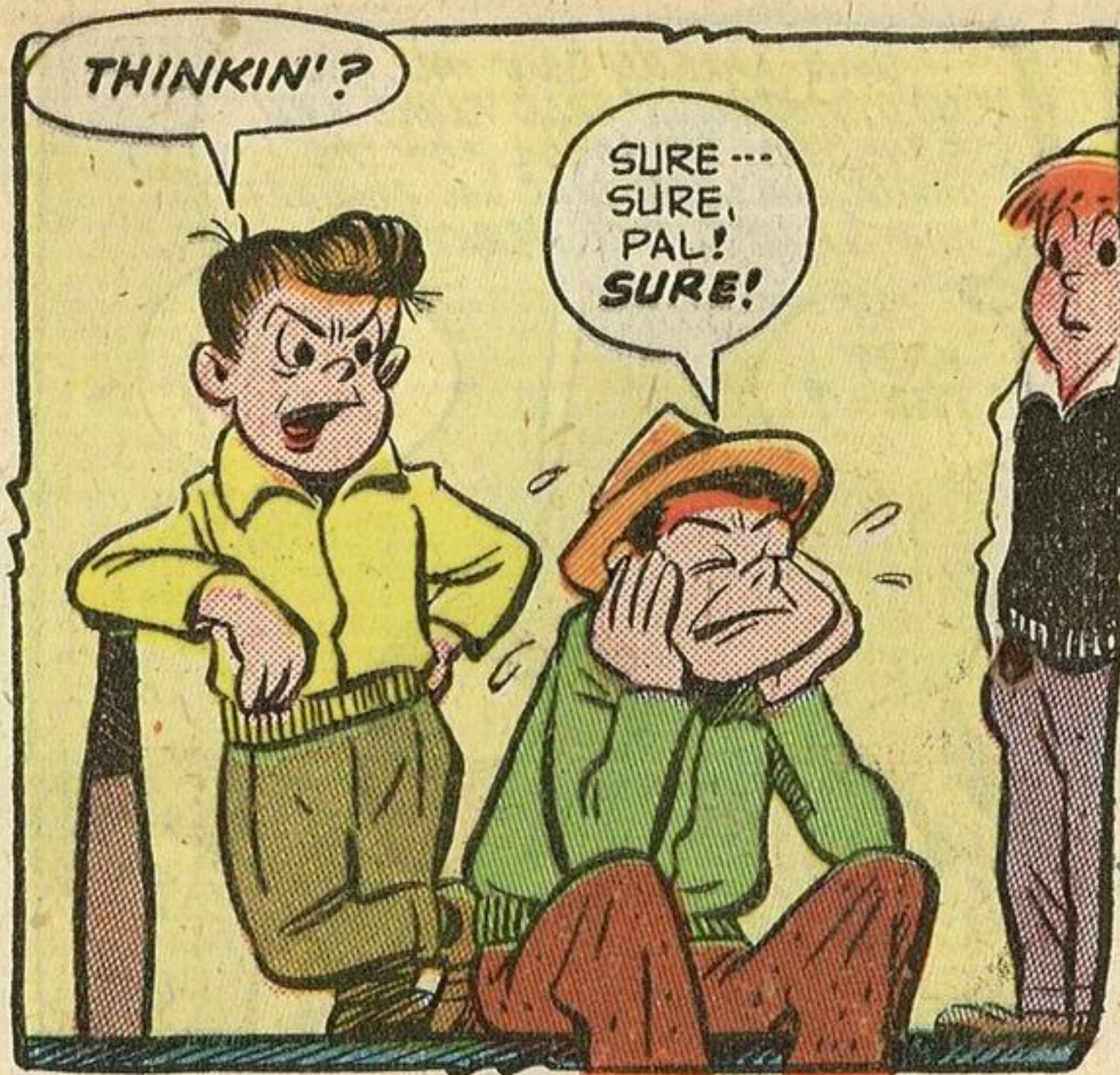
IT ISN'T ONLY WHAT  
HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!  
LOOKIT THE NOTE I  
GOT THIS MORNIN'!

FROM  
DIXIE-  
BELLE?









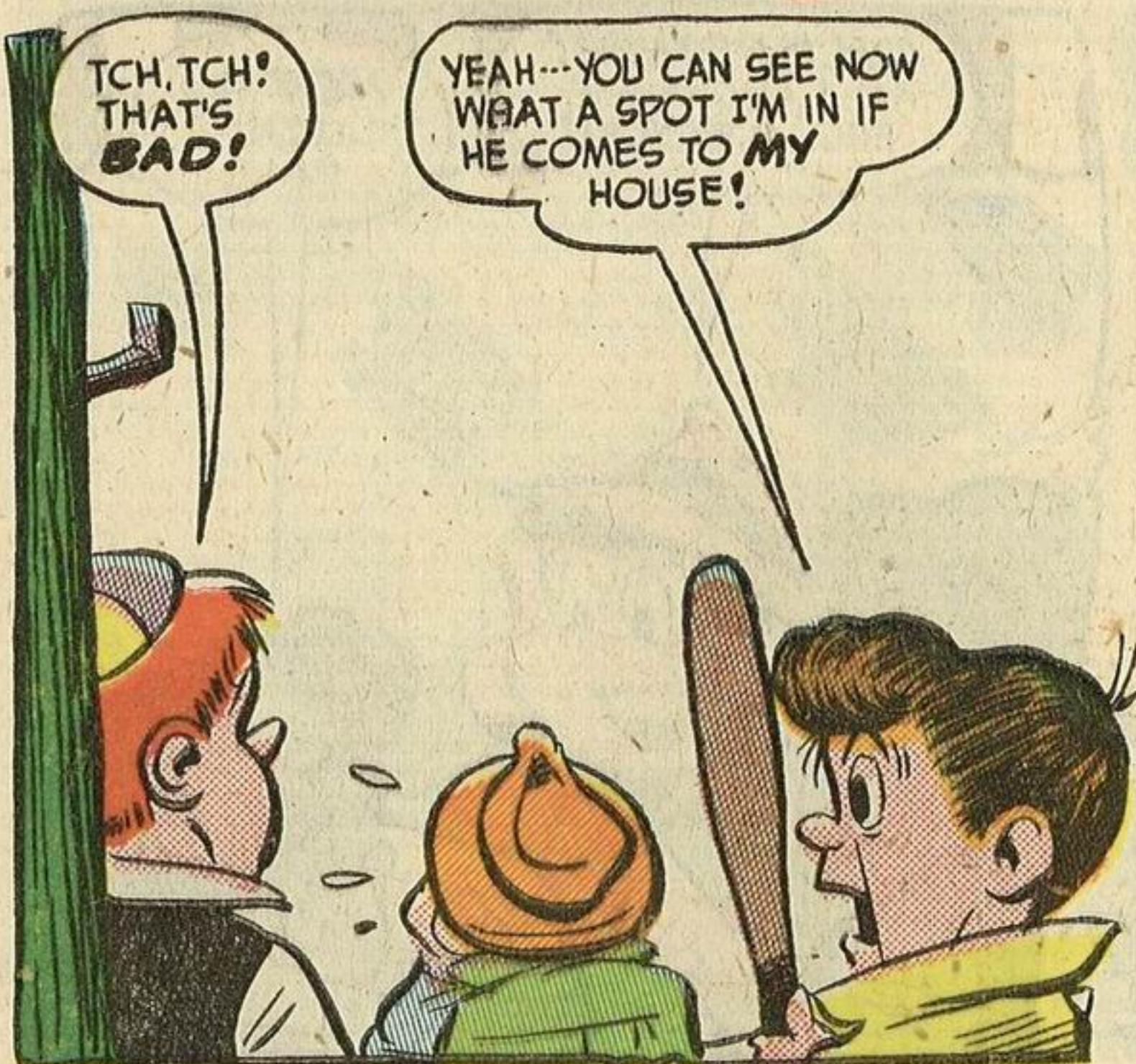
THINKIN'?

SURE...  
SURE,  
PAL!  
**SURE!**



**I GOT IT!** SUPPOSE  
I BUY YER MOM AN' POP  
TICKETS TO THE MOVIES?  
...AFTER ALL, IF THEY'RE  
NOT HOME WHEN  
DIXIEBELLE'S DAD  
COMES...

**NO SOAP!** MY  
MOM AN' POP ARE  
CELEBRATIN' THEIR  
TWENTIETH ANNIVER-  
SARY TONIGHT WITH  
A BIG PARTY!



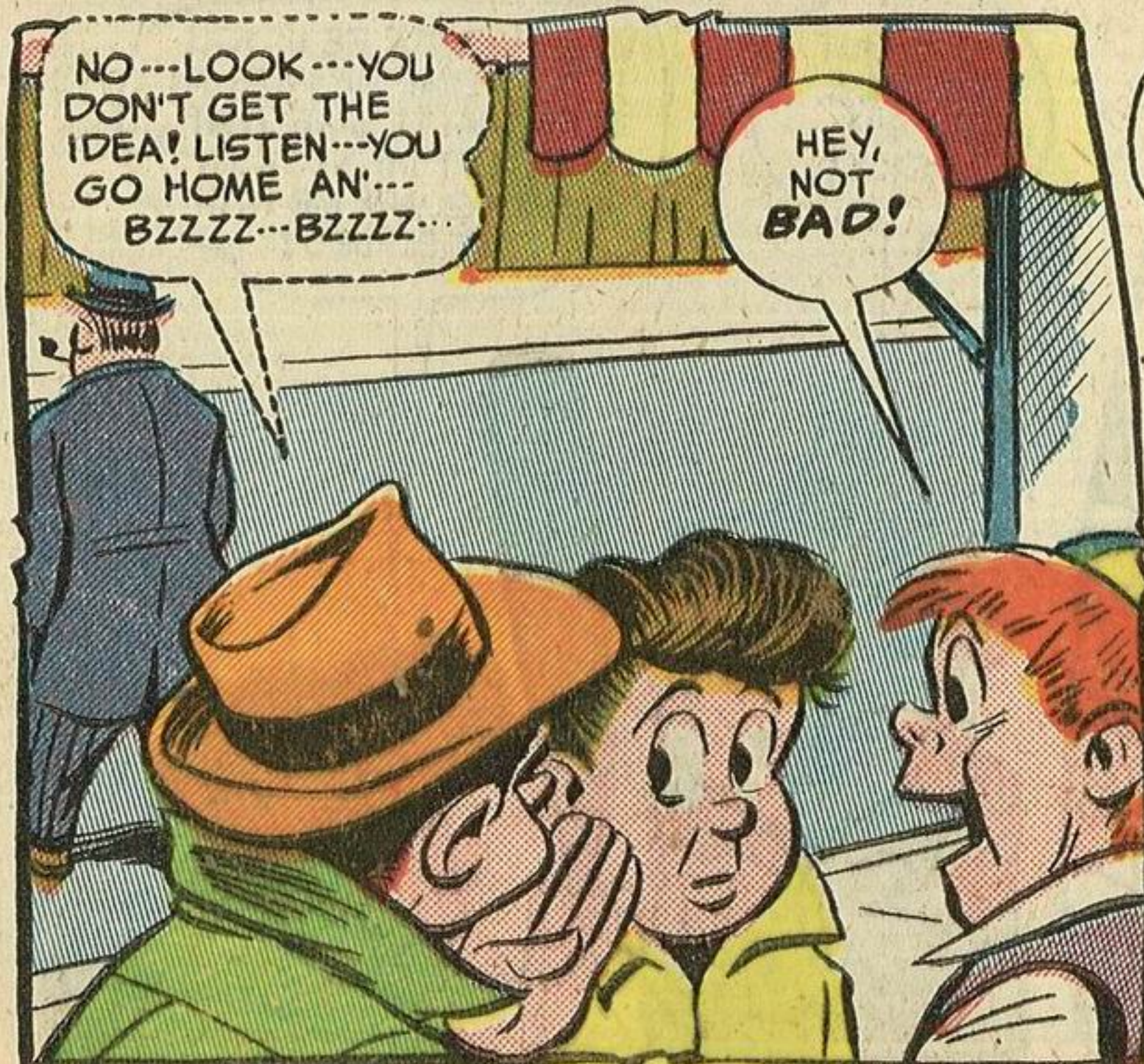
TCH, TCH!  
THAT'S  
**BAD!**

YEAH...YOU CAN SEE NOW  
WHAT A SPOT I'M IN IF  
HE COMES TO **MY**  
HOUSE!



**HEY, WAIT!** SUPPOSE  
YOUR MOM AN' POP  
WENT TO SEE **HIM!**

WHAT, LEAVE  
THEIR OWN  
**PARTY?**



NO...LOOK...YOU  
DON'T GET THE  
IDEA! LISTEN...YOU  
GO HOME AN'...  
BZZZZ...BZZZZ...

HEY,  
NOT  
**BAD!**



**GET IT?** BOTH OF YOU BE  
READY ABOUT 7:30 AN'  
I'LL PICK YOU UP IN THE  
JALOPY!

ALL I GOTTA  
SAY IS...**IT  
BETTER  
WORK!**









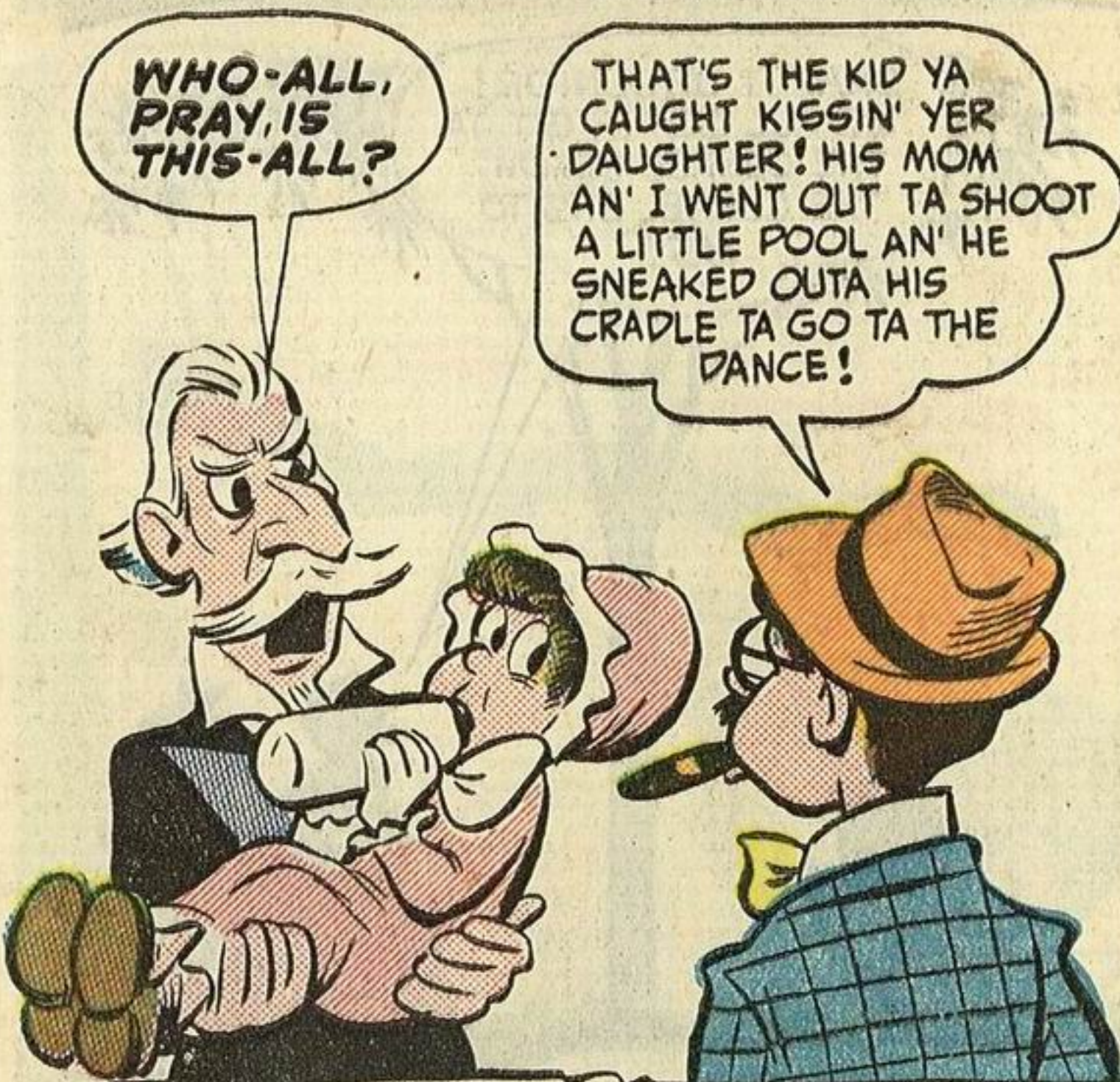
BEGGIN' YO' PAHDON, CUNNEL, BUT SOME FOLKS AT DE DOAH SAY DEY IS DE **O'TOOLE FAMILY!**

HMM... THAT'S STRANGE!...WELL, SHOW THEM IN, AN' KEEP LOADIN' MAH PISTOLS!



ANNOUNCIN' MISTUH, MISSUS AN' MASTAH **O'TOOLE!**

FATHER-IN-LAW!



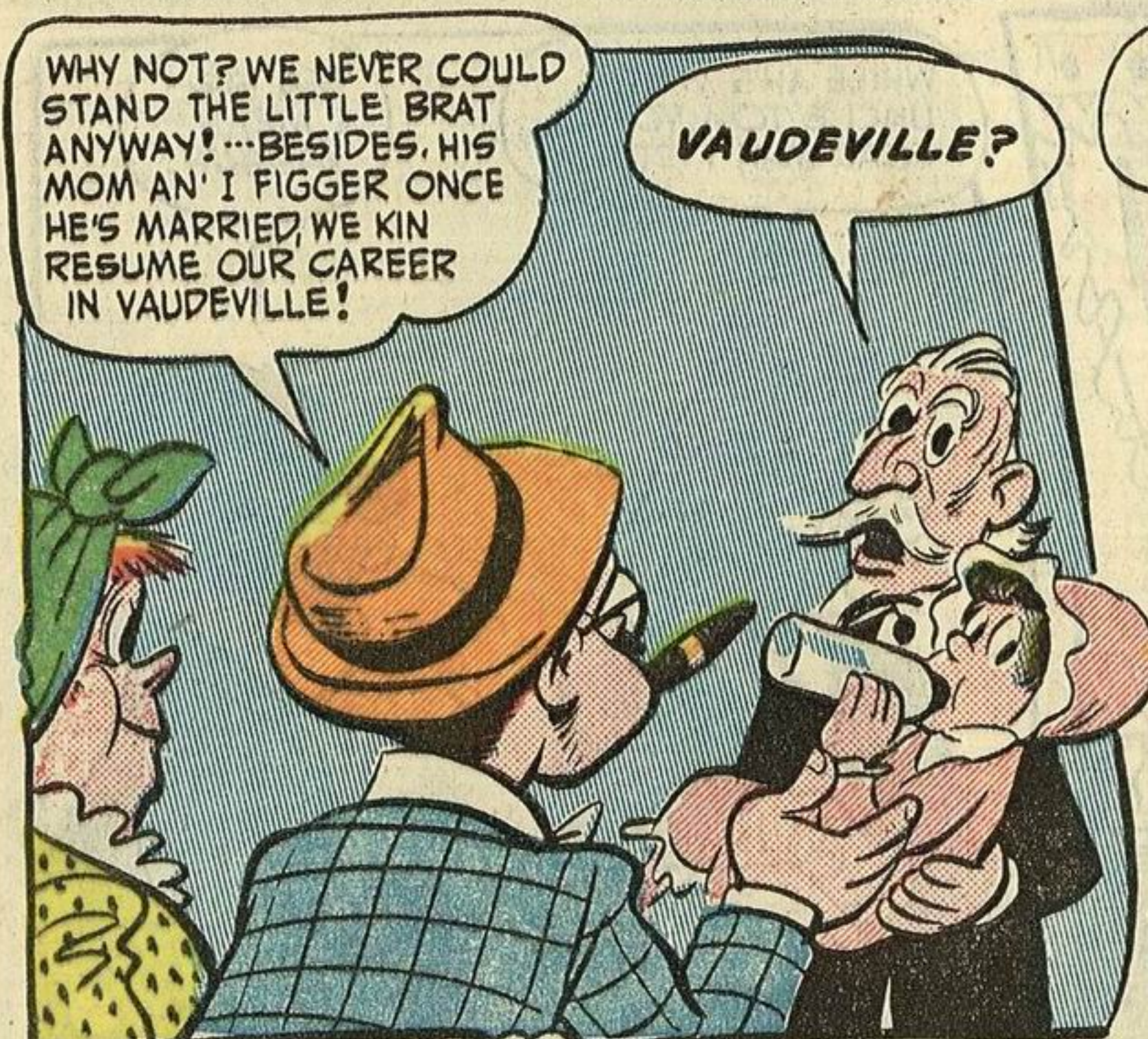
WHO-ALL, PRAY, IS THIS-ALL?

THAT'S THE KID YA CAUGHT KISSIN' YER DAUGHTER! HIS MOM AN' I WENT OUT TA SHOOT A LITTLE POOL AN' HE SNEAKED OUTA HIS CRADLE TA GO TA THE DANCE!



YEAH, A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!... BUT I'M BORIN' YA! LET'S GET ON WITH THE **WEDDIN' PLANS!**

YO'-ALL MEAN YO'-ALL WOULD LET A CHILD THIS AGE **MARRY?**



WHY NOT? WE NEVER COULD STAND THE LITTLE BRAT ANYWAY!...BESIDES, HIS MOM AN' I FIGGER ONCE HE'S MARRIED, WE KIN RESUME OUR CAREER IN VAUDEVILLE!

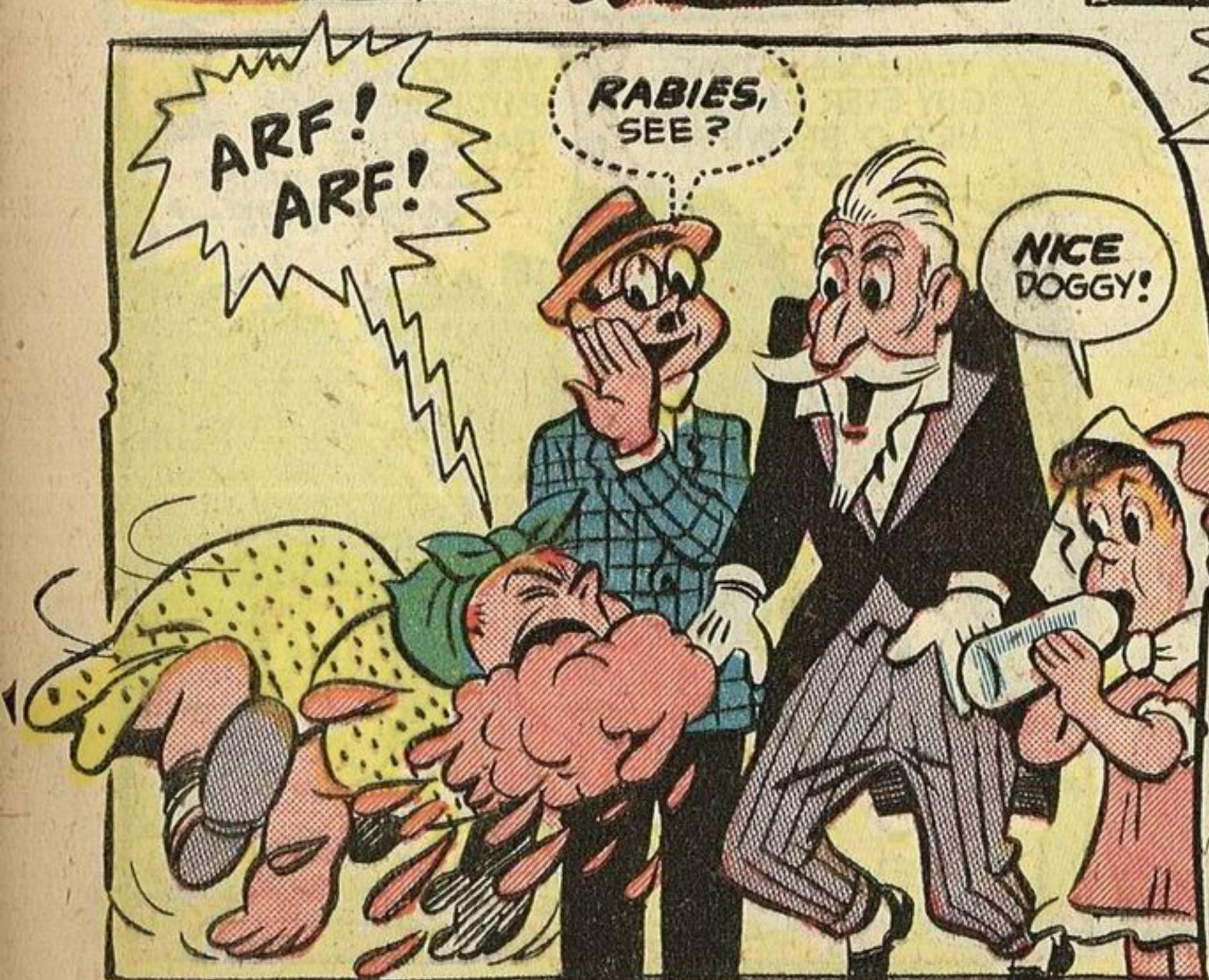
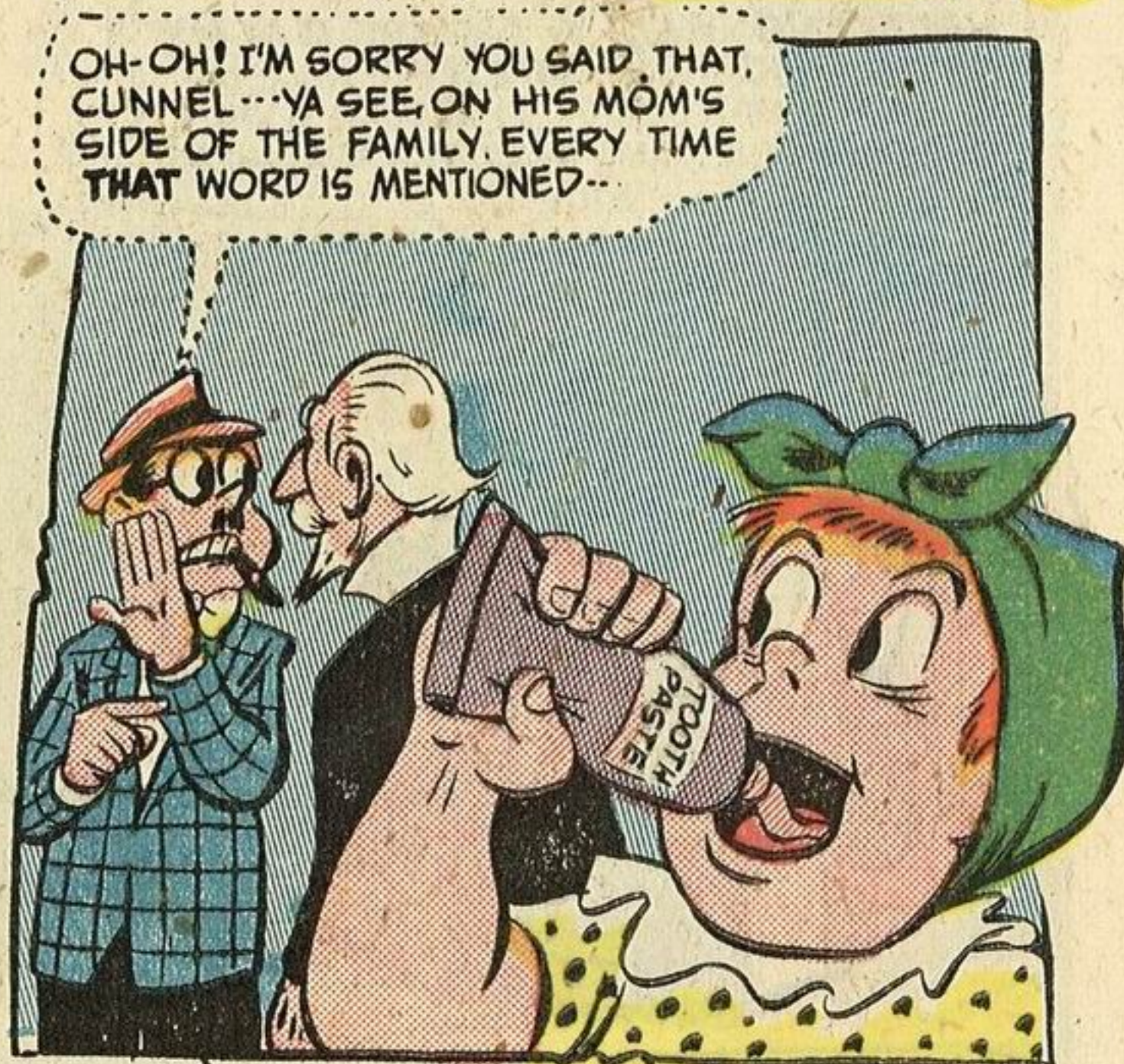
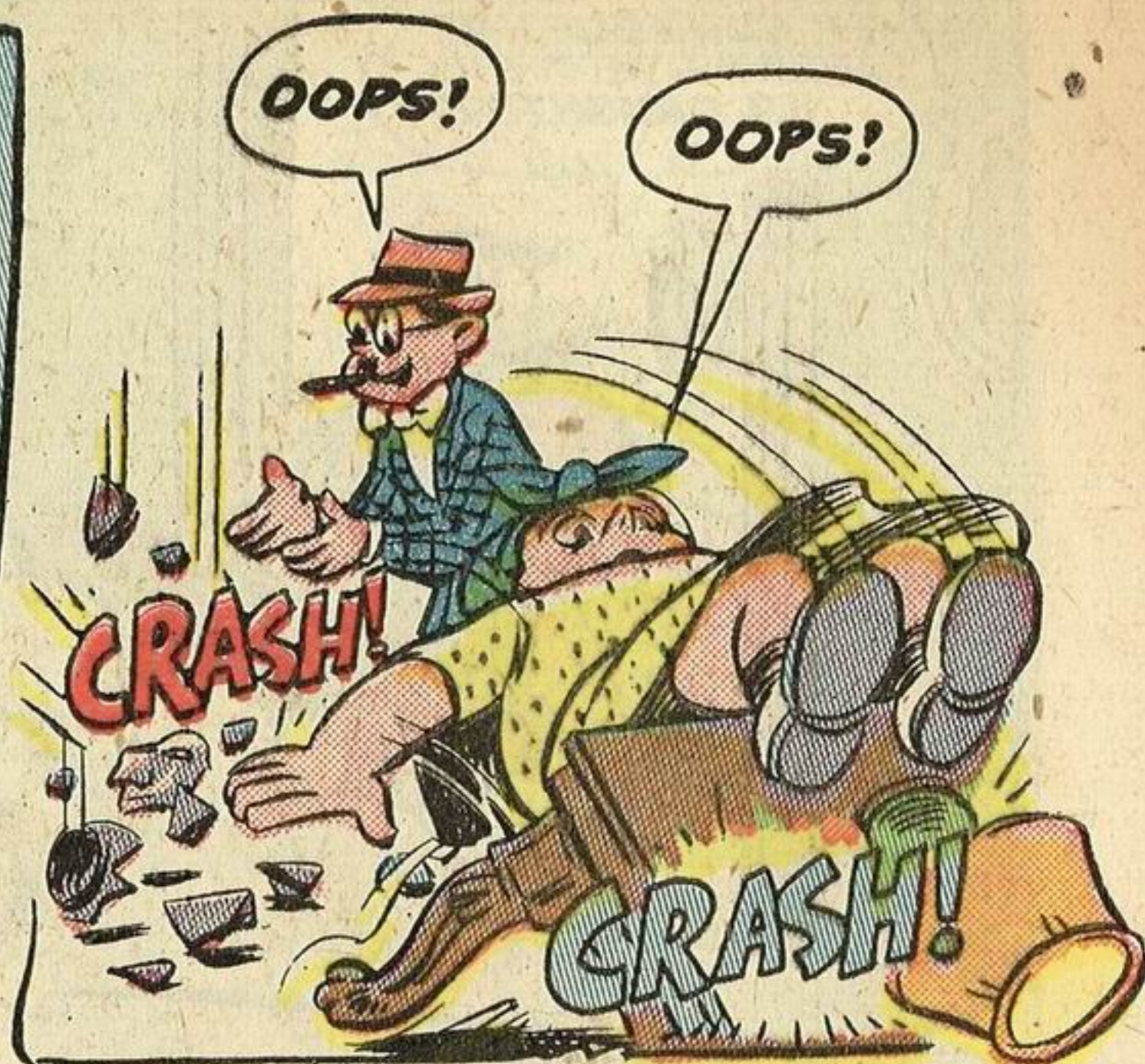
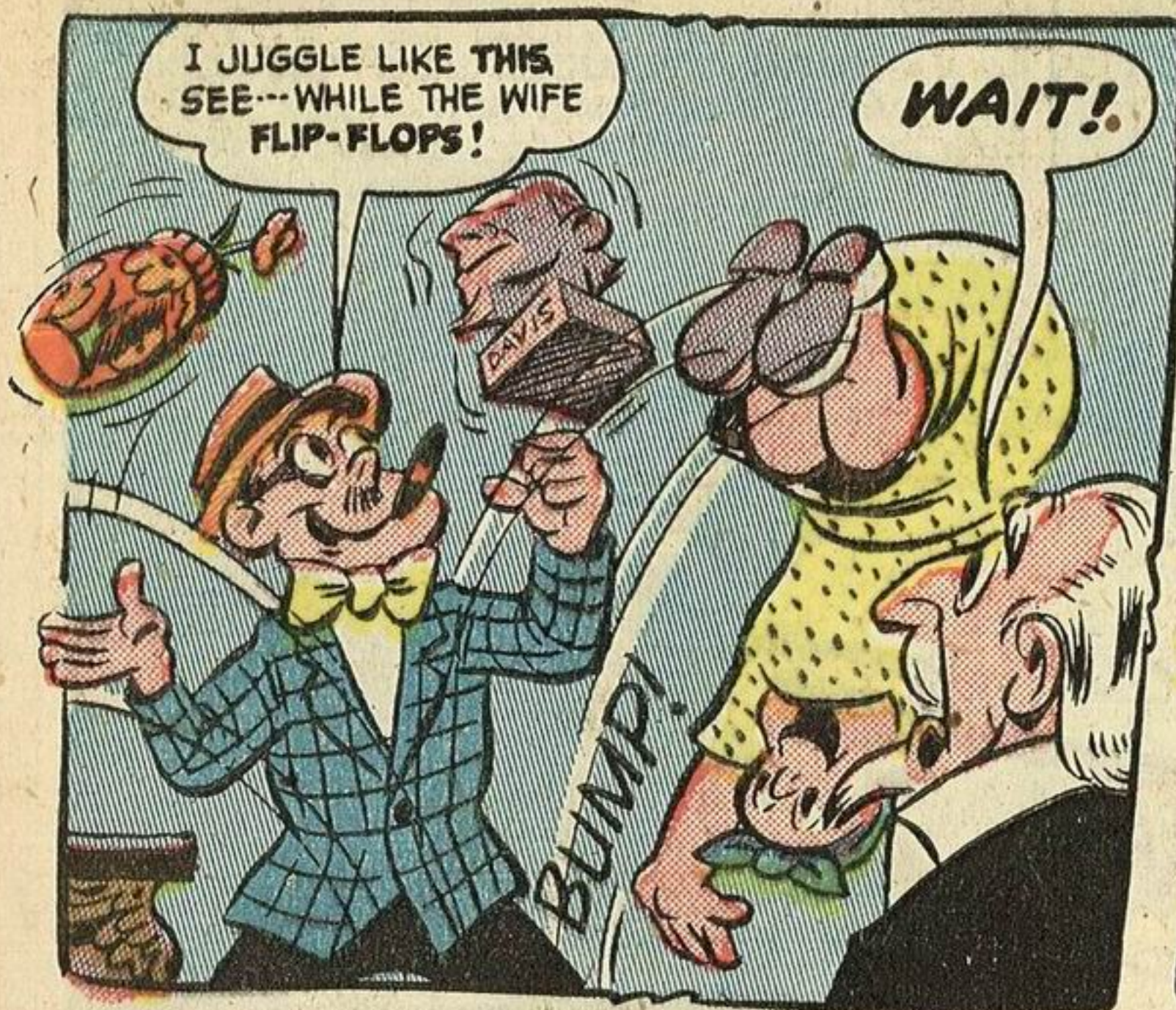
**VAUDEVILLE?**



SURE! WE WORKED UNDER THE NAME OF "**O'TOOLE AND THE GHOUL**"!...LET'S SHOW HIM OUR ACT, MOM!

B-BUT...









BUT **CUNNEL**---WHAT ABOUT HIS WEDDIN' TO YER **DAUGHTER**?

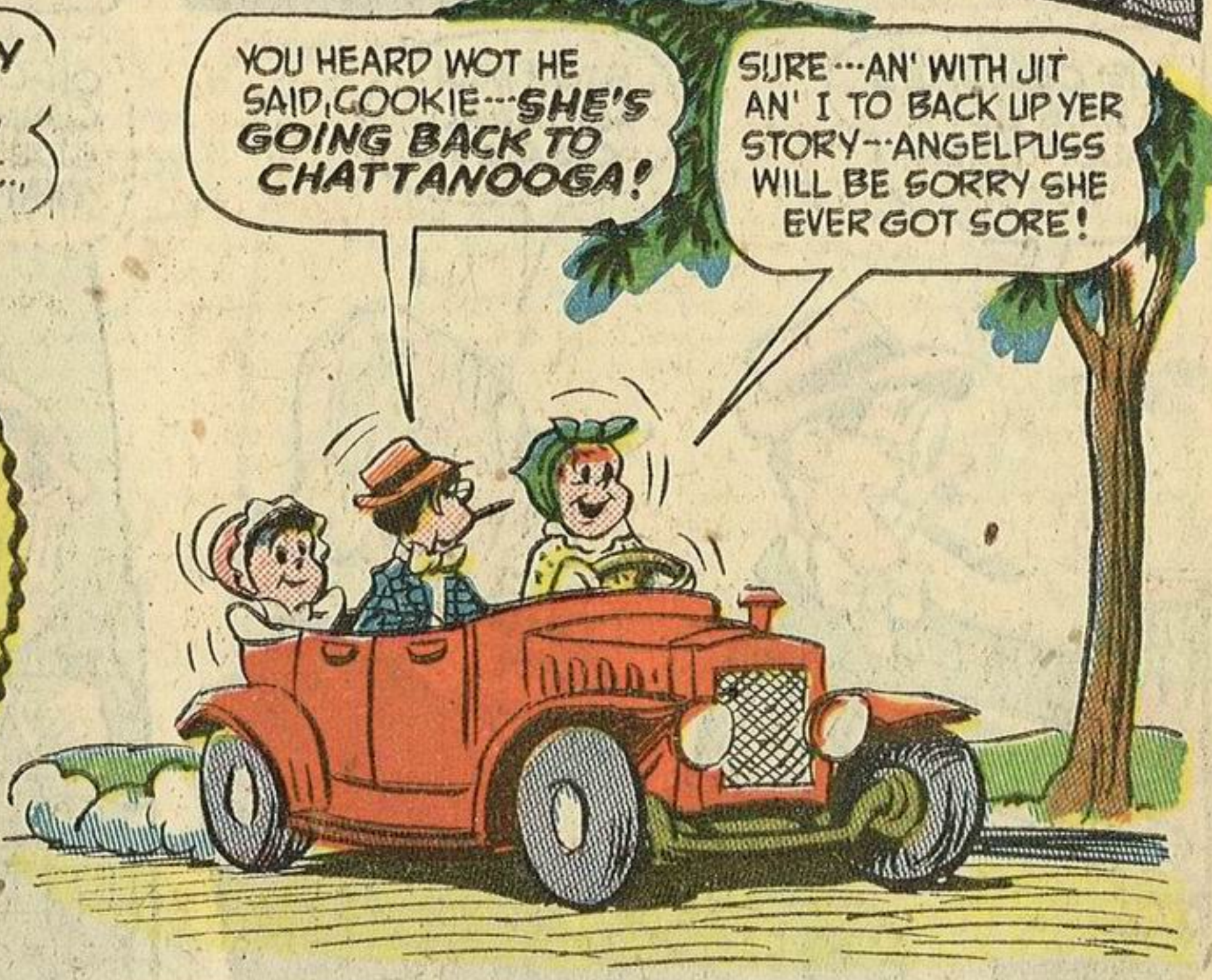
MAH DAWTAH IS TAKIN' THE FUST CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO BACK HOME!--NOW **GIT!**

**BOOM!**  
**BAM!**

GEN. LEE



HELLO, YO'-ALL! IS THIS THE **BALMY CREST BOOBY-HATCH**?... WELL, AH FEELS IT'S MAH DOOTY TO REPORT A VERY SAD CASE! THE NAME IS **O'TOOLE!**...ETC., ETC.---



YOU HEARD WOT HE SAID, COOKIE---**SHE'S GOING BACK TO CHATTANOOGA!**

SURE---AN' WITH JIT AN' I TO BACK UP YER STORY--ANGELPUSS WILL BE SORRY SHE EVER GOT SORE!



BOY, THAT OLD GENT MUSTA THOUGHT WE WERE **NUTS!**

YA GOTTA ADMIT I GET THE **IDEAS**, HEY, CHUMS?



YEAH! GEE, IF THAT GUY EVER SAW POP, HE'D O' BLOWN HIS TOP!

YER NOT KIDDIN'! BUT HERE YA ARE BACK HOME AN' NOBODY THE WISER ...**WOT THE...!**



LOOKIT DIS GUY, JOE  
... HE SAYS HE'S  
NOT CRAZY!  
HA-HA!

LOOKS LIKE THAT GUY  
LARUE THAT CALLED UP  
KNEW WOT HE WUZ TALKIN'  
ABOUT, ALL RIGHT!

BALMY CREST  
BOOBY-HATCH

IT'S POP  
AN' MOM  
AN' THE  
WHOLE  
PARTY!

?

?

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
PAL---YOU DO  
GET THE IDEAS,  
ALL RIGHT!  
GR-RRRR!

AW, NOW  
LOOKIT,  
COOKIE!  
I...

TCH, TCH, MIKE! THIS  
NEW *CHILD PSYCHOLOGY*  
IS GONNA BE THE RUIN OF  
US ALL, BEGORRA!

The  
END!



# A NEST OF **WAG-TAILED SPROONS**

**JITTERBUCK JONES** had done it again, and he was sorry . . . very sorry! For the twentieth time, he had kept a book out of the school library until it was months overdue. And now, he was facing the dread task of returning it! All he had to do was hope and pray the librarian was nowhere around as he sneaked in and left it on a shelf.

"I hope she's not there . . . I hope she's got her back turned . . . I hope she's not wearing her eyeglasses . . . I hope I'm not caught," Jit chanted to himself as he approached the library building. "If I get caught *this* time, she'll send me to the principal's office and then . . . oh, murder!"

Jit had good reason to say, "Oh, murder." For, walking towards him at that very moment, looking stern and forbidding, was that dread man, the *principal*!

For an instant, Jit thought of flight. And then, as he turned, the principal's voice arrested him. "Ah, there, Jones," he said, "visiting the library, I see. Fine, fine, fine. Tell me, pray, what is that book you are holding in your hand?"

Jit wished that he could utter a magic word and disappear. Or better still, make the principal disappear. That was it! Get rid of the principal while he returned the long overdue book! *How?*

Desperation drove Jit's mind at lightning rate. "I . . . I understand you're a great lover of birds, sir," he said, smiling stiffly at the principal. "Well, they tell me there's a nest of . . . *wag-tailed sproons* on the library roof. It's eggs, I think . . . or maybe very young birds!"

"My, my, my," beamed the principal, all thoughts of Jit's book forgotten. "Wag-tailed sproons, you say? I don't

believe I know the species, but I'm pretty well going to have a look, right now!"

Before Jit's astonished eyes, the dignified man seized a ladder, propped it up against the side of the library and began to climb towards the roof.

This was too much. As Jit sneaked into the library, leaving the book on the first shelf he came to, one horrible thought went through his head. "What will the principal say when he finds out I was makin' it up? He'll *kill* me! I'll be *expelled*! He'll have me *arrested*! I'll walk *the last mile*! I better leave town, take it on the lam!"

The miserable boy tried to sneak out of the library as successfully as he had sneaked in. He was panic-stricken for fear the principal would . . . would . . .

"Oh, Jones, stay right where you are!" The principal's command came from the library roof. Jit could see a red face peering over the parapet at him. Icy fear clutched him as he watched the principal swing over the edge of the roof and come down the ladder.

"Well, Jones, I must say you astonish me!" the principal said. "There was indeed a very fine bird's nest on the roof . . . strange orange and white eggs in it, too. Four of 'em! I've never seen anything like 'em . . . expect to spend a lot of time on that roof from now on, watching. Thank you, my boy!"

The icy fingers were lifted from Jit's brow. "You're welcome, sir," he murmured faintly.

"And another thing, my boy," the principal's eyes twinkled knowingly as he spoke, "I'm going to reward you for your bird-watching. From now on, you may . . . ahem . . . keep books out of the library without a time limit! You see, I'm observant, too!"



# HOWDY HAIL

LOOK AT HOWDY GO!  
HE MUST BE SHOOTING  
FOR A NEW RECORD  
OF SOME KIND!

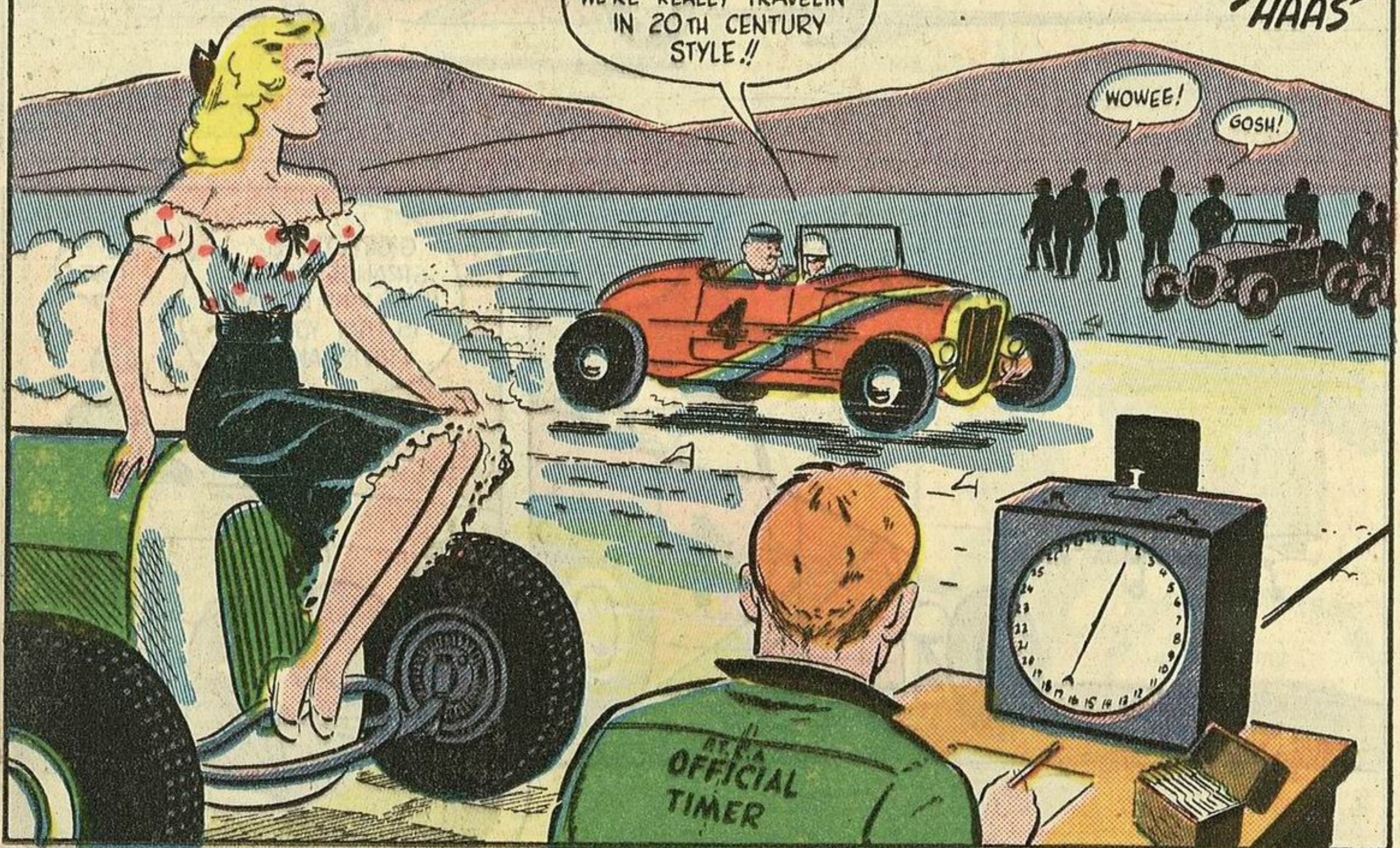
**H**OWDY GETS JOLTED AND JILTED BY A JET--PUNCHED IN THE PUSS BY A PUG!  
BUT SEE HOW HE USES HIS INVENTIVE GENIUS TO GET REVENGE !!  
READ ON FOR CHUCKLE-PACKED ACTION.....

by **CLARK  
HAAS**

120 M.P.H., MORT!  
WE'RE REALLY TRAVELIN'  
IN 20TH CENTURY  
STYLE!!

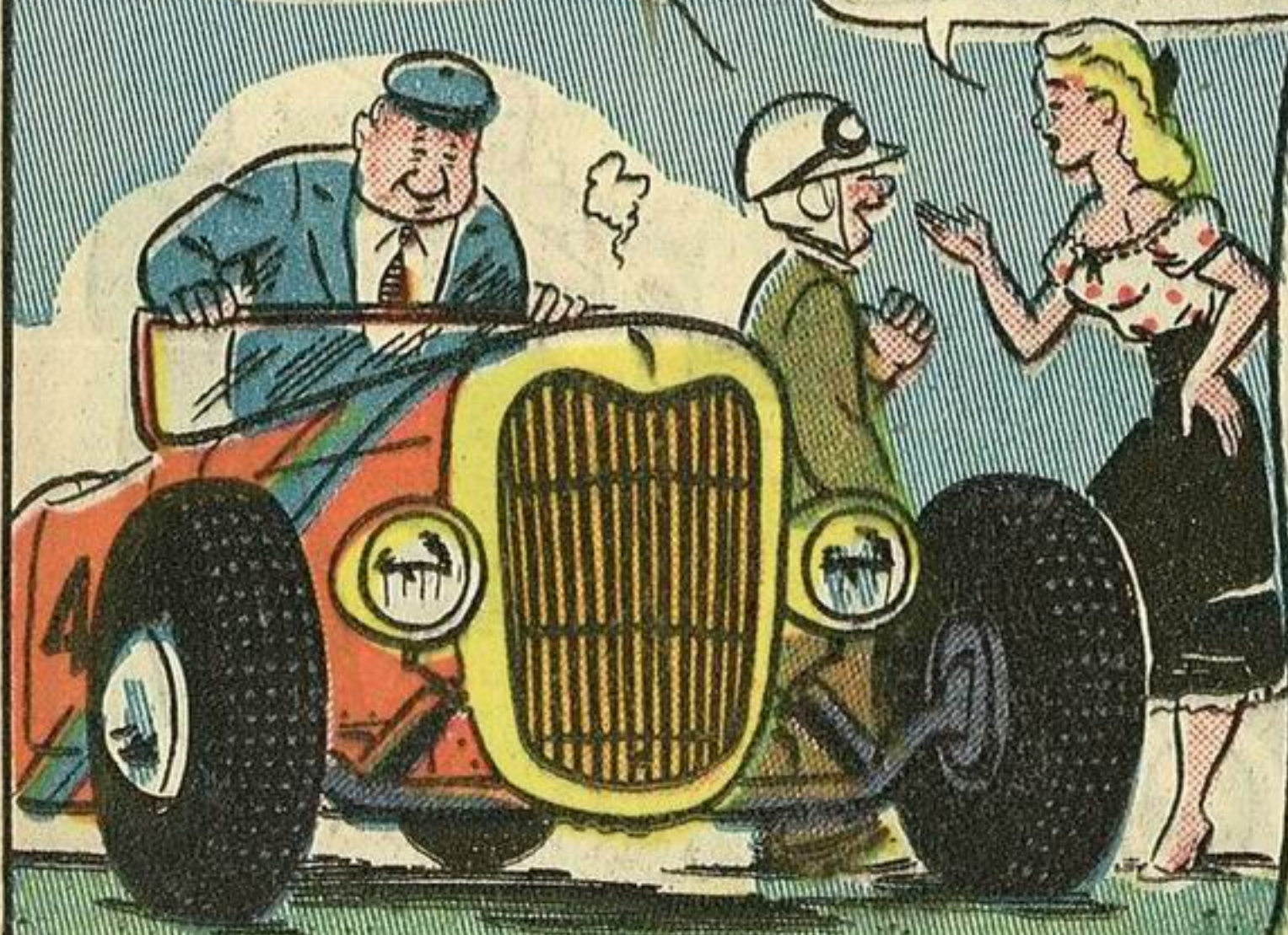
WOWEE!

GOSH!



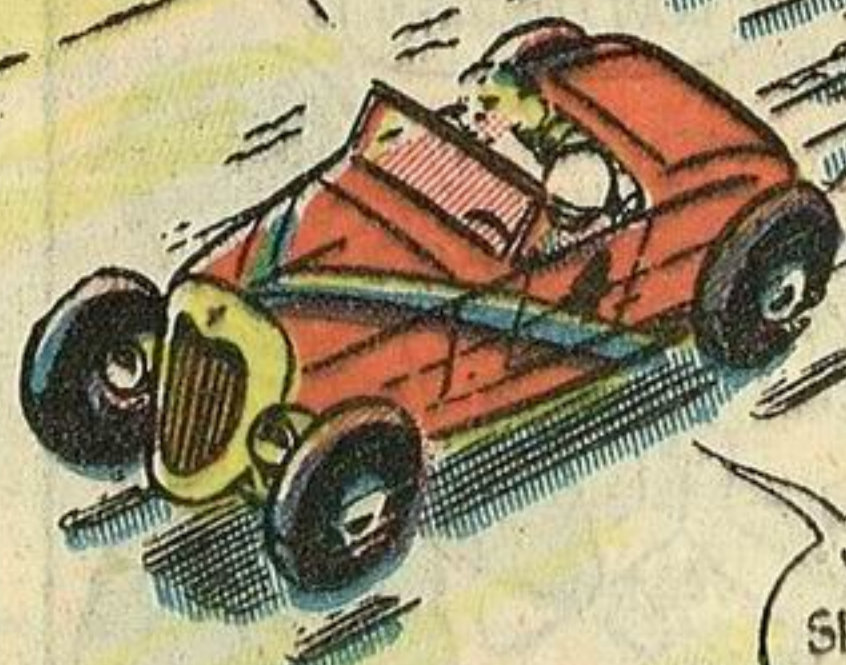
I GUESS I SHOWED 'EM, SAL BABY!  
I JUST SET A NEW HOT ROD RECORD  
FOR THIS MILE COURSE! BOY, WAS  
I FLYIN'!

YOU HAVE TO RACE  
BACK THE OTHER  
DIRECTION TO MAKE  
IT OFFICIAL! I  
WANT TO GO WITH YOU!



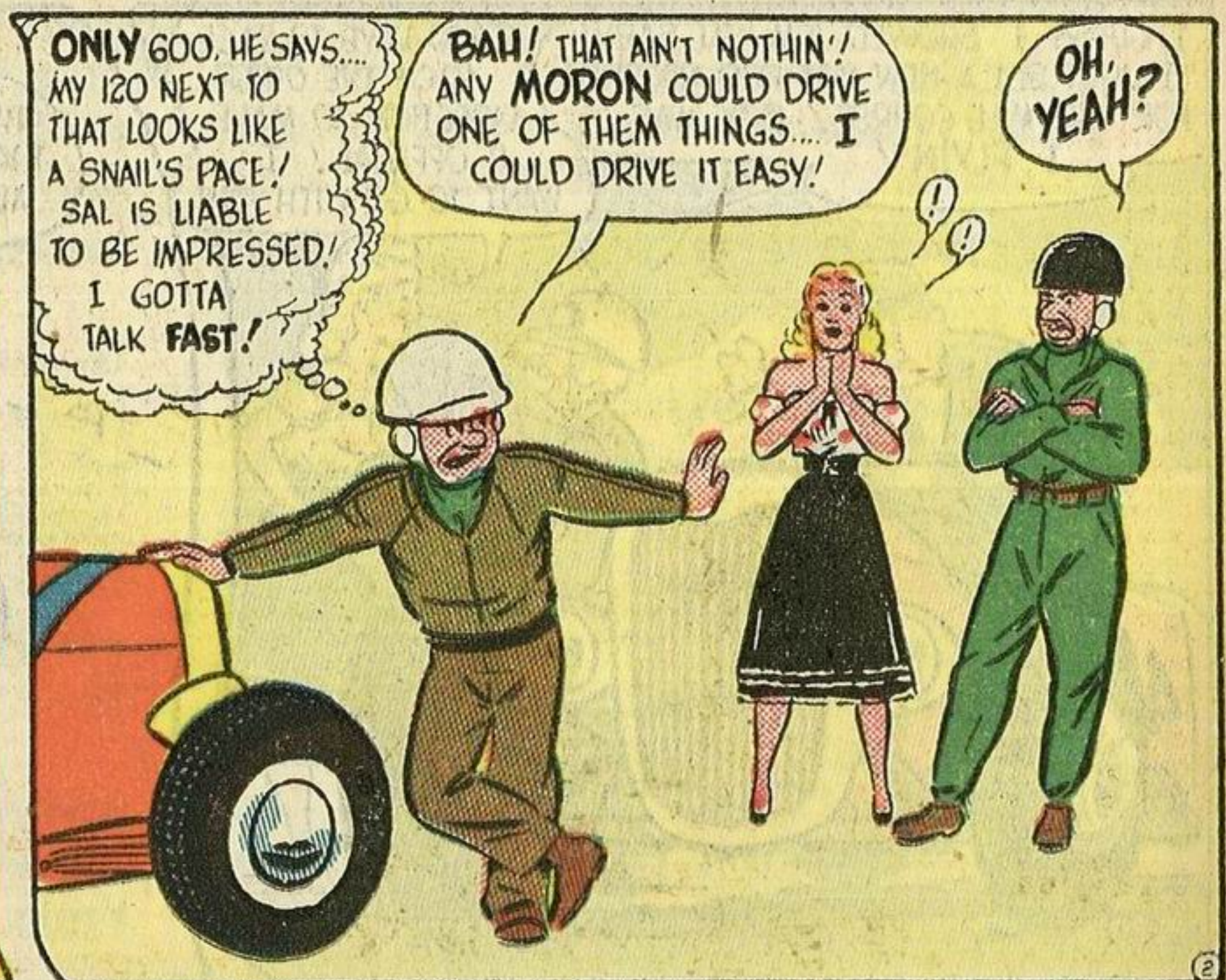
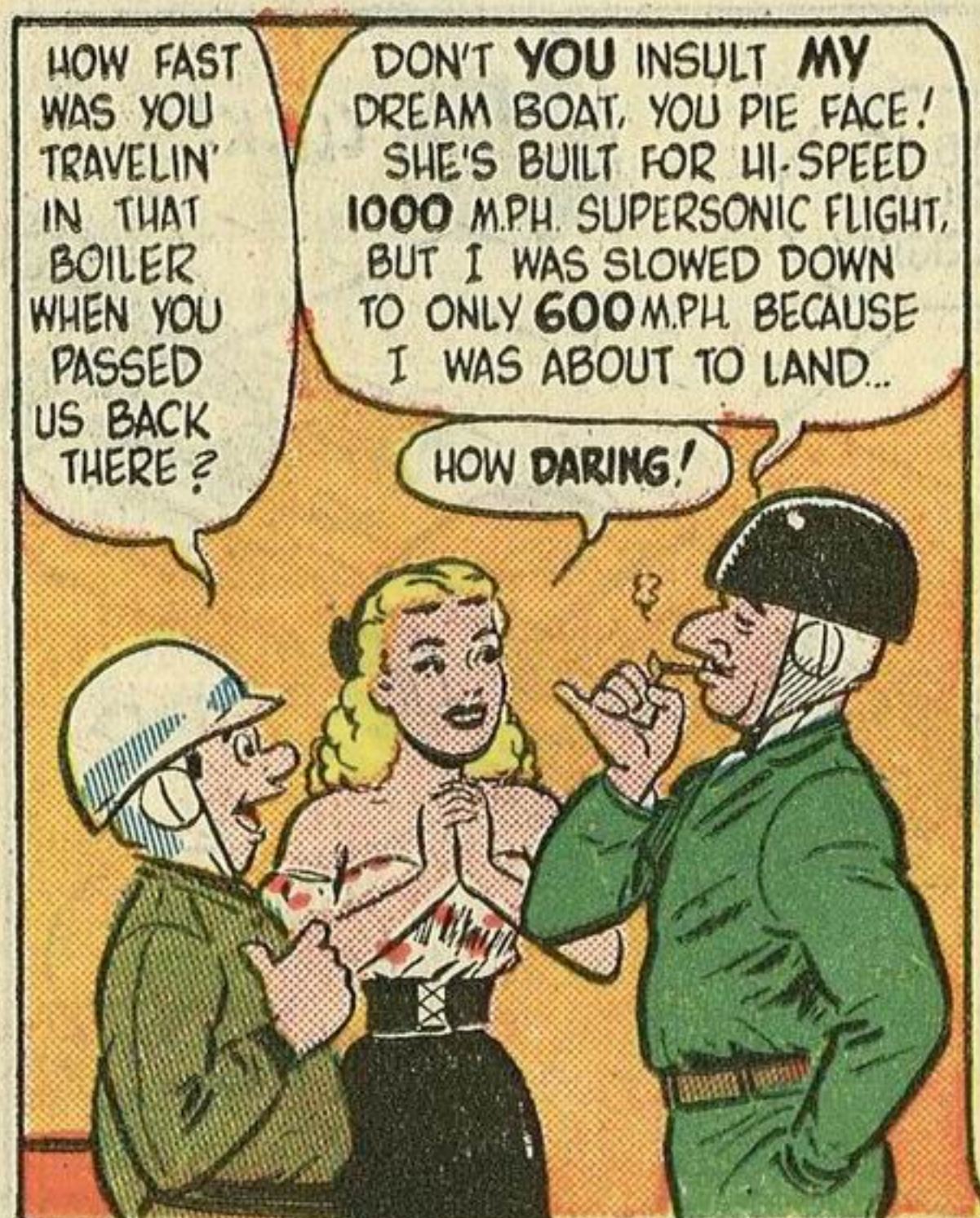
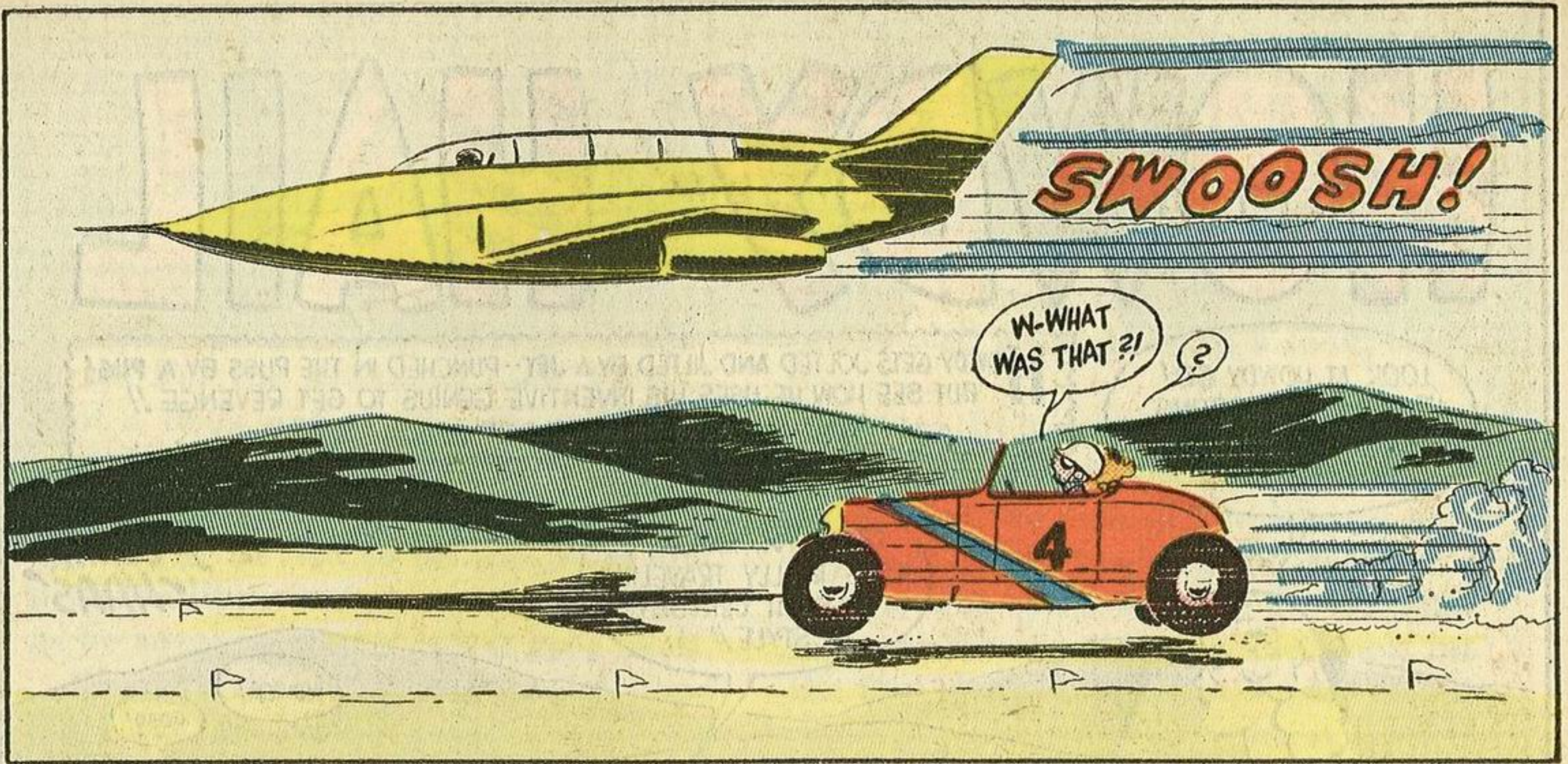
THIS IS  
THRILLING,  
ALRIGHT!

CLICK!



YOU AIN'T  
SEEN NOTHIN'  
YET!









DON'T YOU WORRY, SAL HONEY-- I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM BABIES! I WAS UP IN A FORD TRI-MOTOR IN 1929 AT OUR STATE FAIR... AND I WATCHED HOW THE PILOT DID IT! IN FACT, I BET I...I COULD SHOW THIS BOZO A THING OR TWO!!

OH, YEAH? IZZAT SO?! YOU'RE JUST TRYIN' TO IMPRESS THE BABE HERE! I HAVE HALF A NOTION TO--

GOODNESS!!



PIFFLE! FOR TWO PINS I'D TAKE THAT CRATE UP AND REALLY WRING IT OUT, JUST TO SHOW YOU THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO IT!!

THAT'S GOOD!! HERE'S THE TWO PINS!

...AND HERE'S A G-SUIT... YOU'LL BE NEEDING THIS, OF COURSE!



WOT TH-? ULP! WELL, I...I...

SAY! WHY ARE YOU PUTTIN' THIS HERE GIRDLE-CONTRAPTION ON ME?

ALL JET PILOTS HAVE TO WEAR THESE-- AN OLD HAND LIKE YOU OUGHTA KNOW THAT! IT KEEPS ALL YOUR BLOOD FROM RUNNING DOWN INTO YOUR FEET DURING SHARP PULL-OUTS....



THIS'LL BE A CHANCE TO SHOW YOUR GIRL HOW BRAVE YOU ARE!

YES, I KNOW.. BUT... BUT...

GULP!

HEH! HEH! THIS RUNT'LL REALLY LOOK SAD AFTER THIS! THAT'S WHEN I PLAN TO STEP IN AND MAKE TIME WITH HIS GIRL!



...NOW, BE SURE YOUR PARACHUTE IS ADJUSTED, SAFETY BELT FASTENED, SHOULDER HARNESS TIGHTENED, RADIO PLUGGED IN, PRESSURIZED SYSTEM TURNED ON, ABERGAFFER TURNED OFF, HEMOSTRATLE CHECKED, GABELMASMITER LEFT ON, AGAKHANMIXTER PULLED OUT!

FIRE WHEN READY, GRIDLEY!



JATO, YOU KNOW!

ICLPE! JATO OR NO JATO-- LET'S GO BACK FOR MY STOMACH!!

GOING UP...UP! WE GOT TO 40,000 FEET IN A HURRY, DIDN'T WE?!



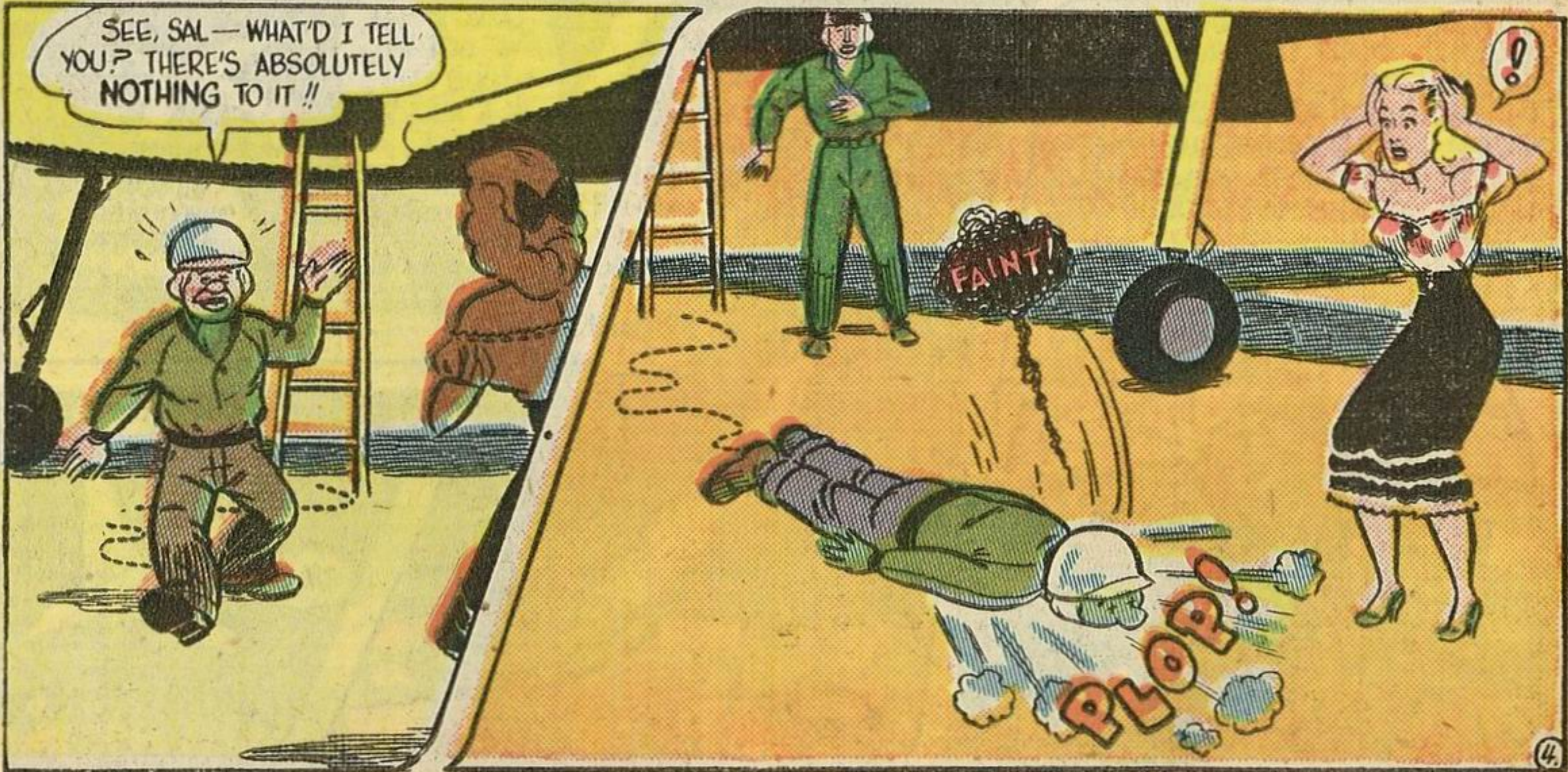
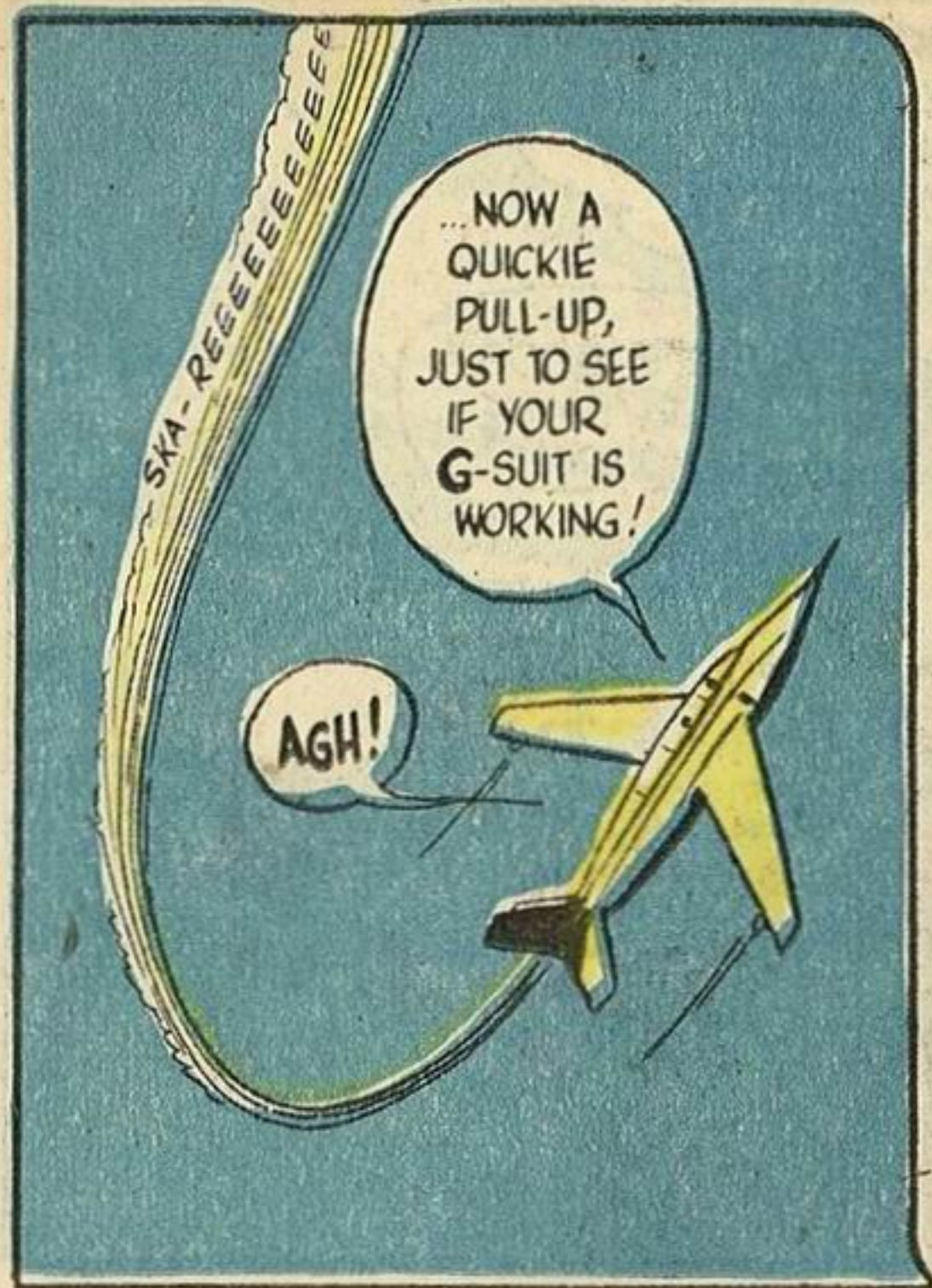
EE-YOW! ANYBODY GOT AN ASPIRIN?



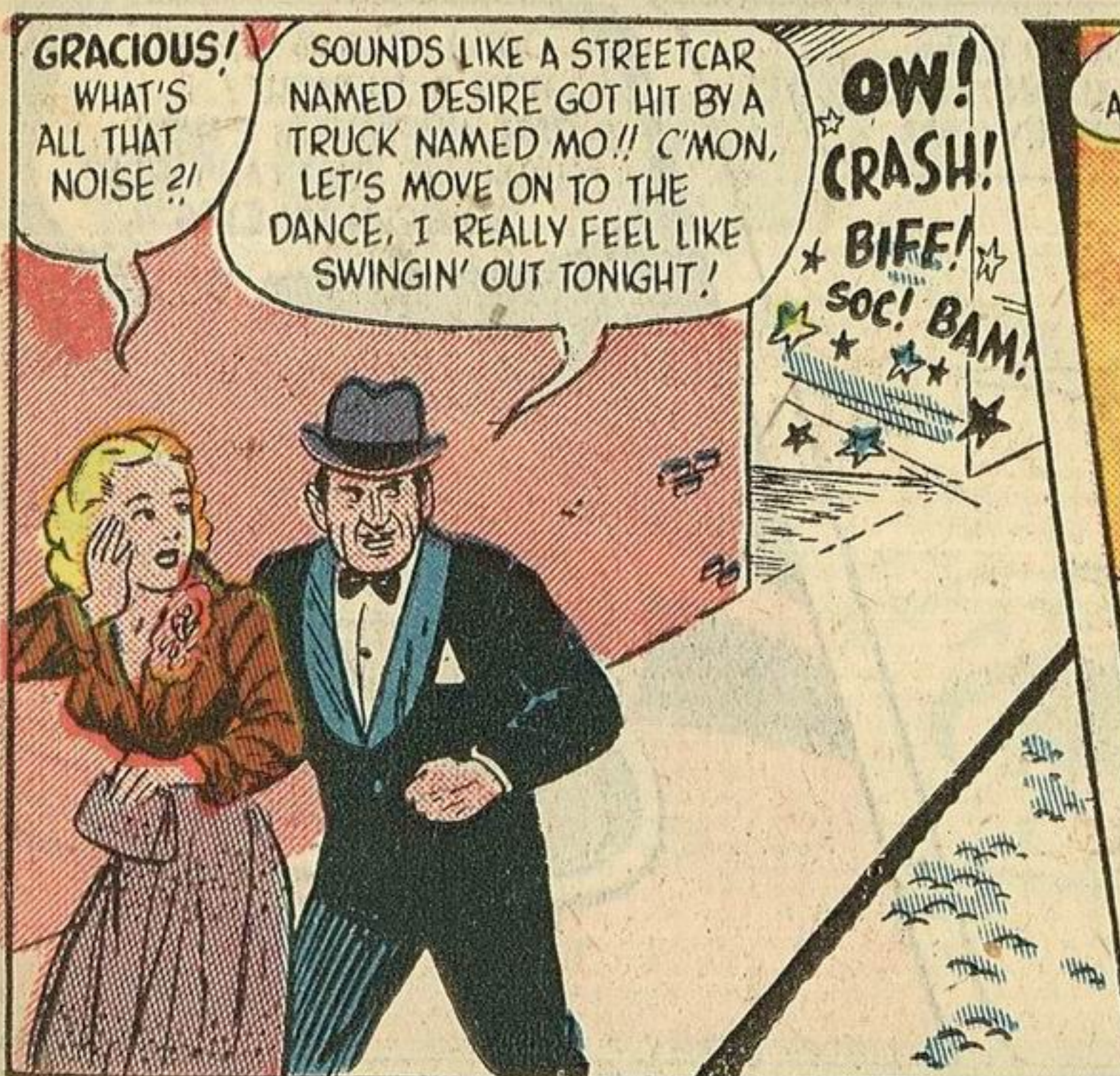
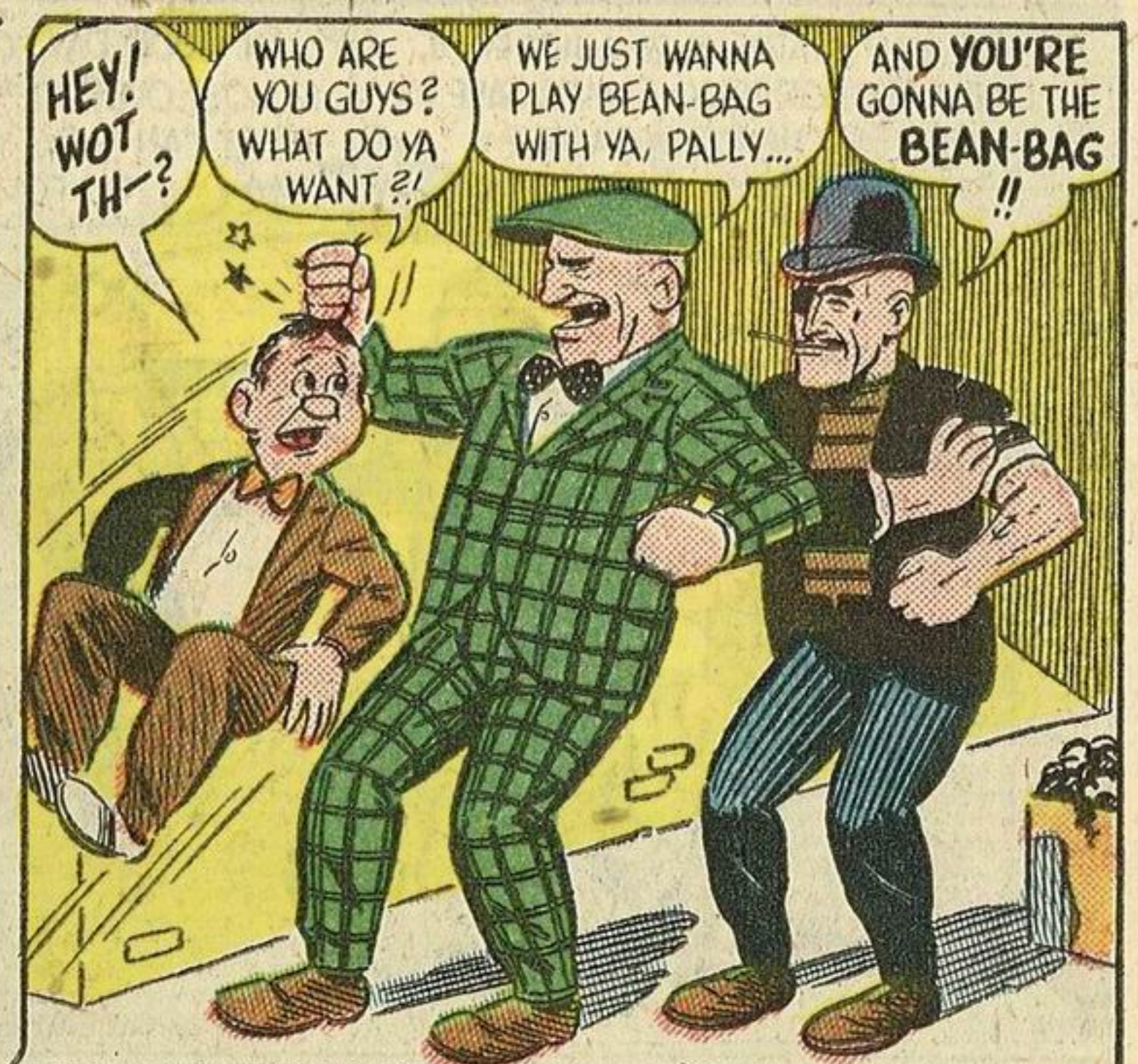
NOW DOWN...

ULP!

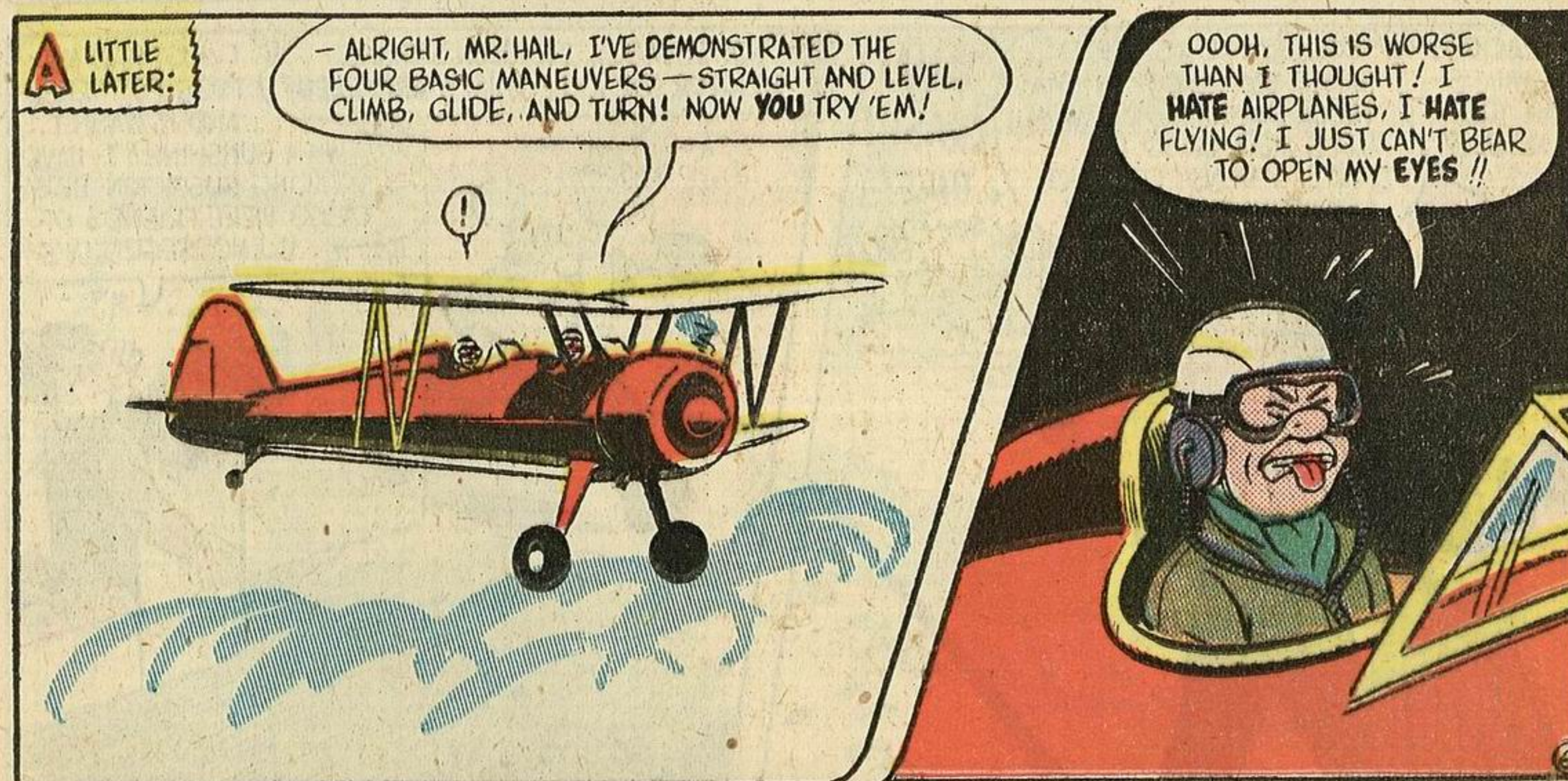
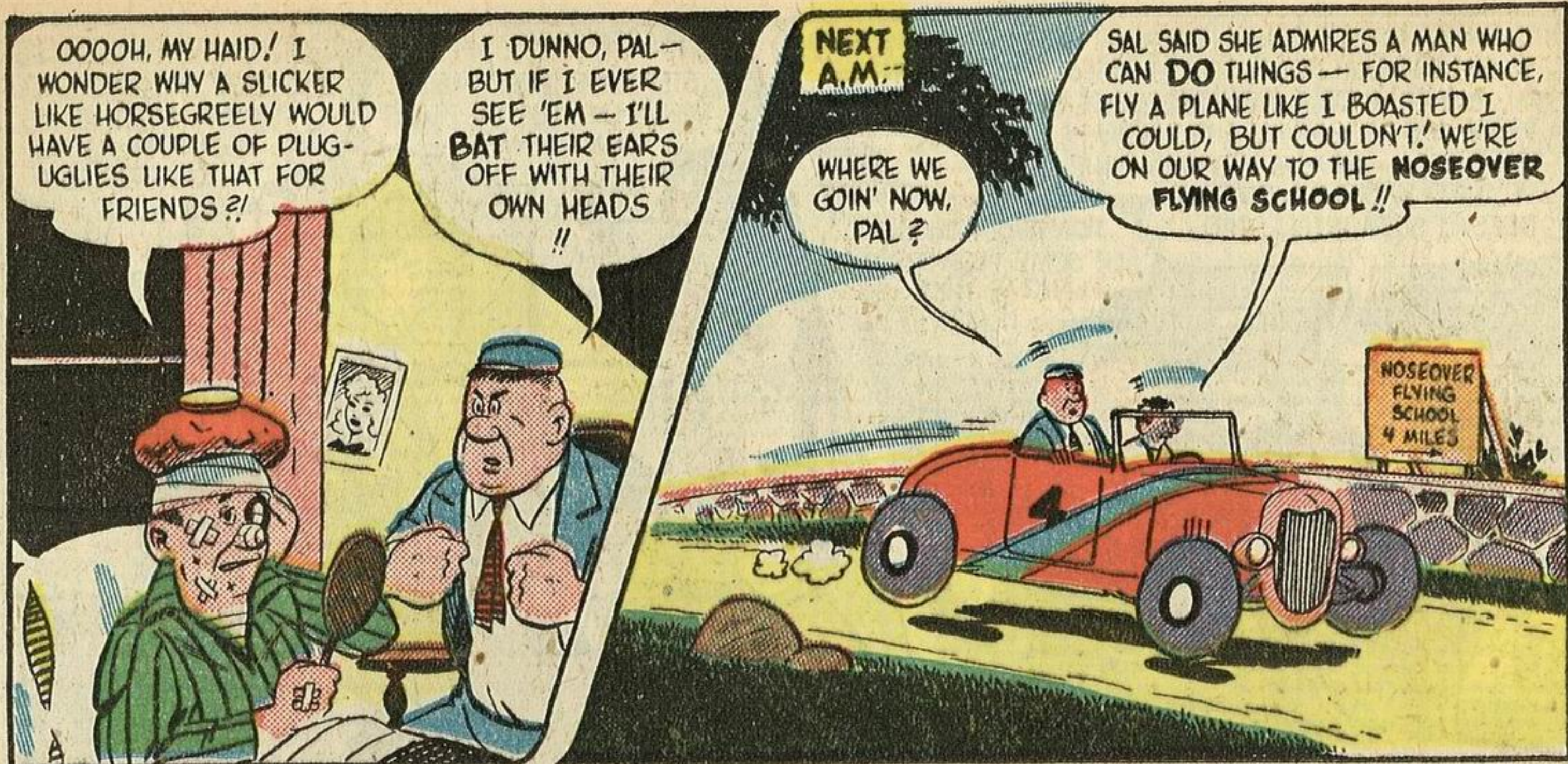




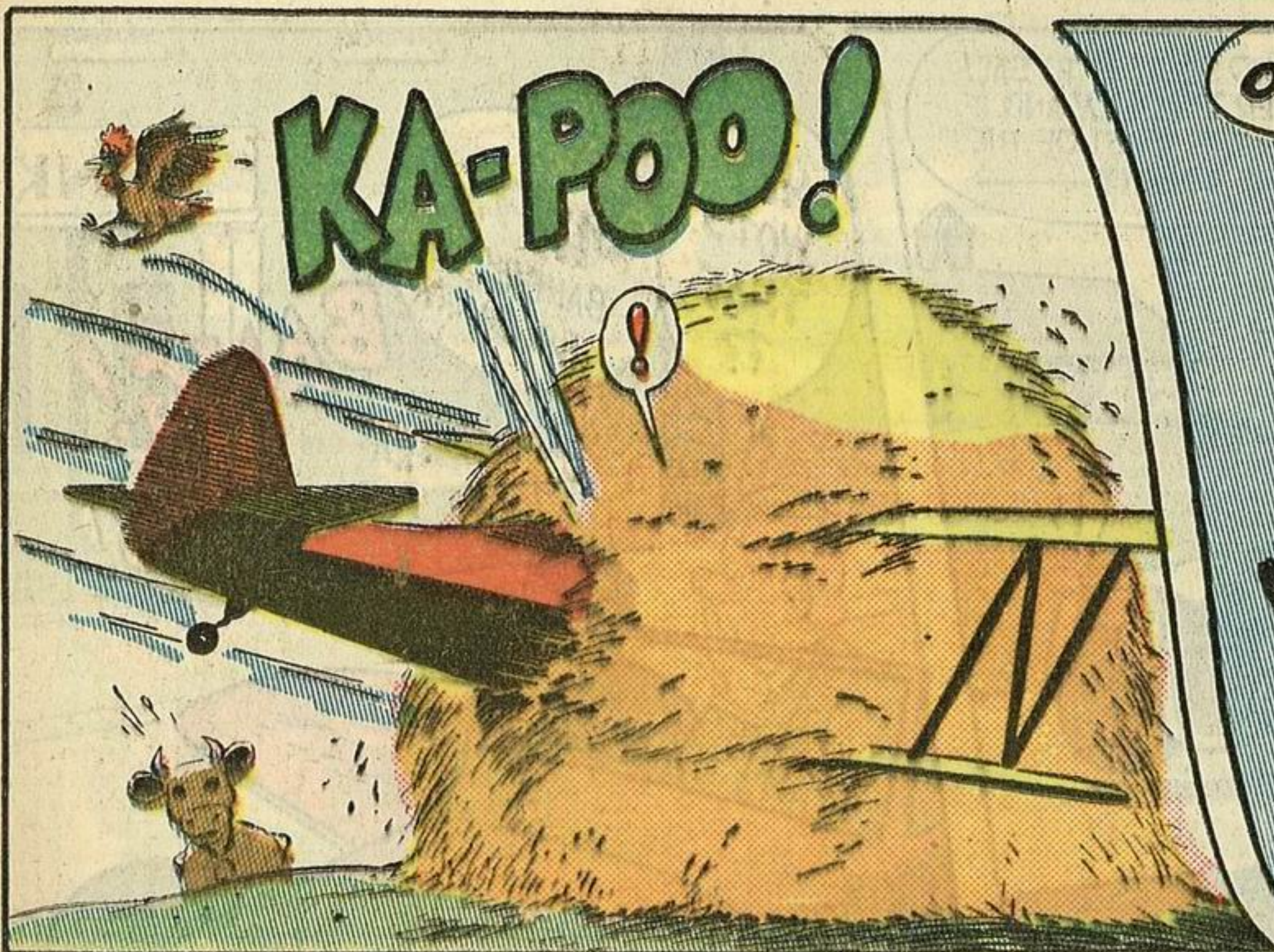
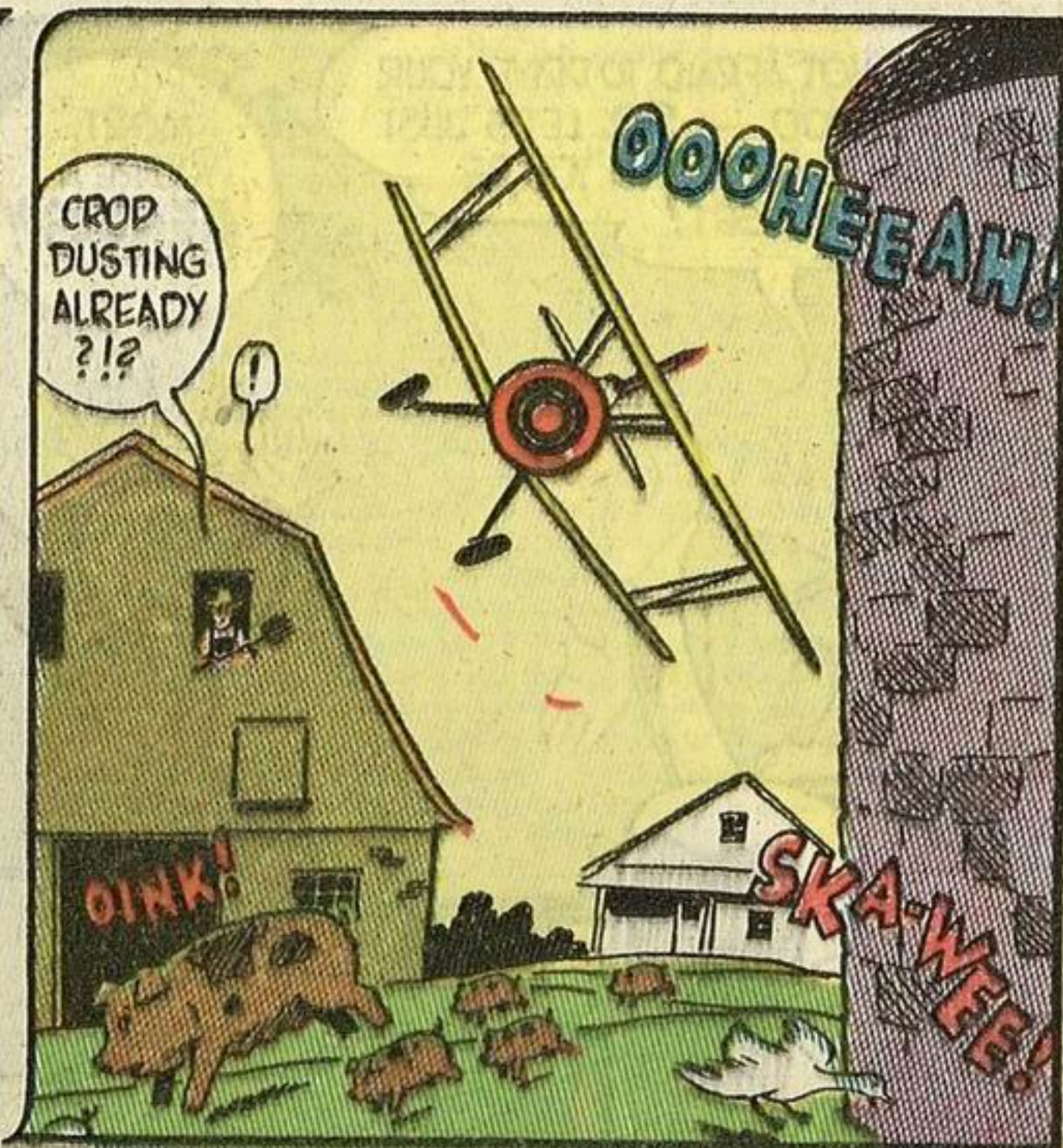
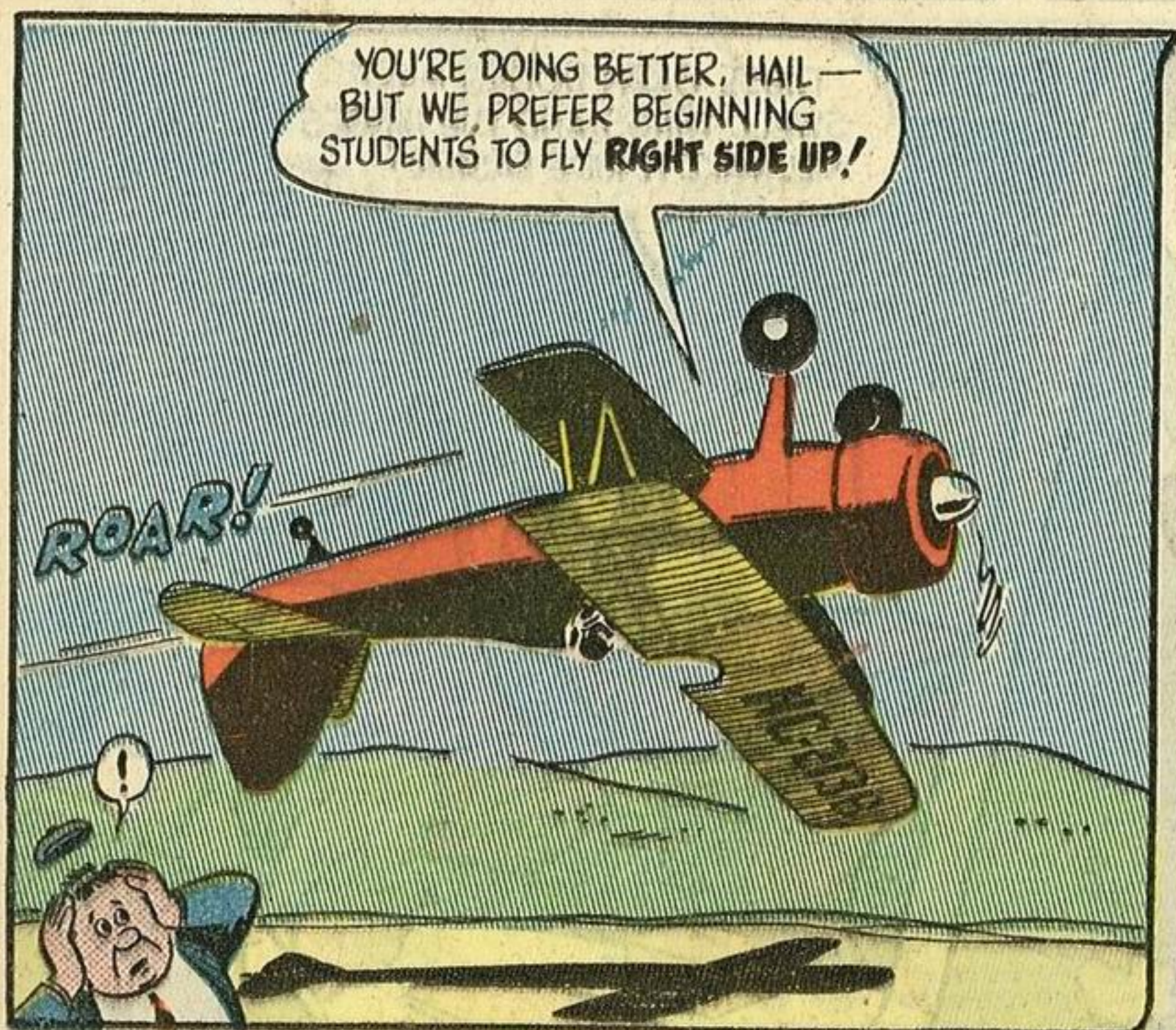
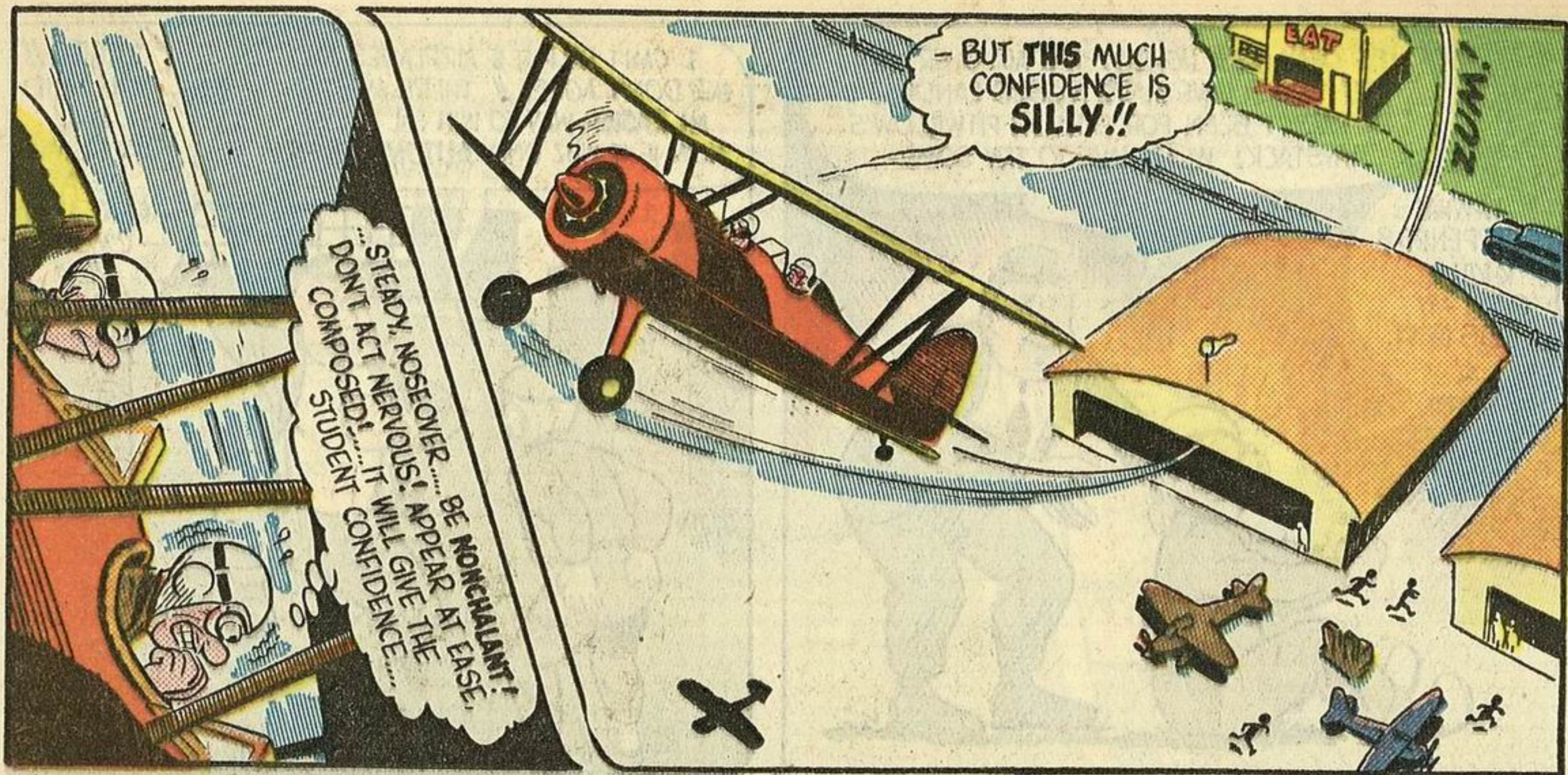




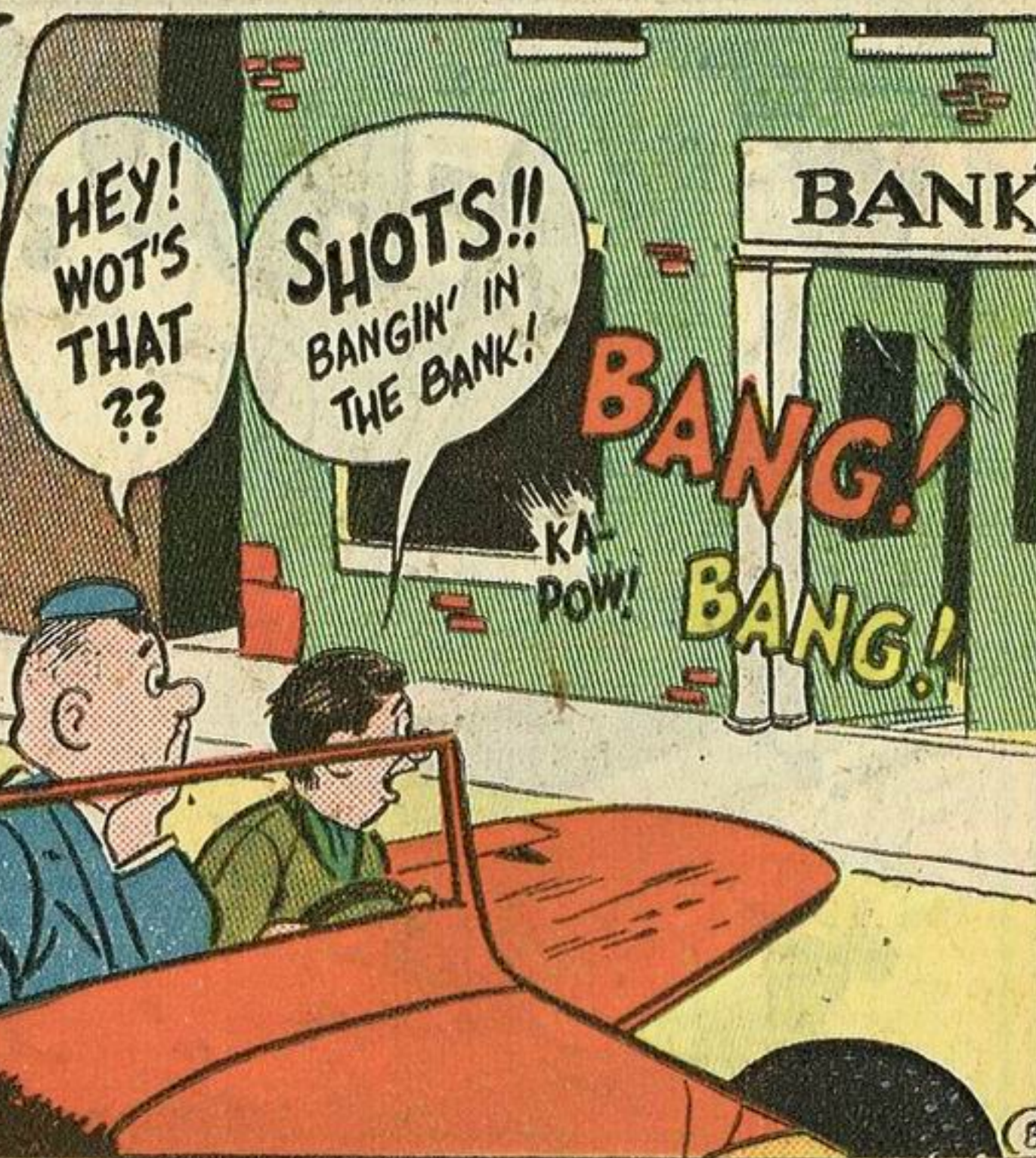
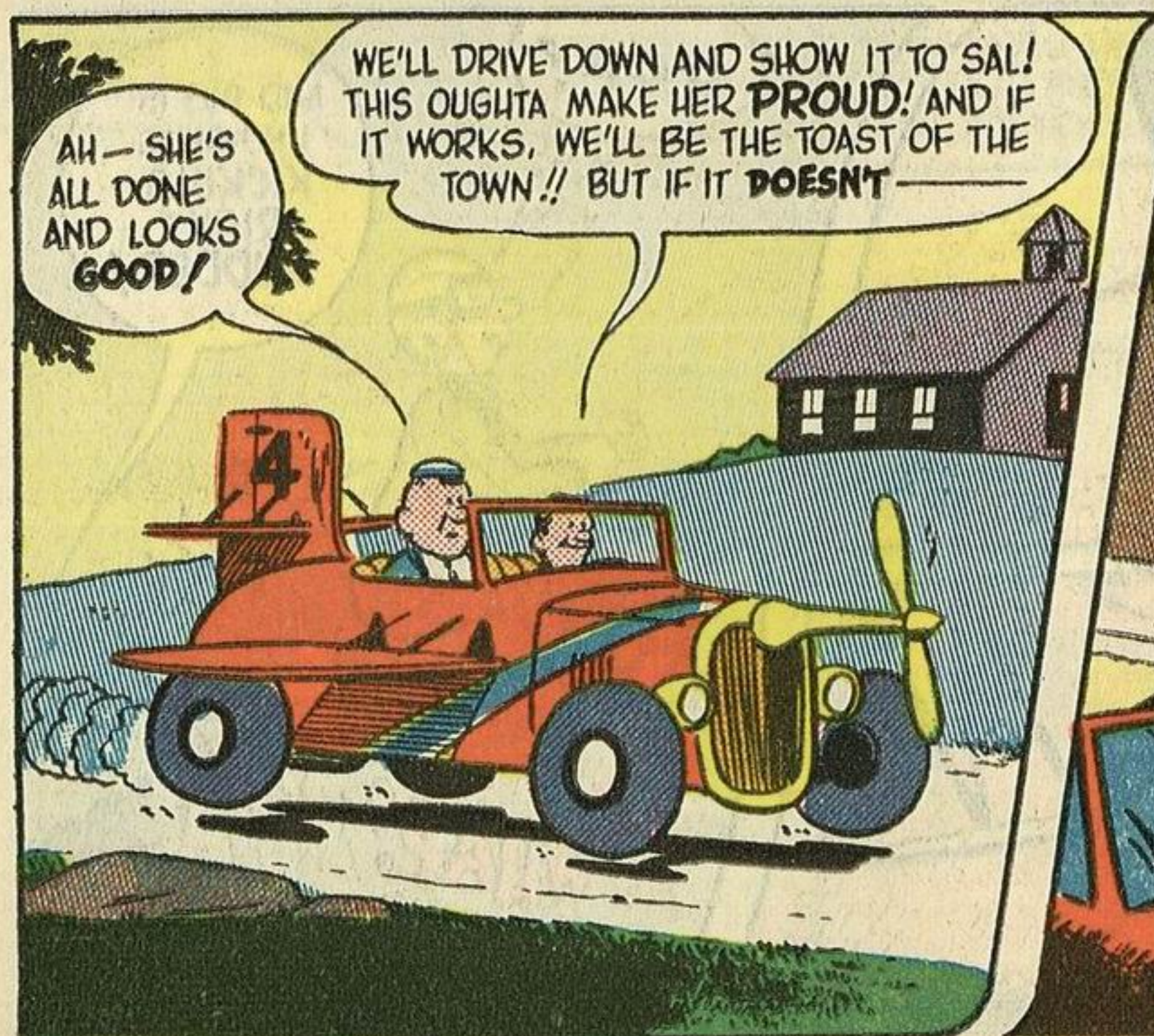
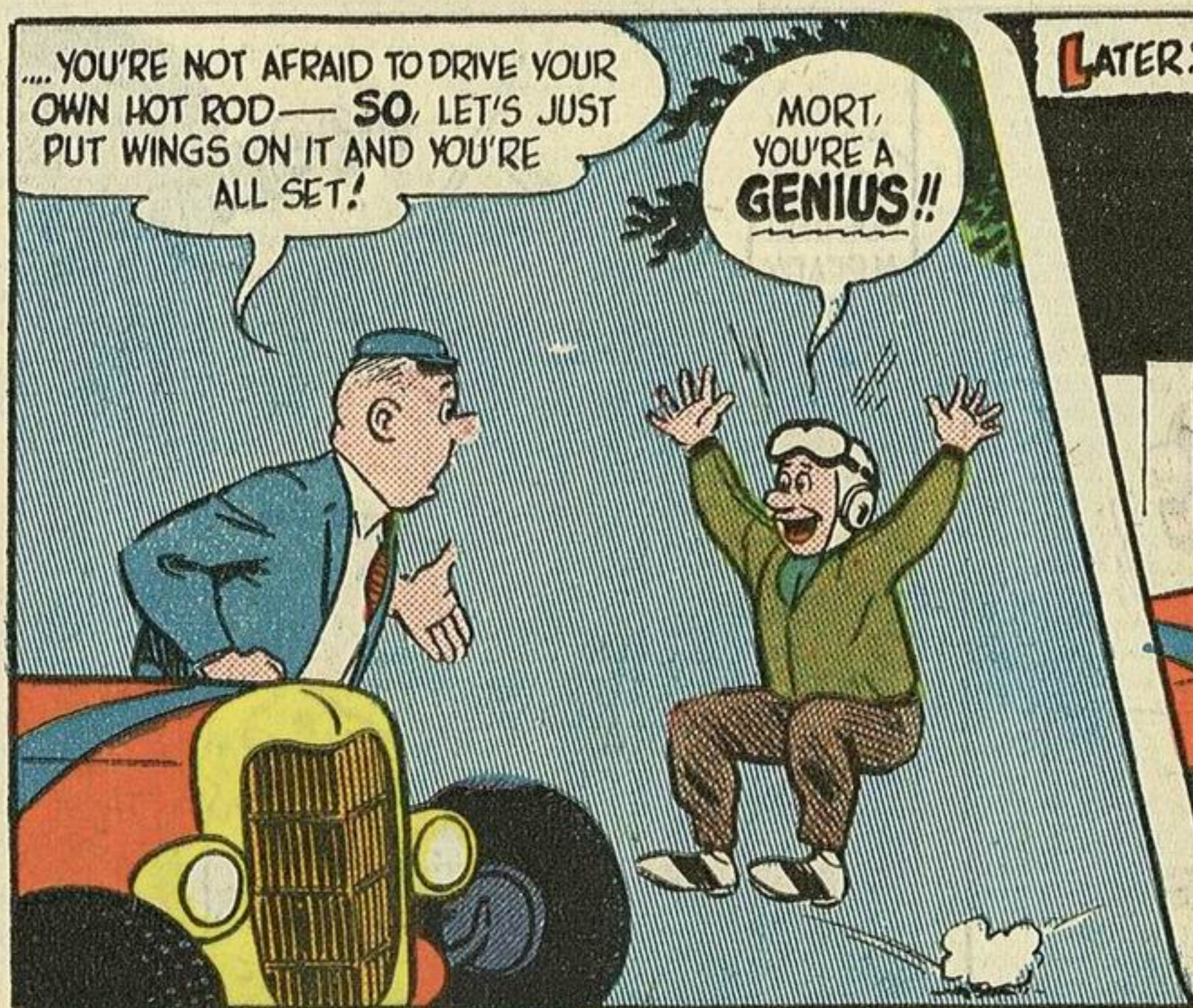
















IT-IT'S MR. HORSEGREELY AND T-THOSE THUGS THAT BEAT ME UP! WHY, THOSE DIRTY CROOKS!!

LOOK!

BANK

BANG!  
BANG!

QUICK-JUMP IN!!

I'LL TRY AND HEAD THEM OFF—

SAL! THEY'VE GOT SAL!!

STEP ON IT! THIS COWARD-COMIC THINKS HE CAN STOP US!!

ZOOM!



HE RUNS FAST, BOSS!

BUT NOT FAST ENUFF!!

BANG!

SNAP!

ME

PLOD!

YE OLDE BUTCHER SHOPPE

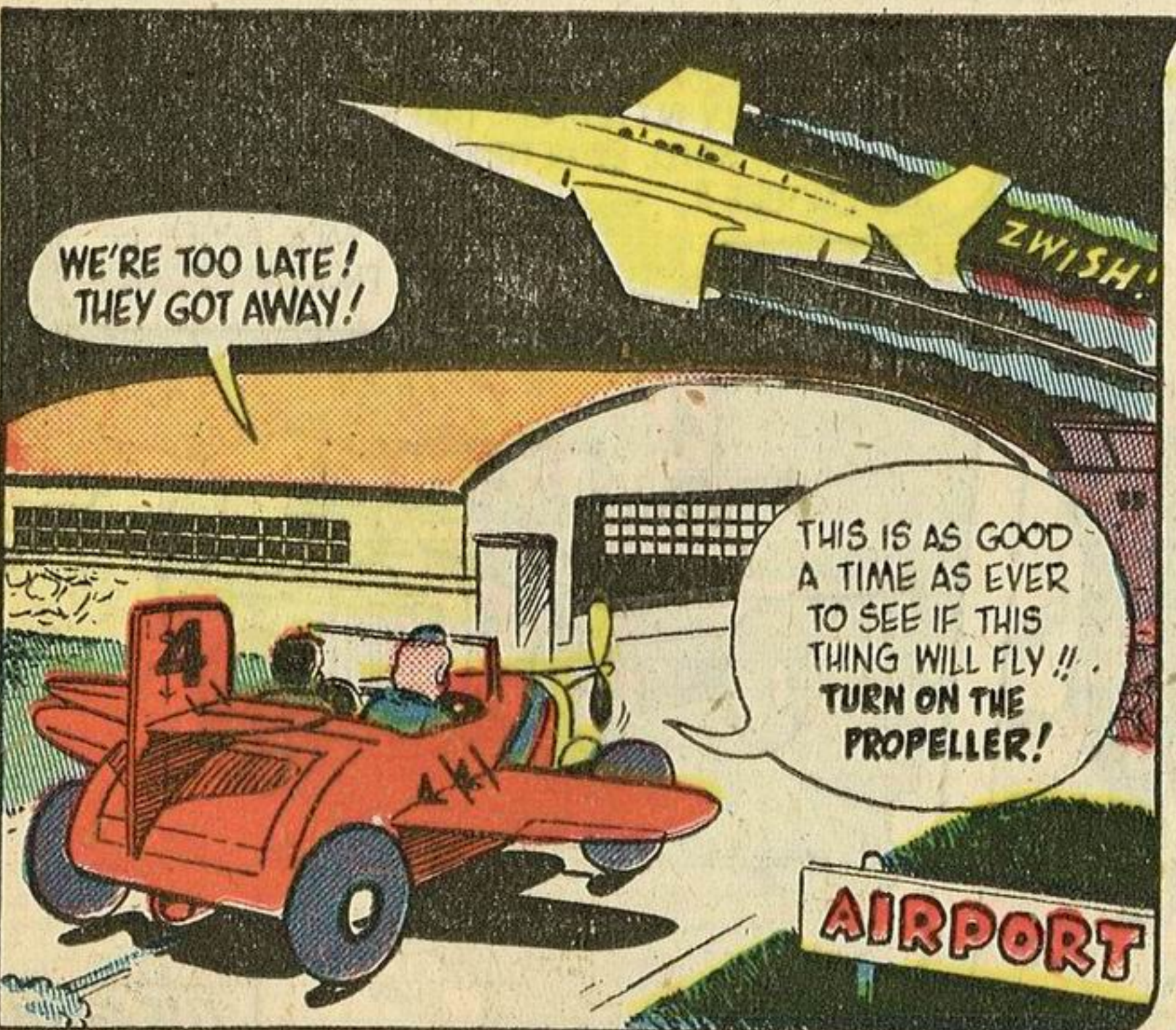
SKA-REECH!



C'MON, HOWDY, WAKE UP! WE DON'T HAVE A MOMENT TO LOSE! HORSEGREELY HEADED FOR THE AIRFIELD AND HE'S KIDNAPPED SAL!!!

WHA-APPENED?

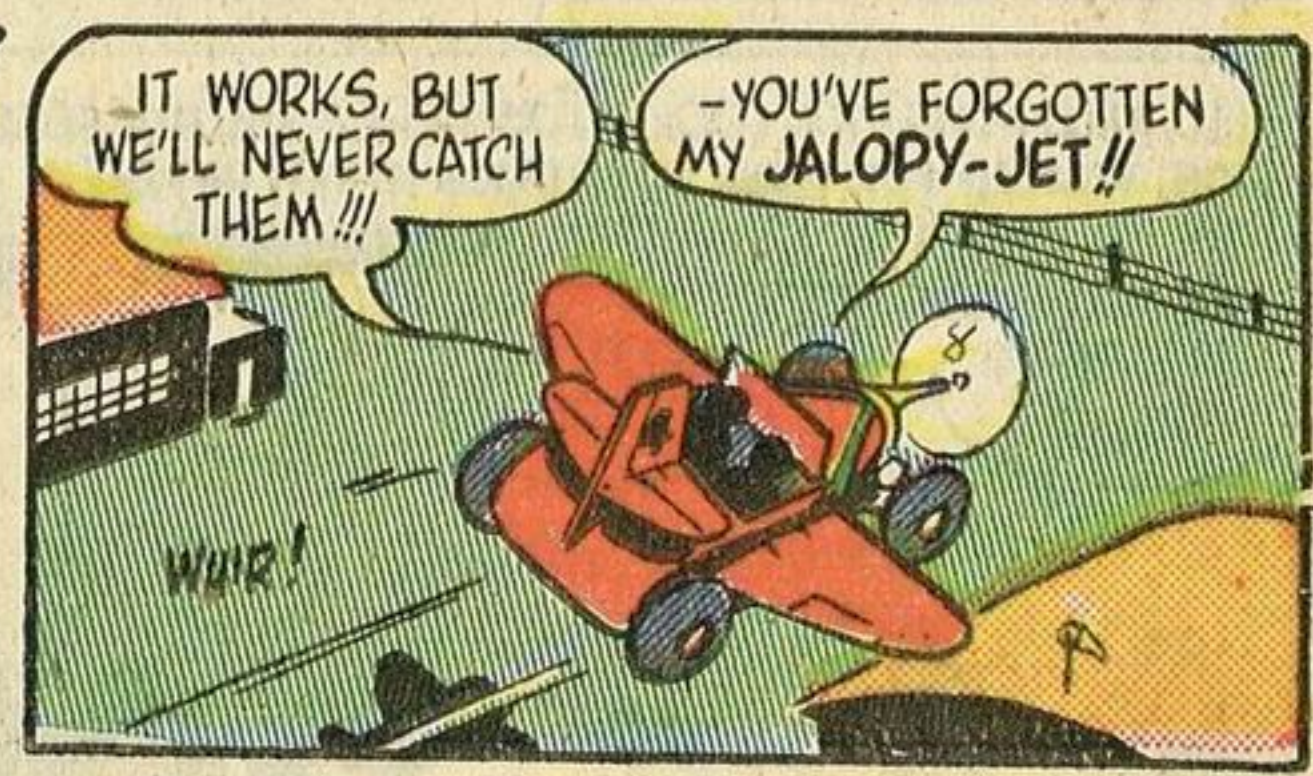
YE OLDE BUTCHER SHOPPE



WE'RE TOO LATE! THEY GOT AWAY!

THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS EVER TO SEE IF THIS THING WILL FLY!! TURN ON THE PROPELLER!

AIRPORT



IT WORKS, BUT WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM!!!

—YOU'VE FORGOTTEN MY JALOPY-JET!!

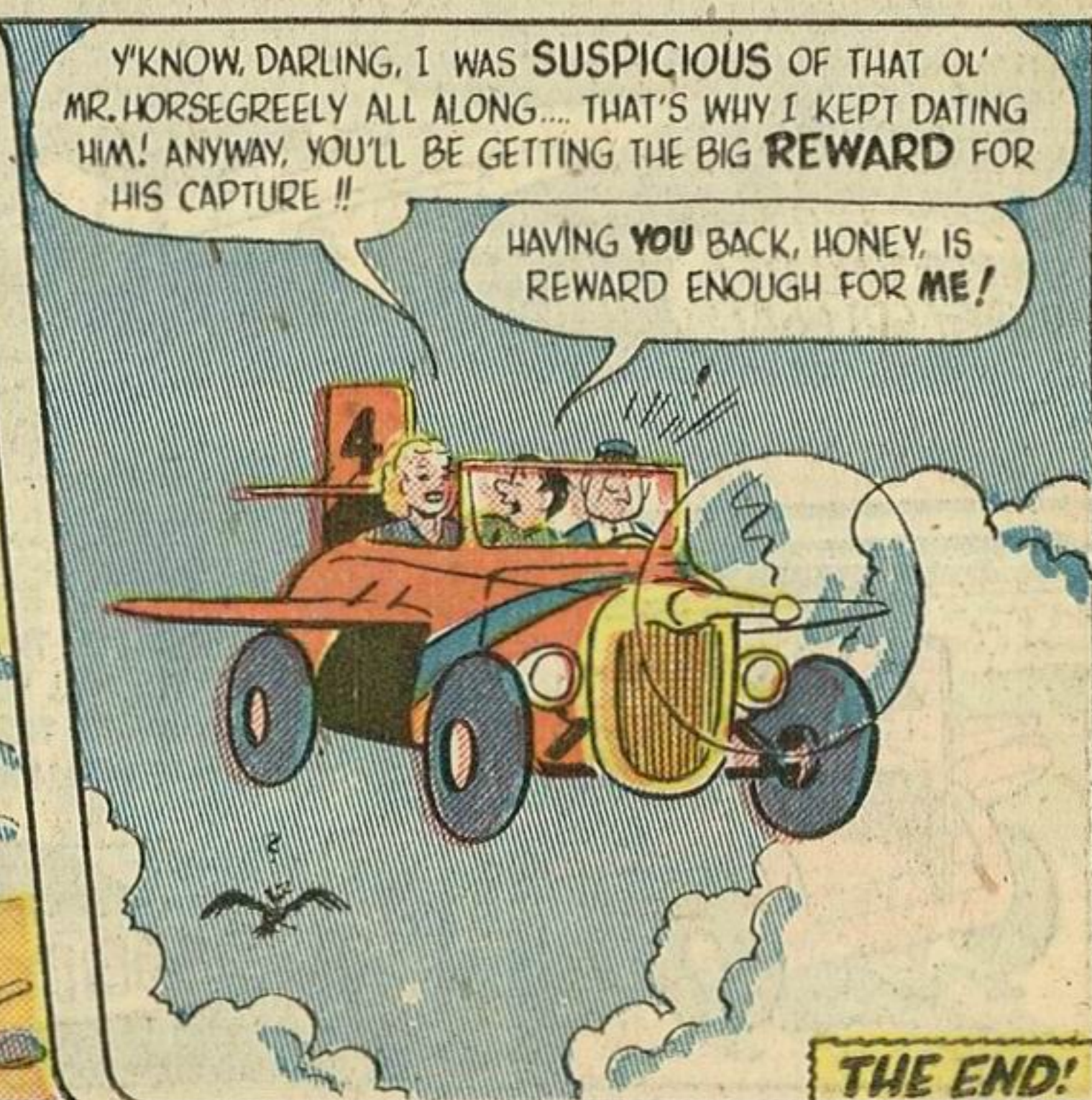
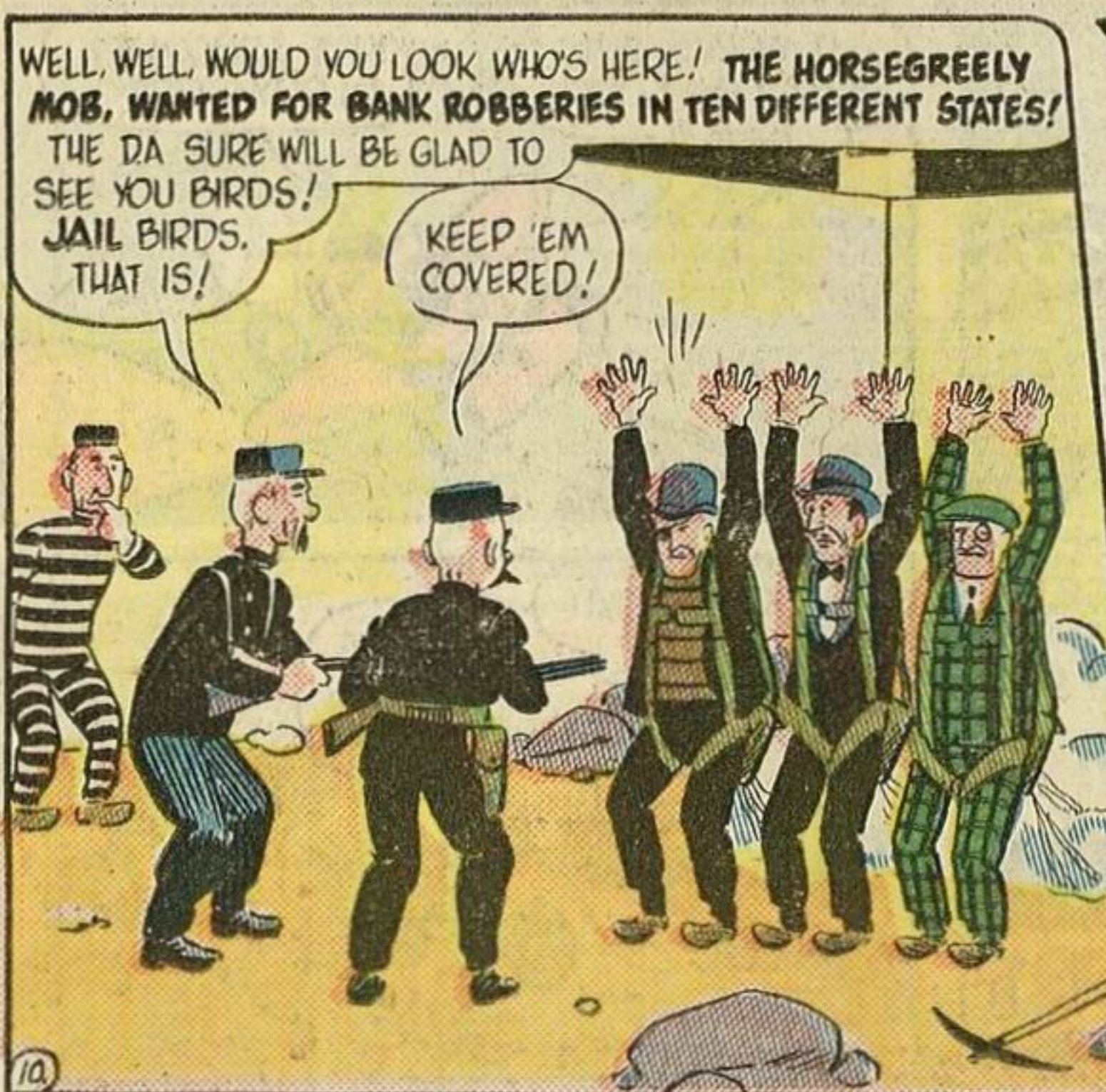
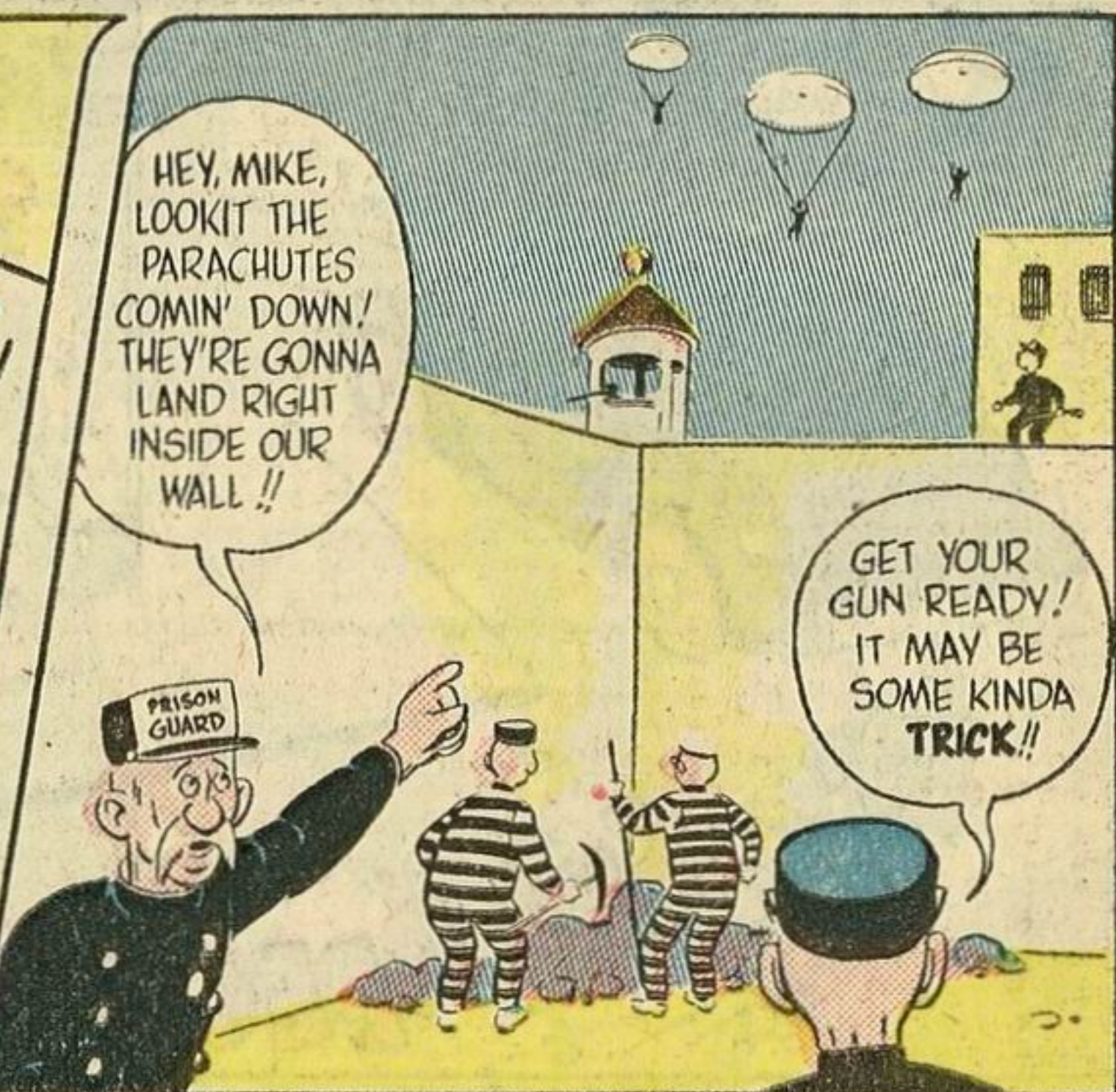
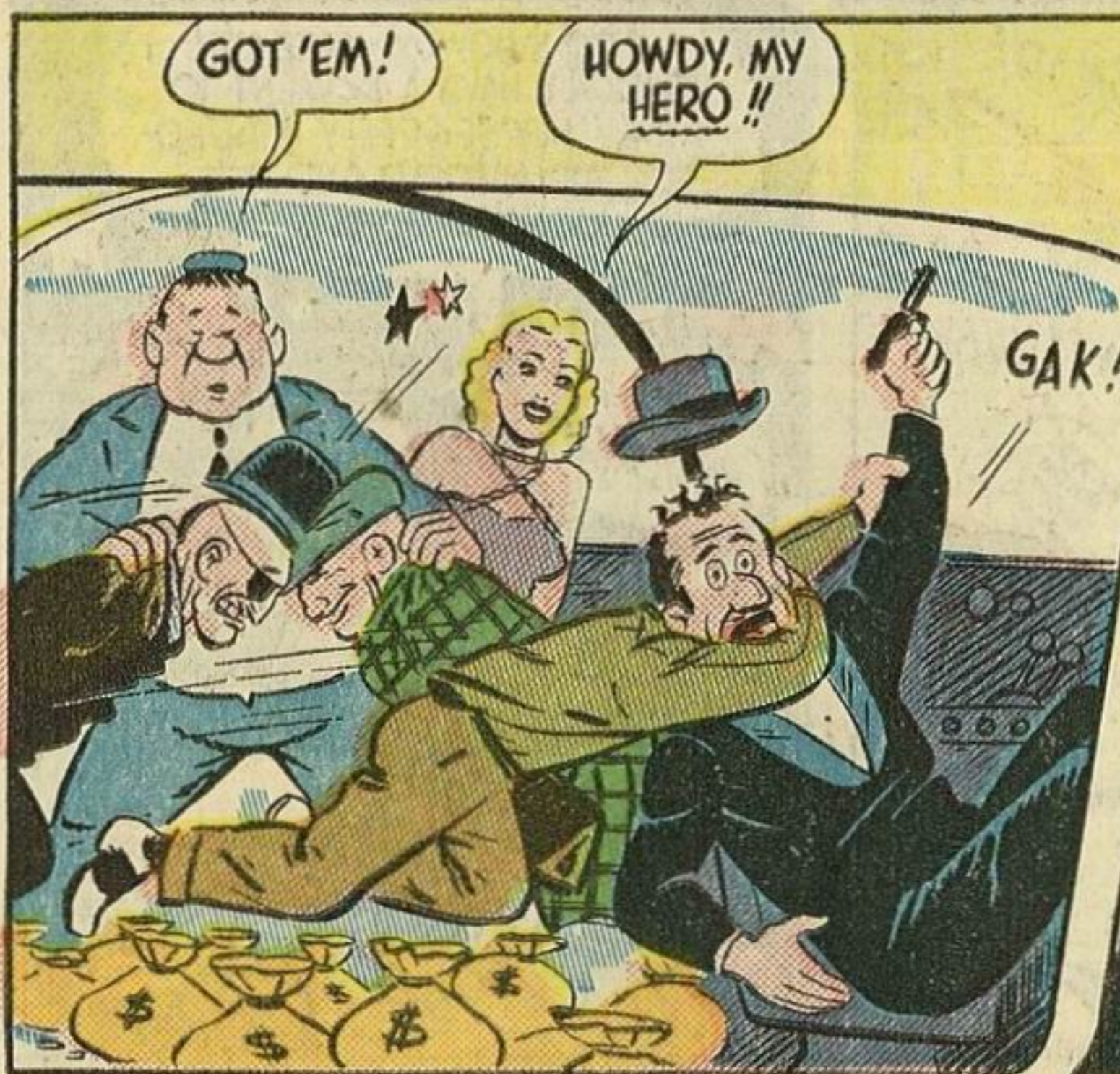


WOW! LOOKIT US GO!!

WE'RE GAINING ON 'EM!

ZINGO!





THE END!





# MAN in TOWN

"TIMING, *that's* what counts!" Zoot grinned, as he leaned against the doorbell on Angelpuss Witherspoon's door. "All I gotta do is ask her ta go ta the picnic before any of the other guys get the idea. By that time, I'll have the date all sewed up!"

Angelpuss opened the door herself. She was, as usual, the prettiest sight in town, even though her smile was not exactly joyous. "Oh, it's you," she greeted Zoot with a lukewarm inflection.

Zoot didn't stop to make idle conversation. "Hiya, Angel, light of my life, girl of my dreams," he caroled smoothly, "I just stopped by to put you under contract! How's for goin' ta the picnic with me, sugarloaf?"

At this point, a swift little train of thought went surging through Angel's mind. It went something like this. "Hmph, I certainly don't want a date with *this* character. I want to go to the picnic with *Cookie*! Of course, Cookie hasn't *asked* me yet, but he will! So I might just as well consider it a date . . . between Cookie and me, I mean!"

Aloud, she said, "Thanks a lot, Zoot, but I couldn't possibly. You see, I already have a date with the *most wonderful man in town*! I'm sorry." And she closed the door gently in Zoot's staring face.

Zoot was puzzled as he walked down the steps. "The most wonderful man in town!" he repeated to himself. "Well, that sure can't be Cookie O'Toole, 'cause that's no description of *that* shrimp! Wonder who it could . . ."

He never got a chance to finish that thought. For, thinking dreamily, he walked right into the subject of his thoughts, racing for Angelpuss Witherspoon's door!

"Just a moment, Cookie, my under-

sized friend," Zoot said, restraining Cookie with one hand. "Where ya bound for?"

"Don't hold me back!" Cookie wrenched himself free. "I've gotta ask Angel ta go ta the picnic with me, before some tinhorn horns in!"

"My boy, I've got news for you!" Zoot made a mock-solemn face. "Miss Witherspoon already *has* a date for the picnic! She's not available!"

Cookie's face was a study in disappointment. "But . . . but . . . that *can't* be!" he finally managed to stammer. "Aw, I know you, Zoot. Yer just tryin' ta discourage me, so you can take her!"

Pity was written over Zoot's face in large letters. "Tsk, ts, ts," he tsked. "Can't face th' truth like a man! All right, pipsqueak, I'll *prove* it to ya! Whaddaya say to *that*?"

"I *still* say I don't believe ya!" Cookie insisted, as Zoot led him towards a phone booth. "Yer up to no good, as usual!"

Zoot's face was bland as he dialled Angel's number. He held the receiver away from his ear, so that Cookie could hear Angel's sweet voice at the other end. "Hello?" she was saying.

"Listen, Angel, this's Zoot," Zoot announced himself. "I just thought I'd call again an' ask ya fer that date . . . just ta be sure!"

Here, he held the receiver to Cookie's ear, so that Cookie could hear Angel's exasperated answer. "I thought I made it very clear, Zoot, that I already *have* a date. And, as I told you before, with the *most wonderful man in town*!"

Sorrowfully, Cookie put the receiver back in place. Shoulders hunched over, head bowed, he felt misery pouring all over him, like a fast needle shower.



"Woe, woe, woe," he said to himself, ignoring Zoot's cat-and-canary smile of triumph. "Angel's found herself *another* date! I know she can't mean *me*, 'cause I'm not . . . I'm not . . . the most wonderful man in town! But who, *who* can it be?"

All that night and the following day, Cookie asked himself that same question, over and over again. Who was this unknown rival, this hated, mysterious enemy, this nameless contender for the affection and company of Angelpuss Witherspoon? *Who?*

It couldn't be any of the guys at school or down at the Soda Jerkerie. For by no stretch of the imagination could *they* be thought of as the most wonderful men in town. Well then, *who?*

It couldn't be any newcomer to town, because there weren't any . . . oh, *no?* Yes, there *was*! A very glamorous newcomer and a nationally famous ladies' man, to boot. The headlines of the evening paper gave Cookie his cue. "Van Mann, filmdom's lover, in town for a week!"

Cookie needed no further information. Burning with jealousy, he threw a withering glance at the newsstand, spun around on his heels and headed for the center of town. Teeth clenched, jaws white with rage, Cookie stamped into the swankiest hotel on the square and demanded Van Mann's room number from the desk clerk.

"It's four-oh-two," the clerk answered, "but we have strict orders to admit nobody and that goes for . . ."

But Cookie had already taken the steps, two at a time, and was pounding on the door marked four-oh-two. A man opened the door cautiously. "Sorry, kid, no autographs," he snapped.

Like a flash, Cookie sidestepped him and darted into the room. There, seated in an easy chair, was Van Mann, filmdom's famous lover!

"All right, Mann," Cookie hissed, "I'm here for a showdown!" And he launched himself at Vann Mann, as

though to tear him limb from limb.

It was a spectacular fight. Ablaze with jealousy, Cookie accused Van Mann, "Sure, sneak into town an' steal my girl! Go ahead . . . *take* Angelpuss Witherspoon to the picnic! But ya'll hafta fight *me* first!"

And that's how it happened. Cookie, forgetting the fact that he was slightly under five feet and no muscle man, didn't have a chance. He swung. Van Mann ducked. Van Mann swung. Cookie forgot to duck. *Blackout!*

When Cookie came to, five minutes later, he peered out of a blackened eye into Van Mann's smiling face. "I have to be going now, scrapper," the movie star said. "I'm taking your advice. I figure that any girl worth fighting for is worth taking to that picnic!"

Cookie stared as the door closed behind Van Mann. Now he was *really* sunk. "I'm a first-class, grade-A dope!" he groaned, as he staggered out of the hotel and creaked his way homeward. "I hadda give that guy Angel's name! Now she'll go out with him an' I'll never see Angelpuss again!"

Sunk in despair, Cookie sprawled on the living room couch at home. His mother had applied a cold cloth to his eye and arnica to his bruises. Wounded, the warrior turned his face to the wall and wept.

He hardly noticed the buzz of the doorbell or the soft footsteps that approached the couch. But he *did* notice the cool softness of the little hand that rested on his forehead and the sweetness of the voice that said, "Here I am, Cookie!"

"Angelpuss!" Cookie sat up straight, dumping the cold cloth to the floor. "You . . . you're here! I thought . . . I thought you'd be goin' to the picnic with . . . with," here he choked, "Van Mann!"

Angel blushed pink. "Well, Cookie, he *asked* me," she confided, "but I told him I already *had* a date with *the most wonderful man in town* . . . *you!*"

Cookie kissed her.



# "COOKIE"



IT'S MIDNIGHT... COOKIE SLEEPS  
THE SLEEP OF THE JUST...



... AS DOES JITTERBUCK,  
HIS BOSOM PAL --



AND ZOOT... BUT MAYBE HIS  
SLEEP'S NOT SO JUST!



AND WHILE THE SLEEPERS SLEEP.. WHAT EVIL IS ABROAD?  
WELL... PUH-LENTY! LOOK!

...63...118...47! THANKS, BOYS... AN'  
REMEMBER, THIS COMES TA YA THROUGH  
THE COURTESY OF MOE AN' JOE!

GULP! THE FAMOUS  
B-BANDITS... AND THIS IS  
THEIR 416 TH JOB!



YES... MOE AND JOE! MARK THEM WELL... WE'RE  
GONNA BE HEARING A LOT ABOUT THEM!



FOR INSTANCE...

\$1000 REWARD!...  
GOLLY!

AND THE POLICE SEEM  
UNABLE TO COPE WITH  
THIS TWO-MAN CRIME  
WAVE! THE CITIZENS'  
COMMITTEE HAS POSTED  
A \$1000 REWARD FOR ANY  
PLAN RESULTING IN  
THEIR CAPTURE!



ER- CAN I BORROW YER  
CAR TA GO CALL ON  
ANGELPUSS? MY  
JALOP'S ON THE SICK  
LIST, POP!

NO! BIG THINGS TO BE  
DONE... A BIG REWARD TO  
BE COPPED... AND ALL  
YOU CAN THINK ABOUT  
ARE DATES!

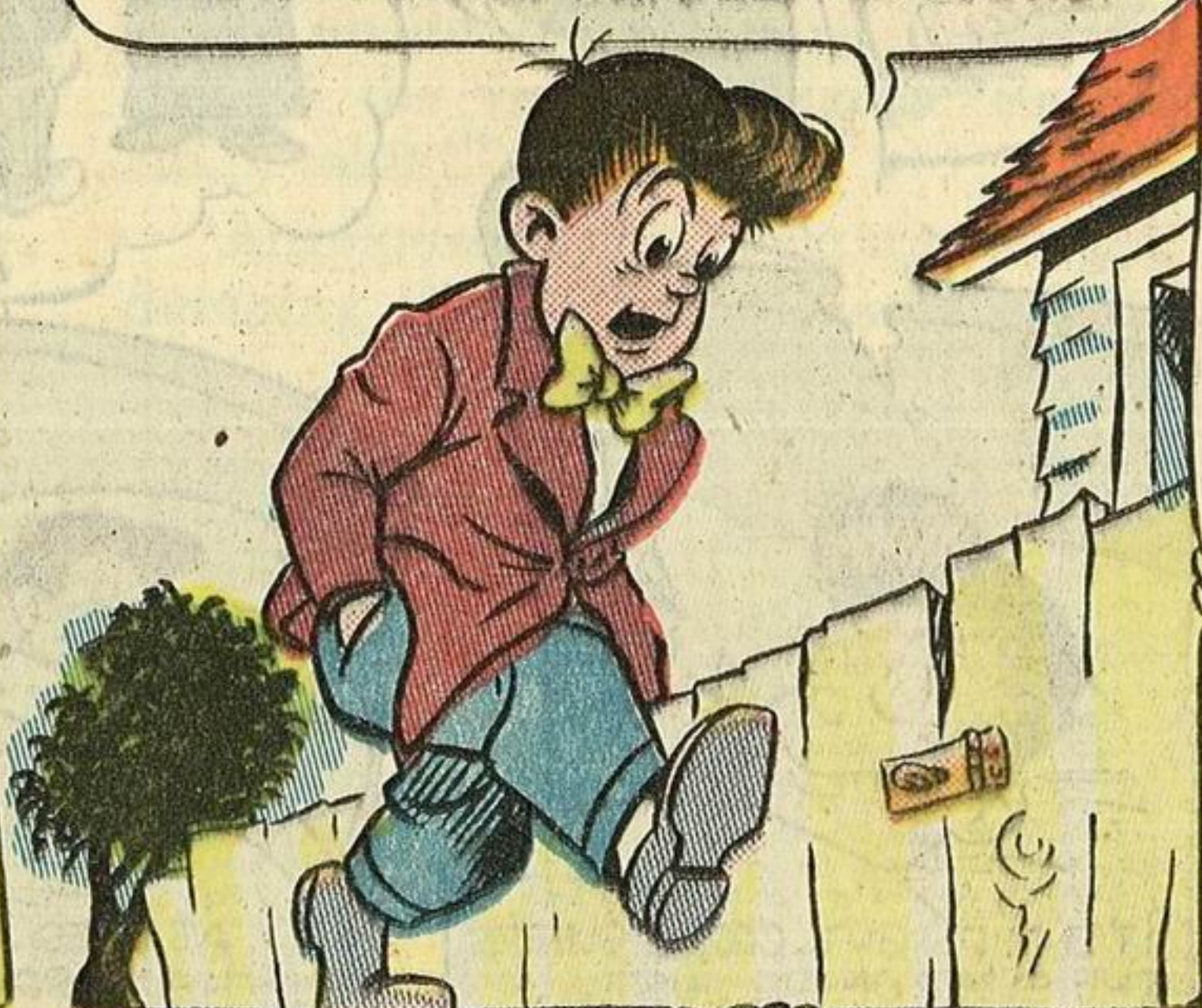


OKAY! OKAY!  
SO I'LL WALK!

LESSEE... THE COPS COULD USE  
A NET... OR HIRE BLOODHOUNDS...  
-- OR PASS A LAW AGAINST  
ROBBERIES...



HUH!... NOBODY GIVES ME ANY CREDIT... EVEN MY OWN  
FATHER'S AGAINST ME!.. OH, WELL... ANGELPUSS LIKES  
ME THE WAY I AM... AN' THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS!







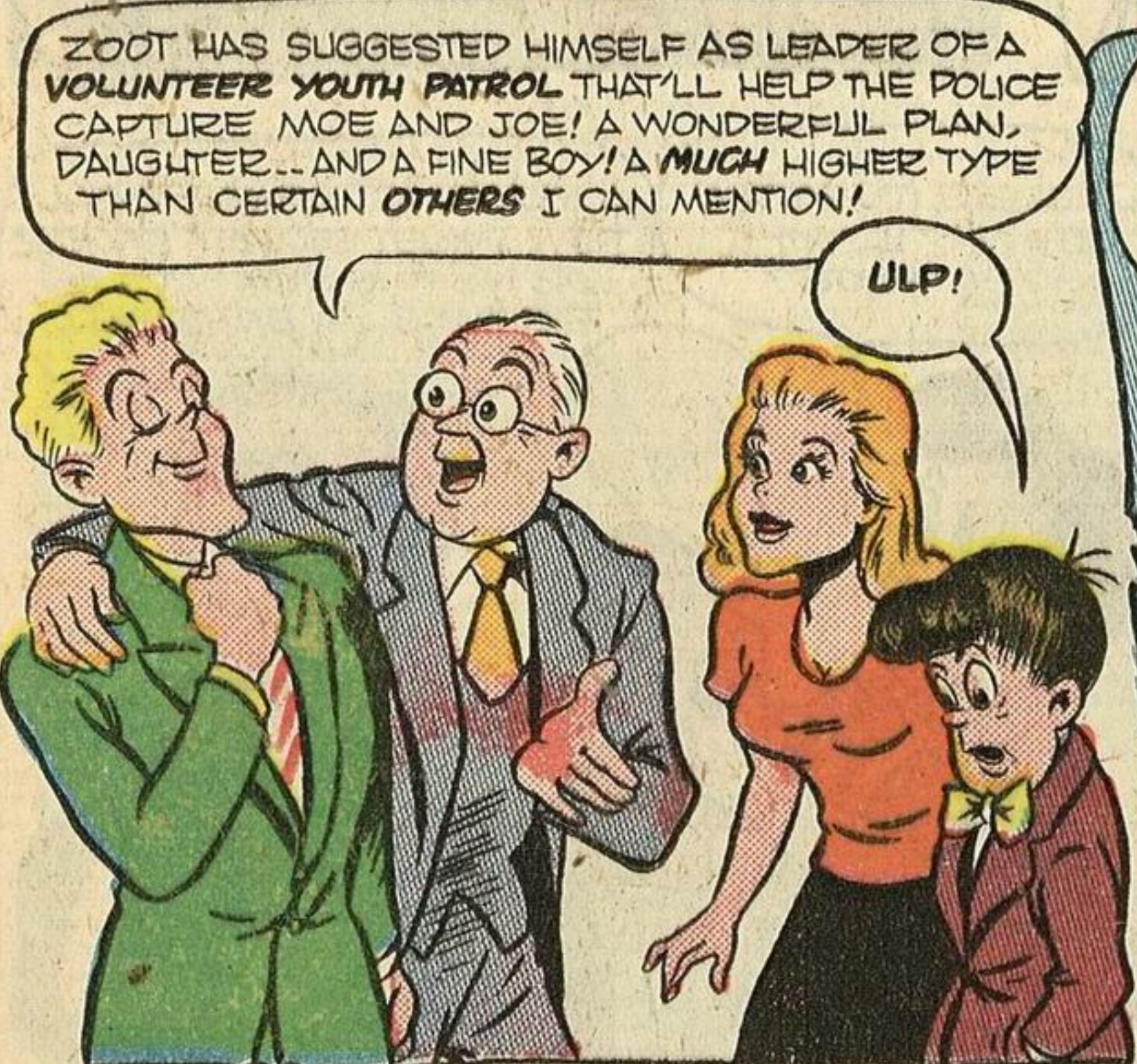
HI, ANGELPUSS! I- HEY!  
WOT'S ZOOT DOIN' IN  
THERE WITH YER  
OL' MAN?

SHH-HHH!--LISTEN!--I  
NEVER DREAMED ZOOT  
HAD IT IN HIM!



CONGRATULATIONS, ZOOT!  
AS HEAD OF THE CITIZENS'  
COMMITTEE, THAT'S THE  
BEST PLAN FOR ENDING THE  
CRIME WAVE THAT I'VE  
GOTTEN YET!

AN' IF IT WORKS--  
I GET THE  
\$1000 REWARD,  
EH?



ZOOT HAS SUGGESTED HIMSELF AS LEADER OF A  
**VOLUNTEER YOUTH PATROL** THAT'LL HELP THE POLICE  
CAPTURE MOE AND JOE! A WONDERFUL PLAN,  
DAUGHTER--AND A FINE BOY! A **MUCH** HIGHER TYPE  
THAN CERTAIN **OTHERS** I CAN MENTION!

ULP!



WHY, ZOOT.. I AM  
IMPRESSED! I NEVER  
**KNEW** YOU WERE A  
MAN OF IDEAS --OF  
ACTION!

AH, YES--  
YES!

B-BUT, ANGEL--  
--HOW ABOUT  
ME?



**YOU!** I'M OUT OF PATIENCE WITH  
YOU-YOU **SMALL-TIMER!** WHEN YOU  
PROVE YOURSELF A **BIG** MAN, WHO GETS  
**BIG** THINGS DONE, I **MIGHT** RECONSIDER!

AW--  
--GEE!

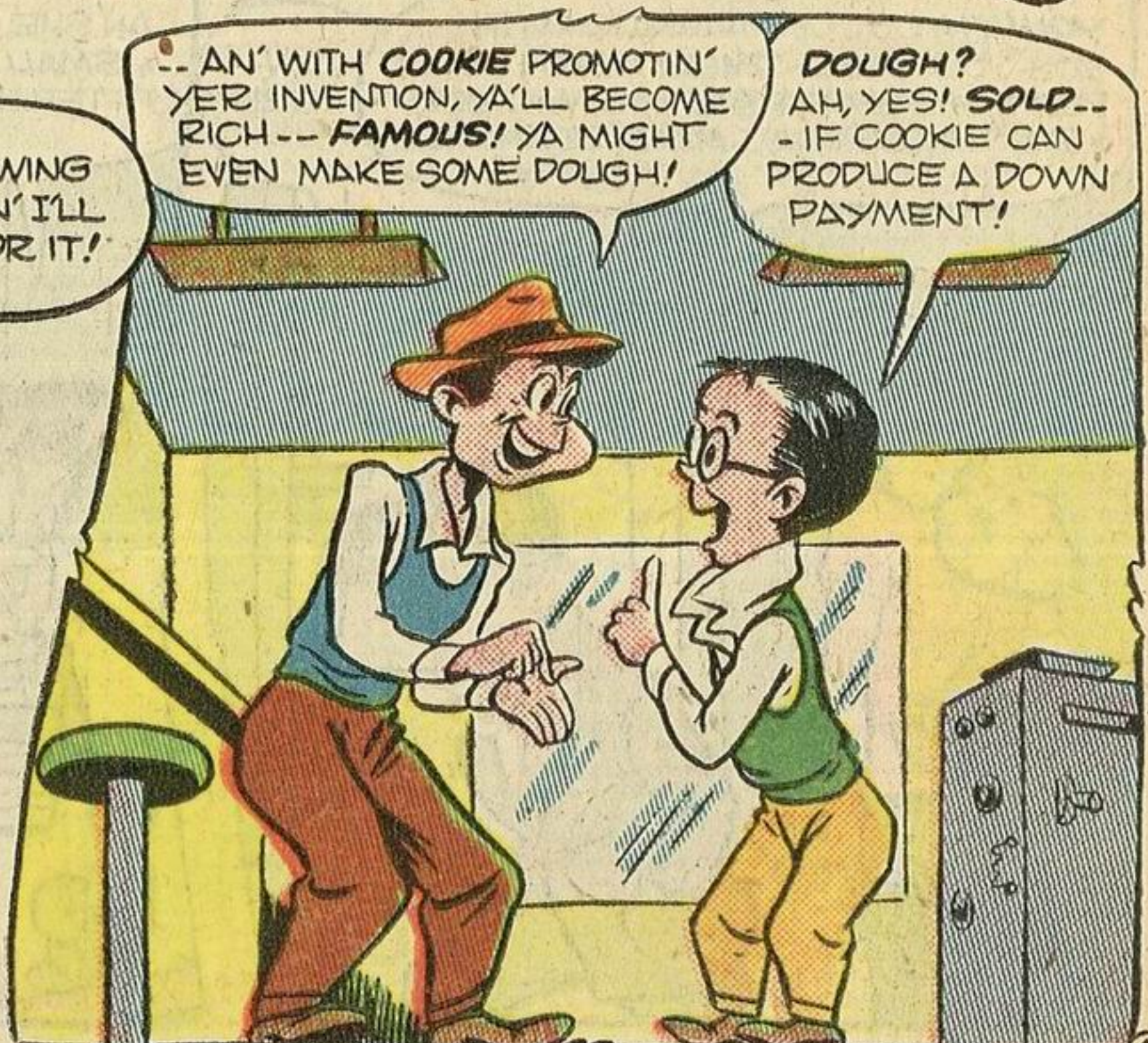
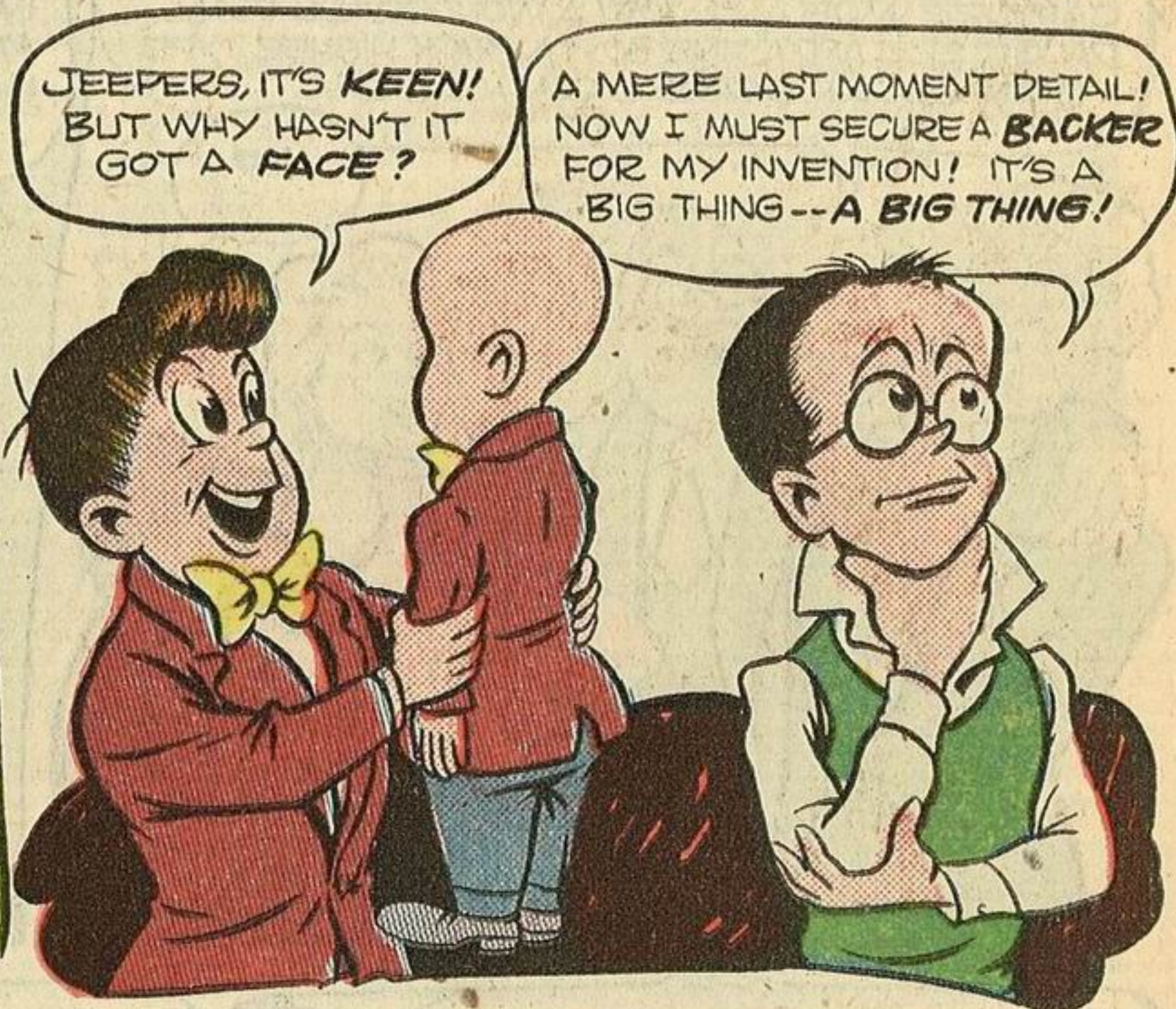
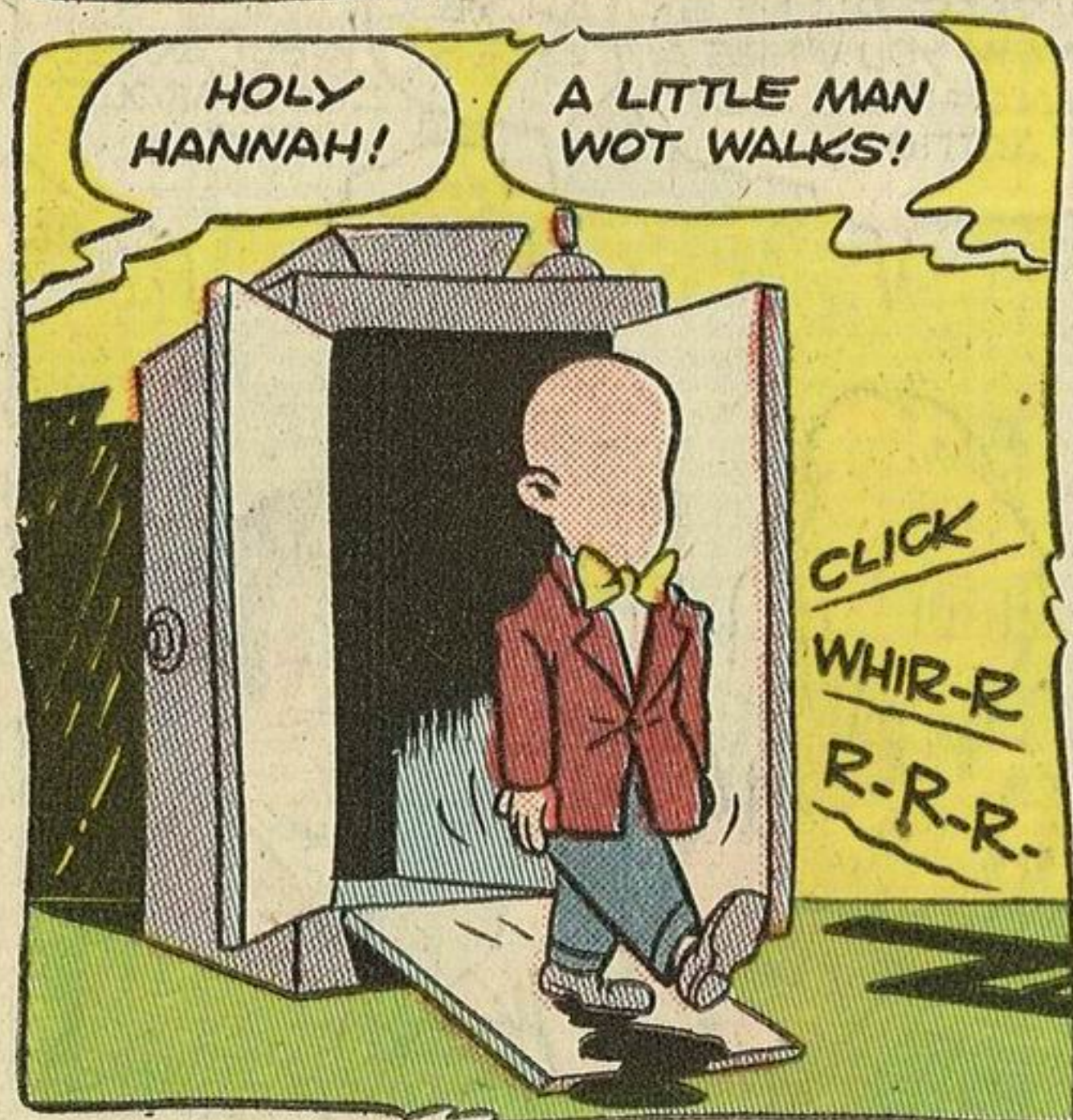
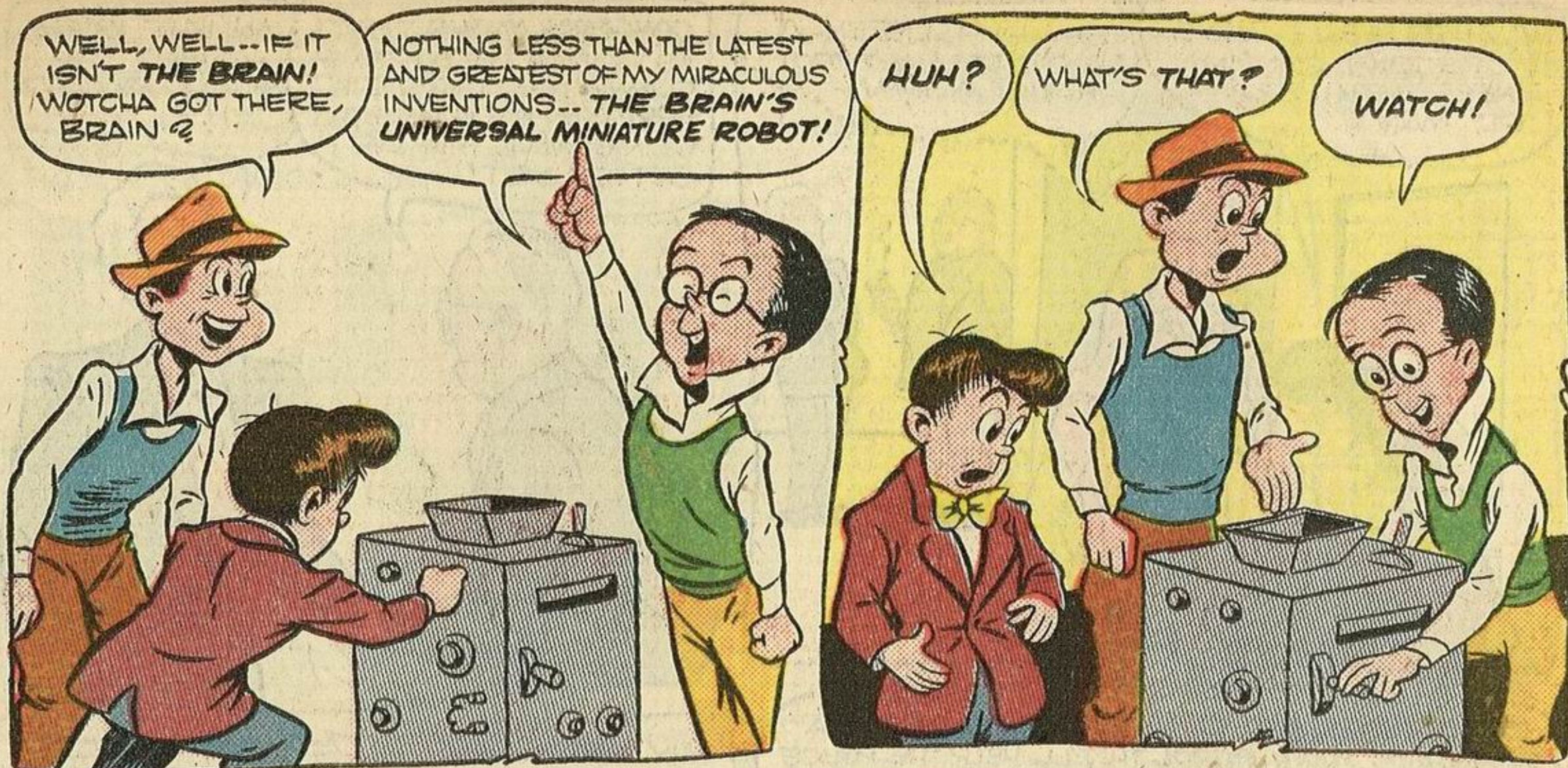


--AN' SHE CALLED ME  
A **SMALL-TIMER**,  
JITTERBUCK!

DON'T WORRY, COOKIE-- I'LL  
THINK OF **SOME** WAY TA HELP!

GREETINGS,  
COMPANIONS!









\$2.63, BRAIN... BUT IT'S **NOTHIN'** TA WOT YA'LL CLEAN UP LATER!

HMM... IT NEEDS A FACE... -AN' WHEN WE PUT IT ON THE MARKET, THAT FACE IS GONNA BECOME **WELL-KNOWN!**



WE'RE GOIN' OVER TA COOKIE'S HOUSE... -WHERE YA CAN PAINT **HIS** FACE ON THE ROBOT... ON ACCOUNT HE'S SO **HANDSOME!**

HANDSOME... COOKIE?... WELL, IF YOU **INSIST!**

HUH? B-BUT...



HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN YEARS, O'TOOLE! GOT ANY KIDS?

JUST ONE-- MY SON, **COOKIE!** WHAT A BOY! REGULAR ATHLETE! STRONG- FEARLESS- A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!



HI, POP!

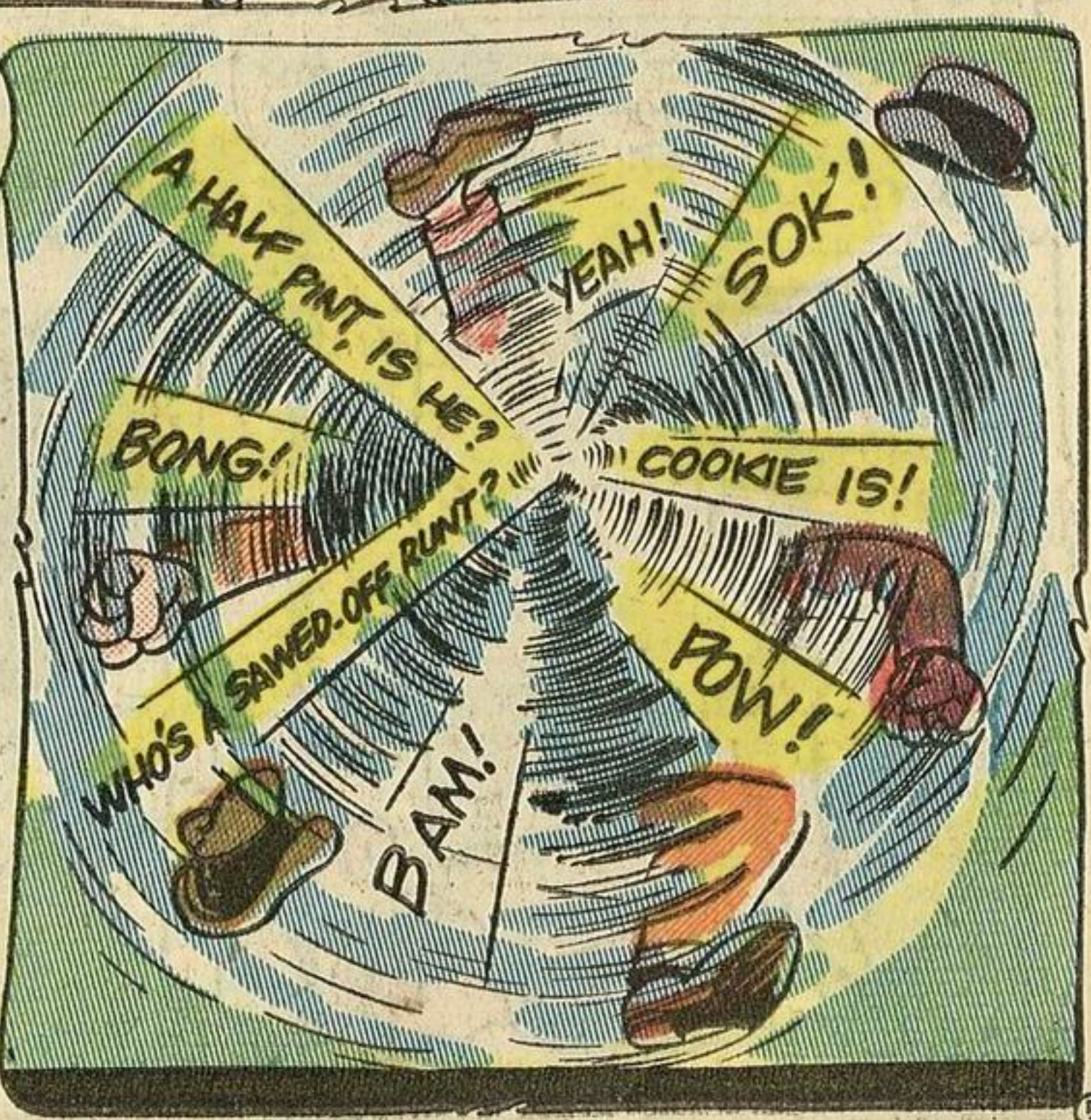
WHO'S THAT?

ER-- THAT'S **COOKIE!**



**HAW-HAW-HAW!** STRONG- FEARLESS- CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK, EH? **WOTTA SAUED-OFF RUNT!** HO-HO! A HALF PINT!

OH, YEAH? BETTER SMILE WHEN YOU LAUGH AT MY SON, YOU RAT! **PUT UP YER DUKES!**



A HALF PINT, IS HE?

YEAH!

**SOK!**

**BONG!**

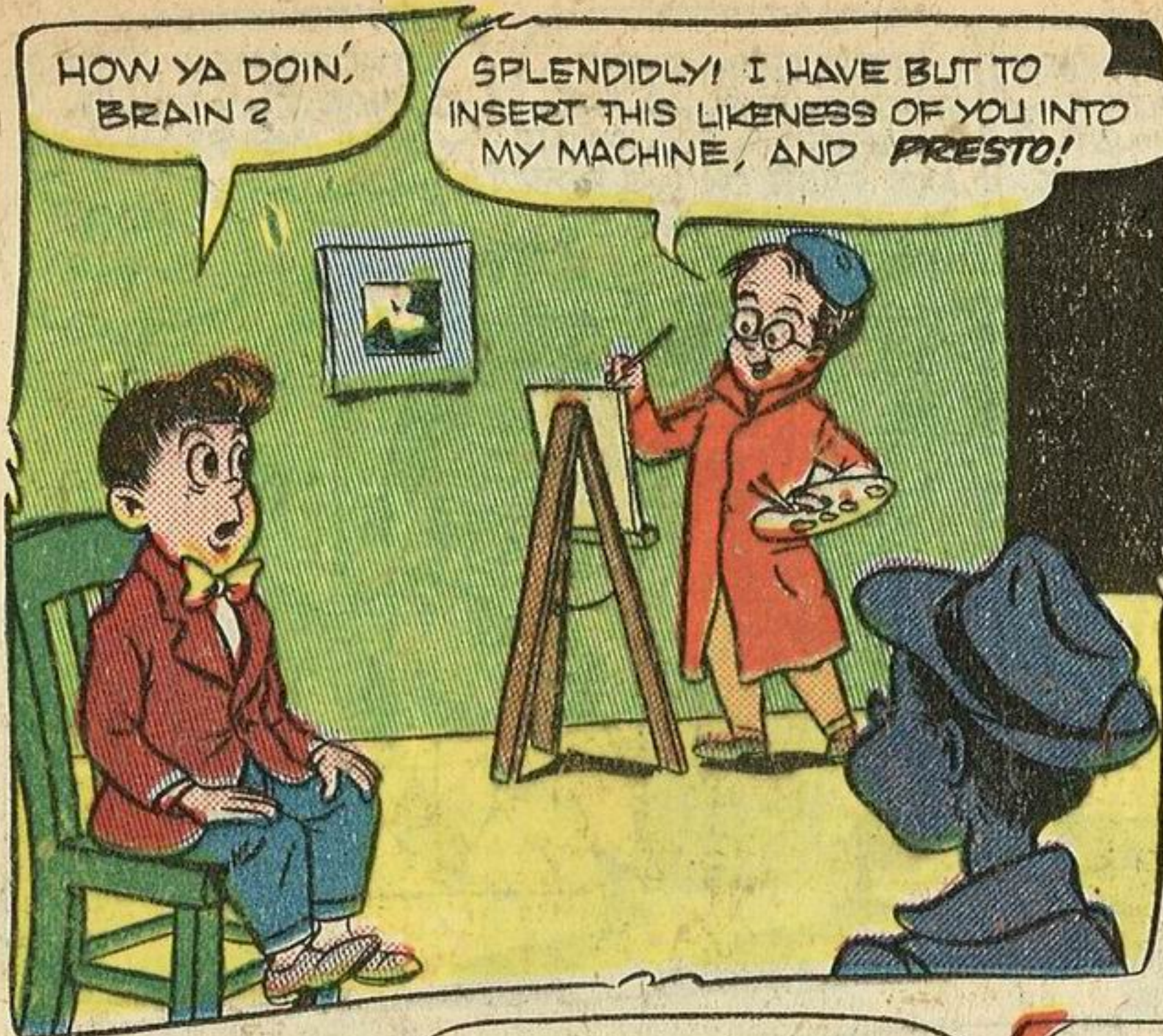
**COOKIE IS!**

WHO'S A SAUED-OFF RUNT?

**POW!**

**BAM!**





HOW YA DOIN',  
BRAIN?

SPLENDIDLY! I HAVE BUT TO  
INSERT THIS LIKENESS OF YOU INTO  
MY MACHINE, AND **PRESTO!**



IF THIS WORKS, **YOUR** FACE WILL  
BE ON EVERY ROBOT WE SELL,  
SEE? YOU'LL BE KNOWN FROM  
COAST TO COAST-- A **BIG-SHOT!**  
ANGELPUSS'LL GO FOR YA HOOK,  
LINE AND SINKER!

ALL IS IN  
READINESS!  
**OBSERVE,  
GENTLEMEN!**



**HOLY J-JUMPIN'  
JIVE!**

**IT'S YOU, COOK! A  
VEST POCKET EDITION OF A  
VEST POCKET EDITION!**

CLICK  
WHIR-R.  
R.R.R



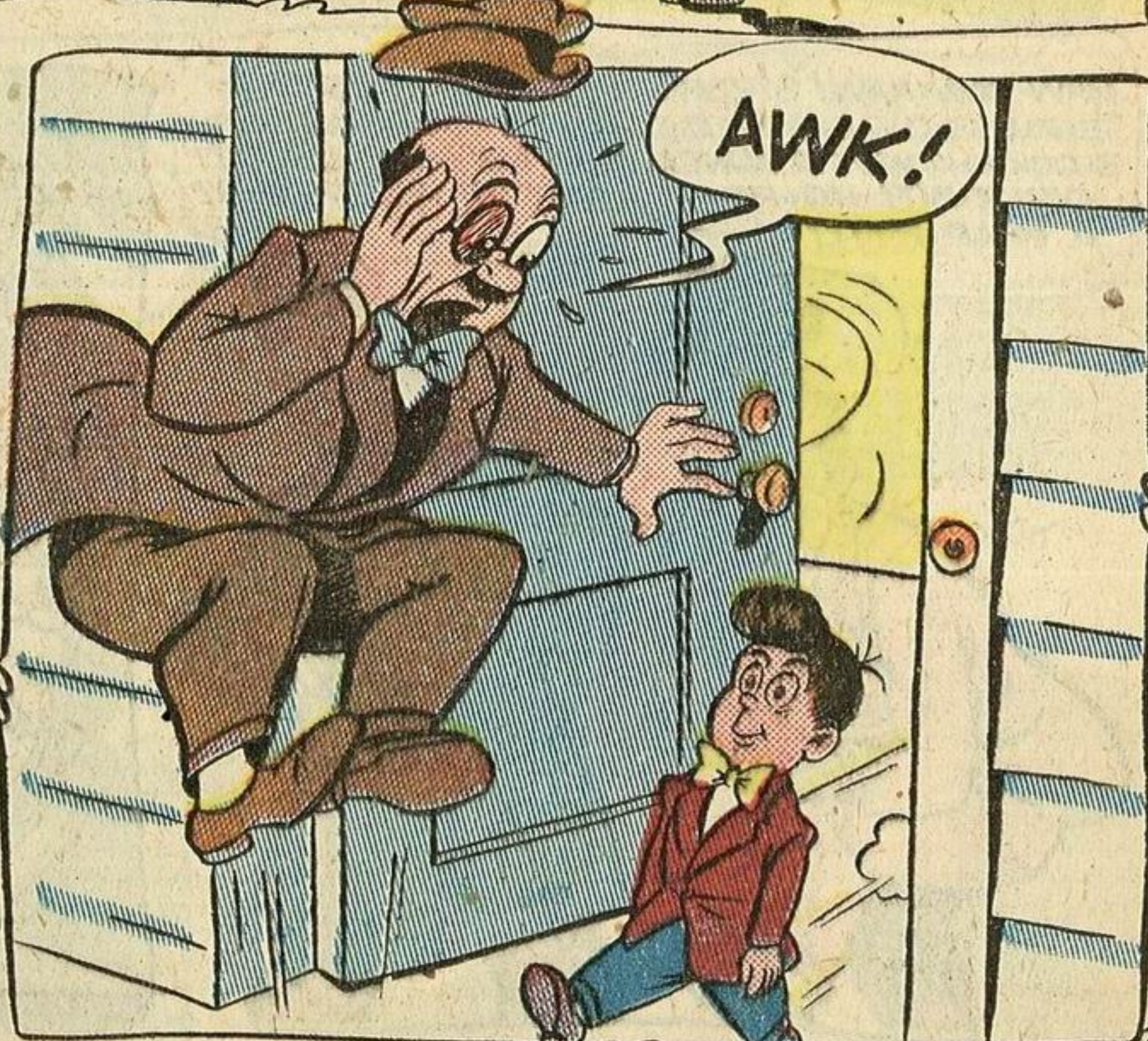
IT'S A  
**MIRACLE!**

**HURRAH!**

**WOT THE! I GOTTA  
LOOK INTO THIS!**

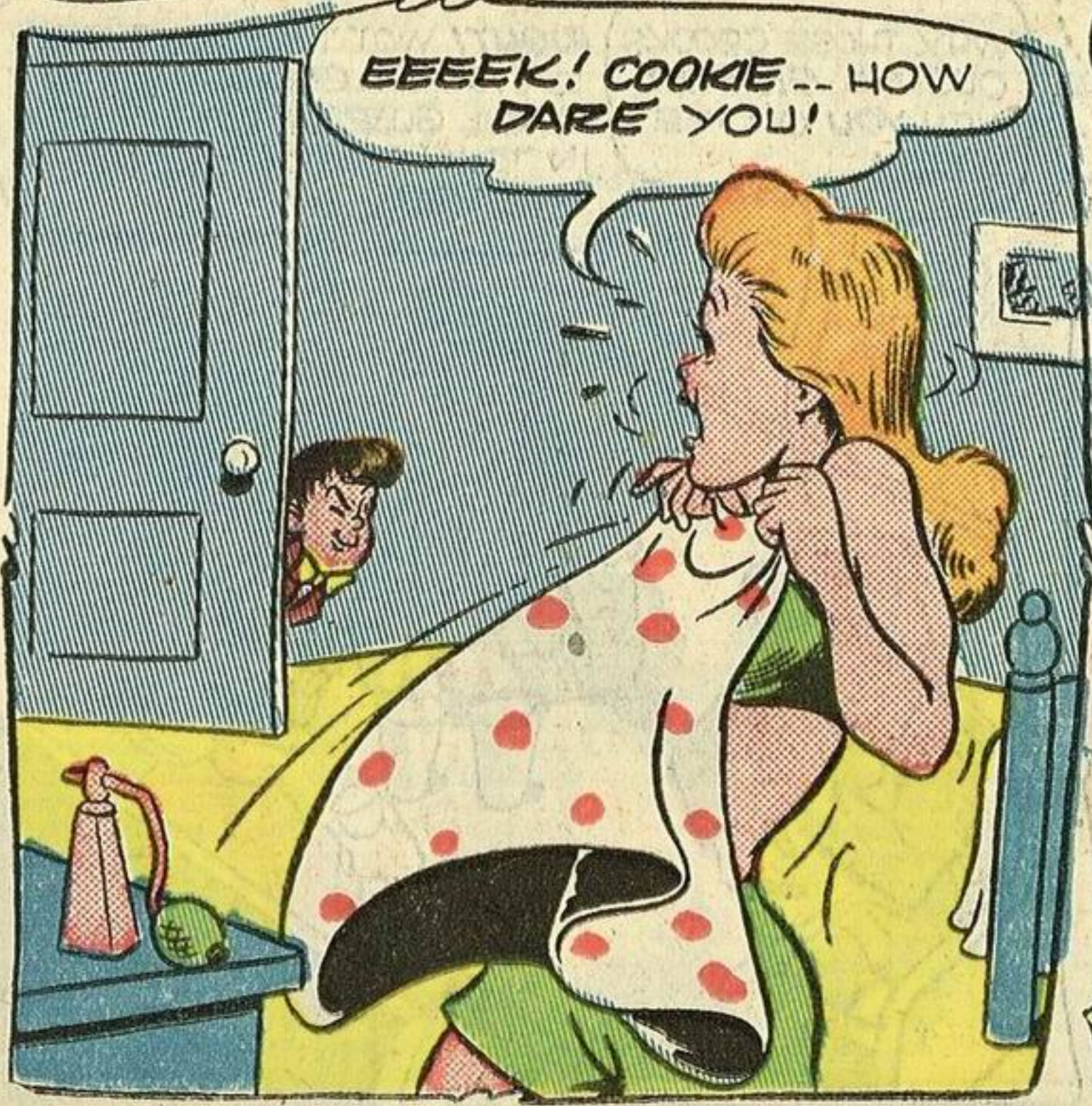
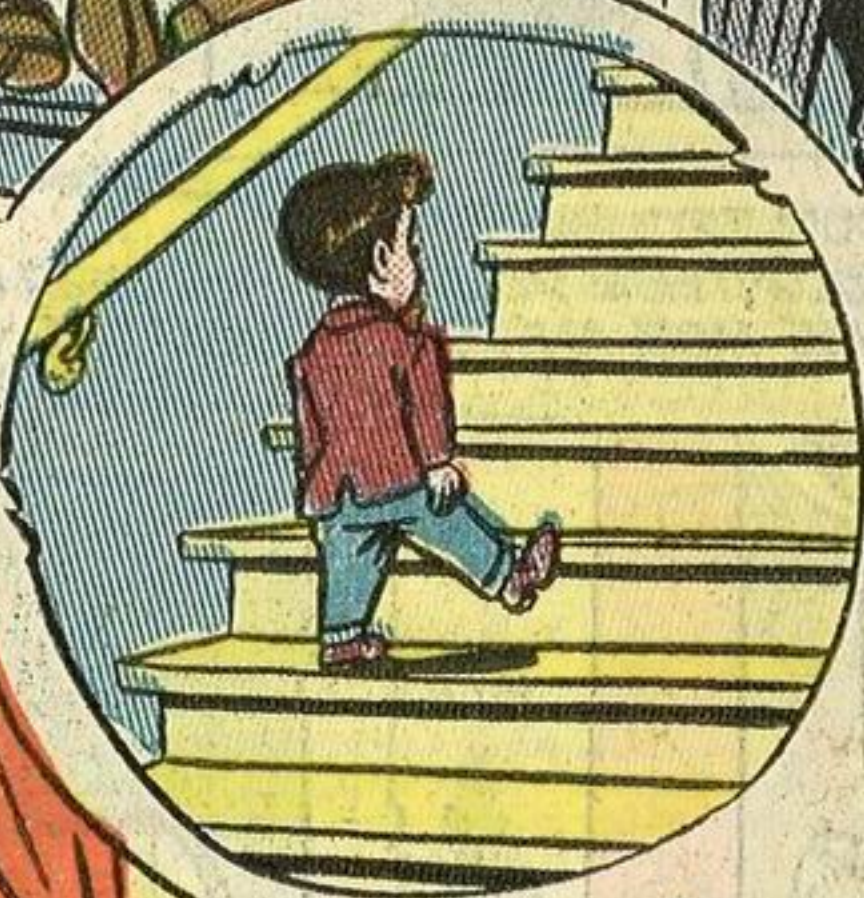
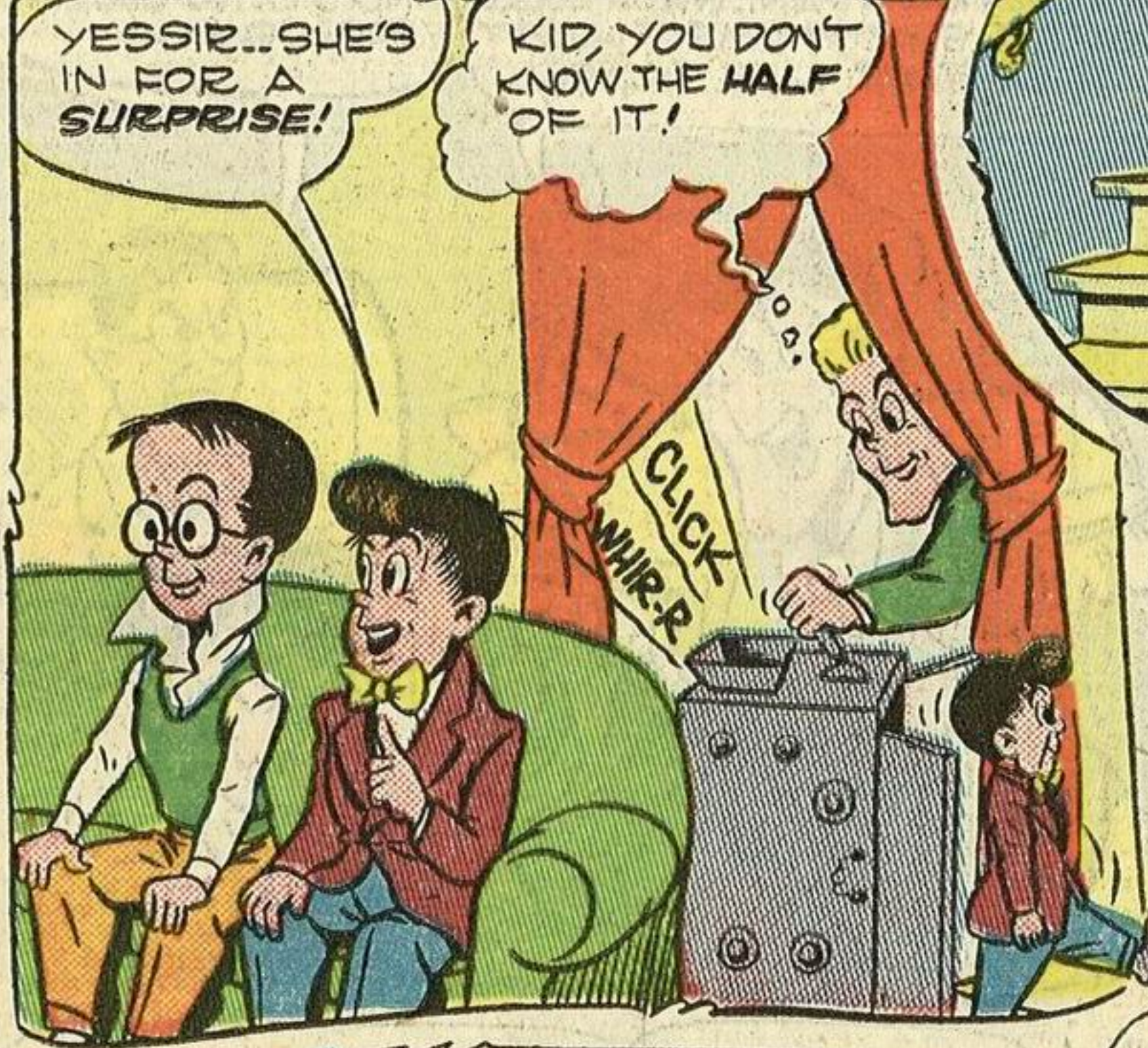


THE **NERVE** OF THAT IDIOT... SAYING **MY**  
SON WAS A SAWED-OFF HALF PINT! WHY,  
HE'S NO SUCH THING! TRUE, HE'S NO  
**GIANT, BUT--**



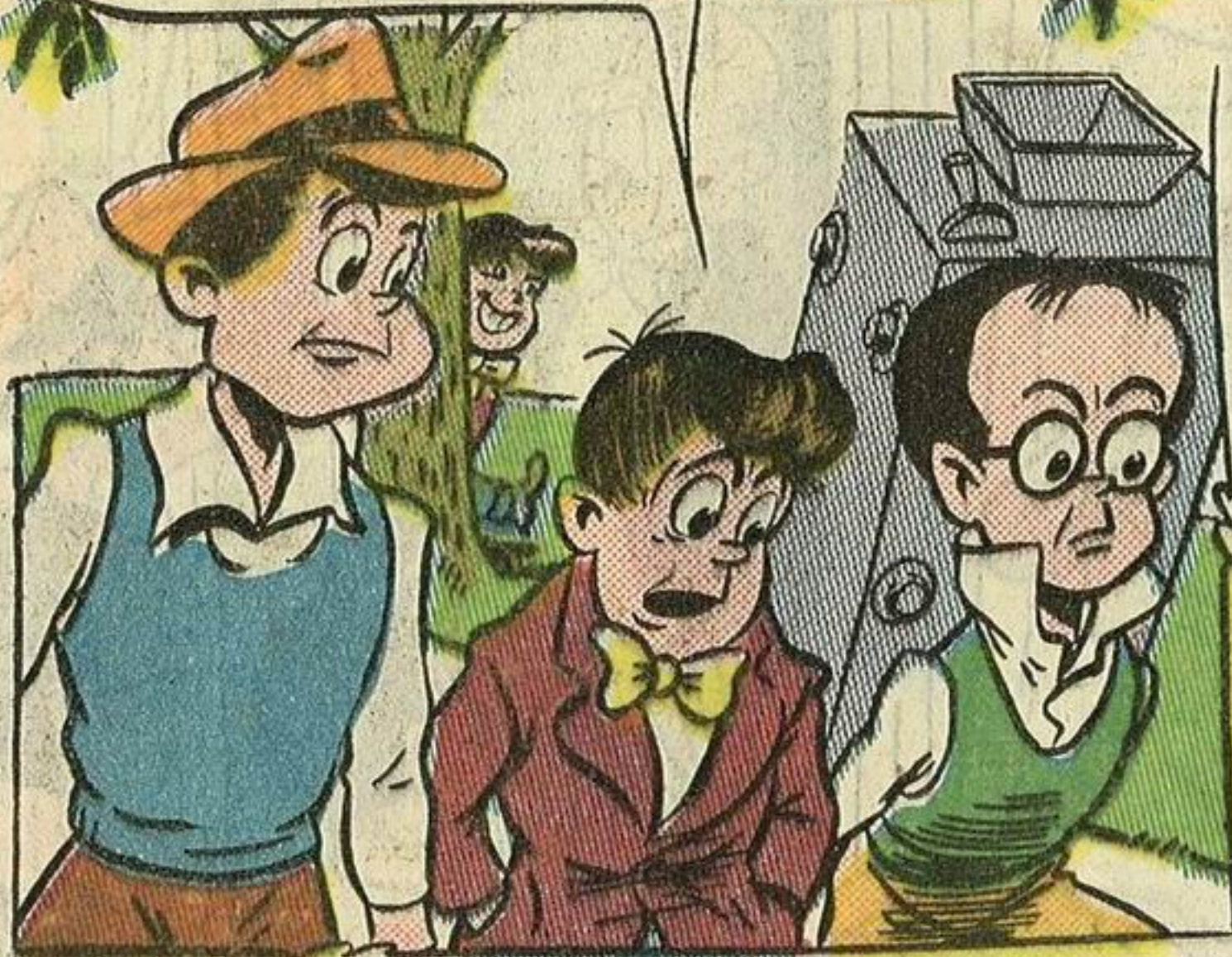
**AWK!**







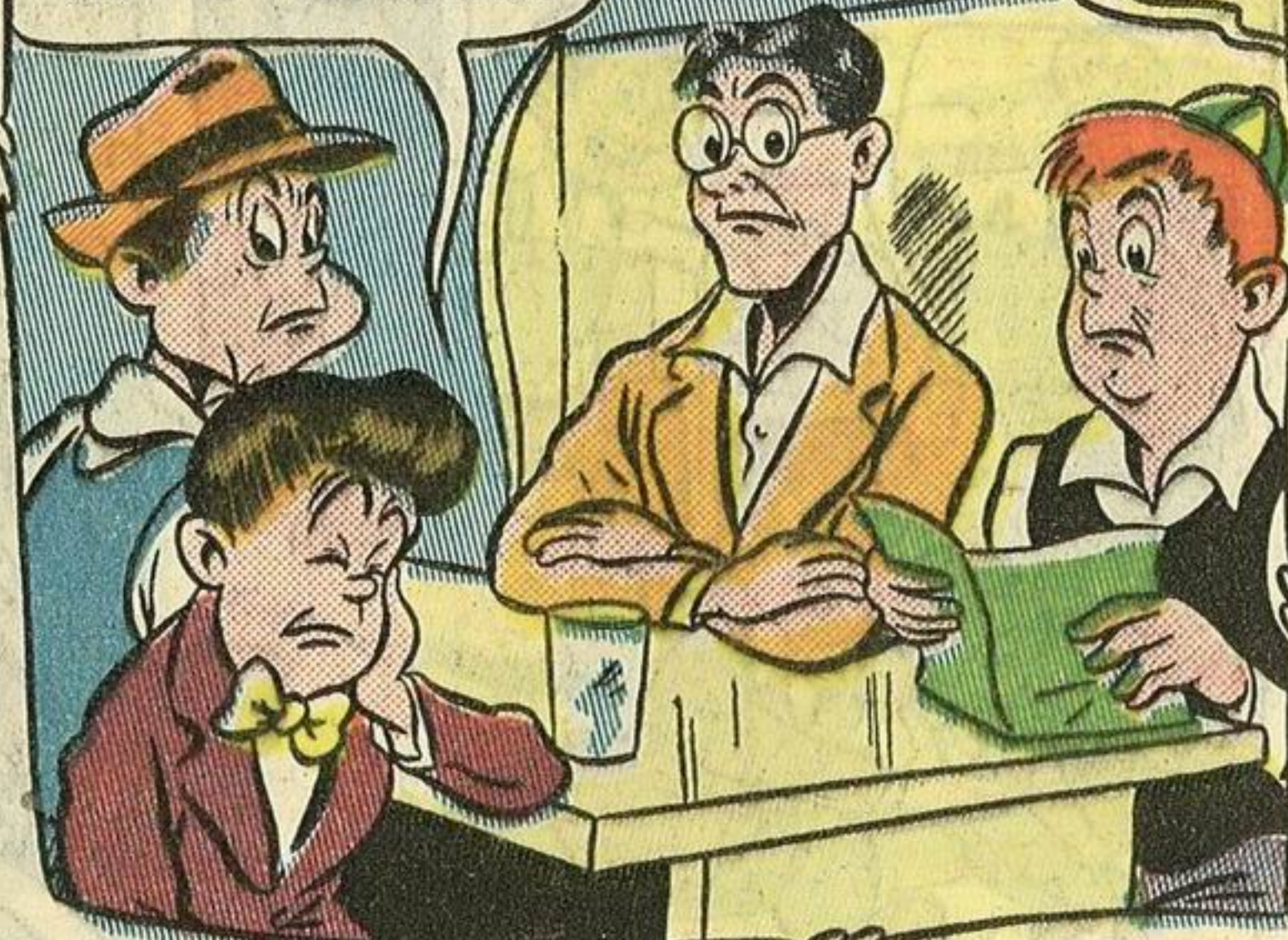
WOT HE KICKED ME OUT FOR  
I'LL NEVER KNOW!



NEXT DAY..

IT'S NO USE.. ALL I  
GOT IS TROUBLES!

AHEM!



..AN' I'M HERE TO ADD TO YOUR TROUBLES!  
LOOKA ME.. HEAD OF THE VOLUNTEER YOUTH  
PATROL THAT'S GONNA CAPTURE MOE AN' JOE!



WE NEED REAL MEN.. WHICH RULES  
YOU OUT, SHORTY! I MIGHT ACCEPT  
THESE OTHER LADS, THOUGH!

NO SIR! NO COOKIE,  
NO US!



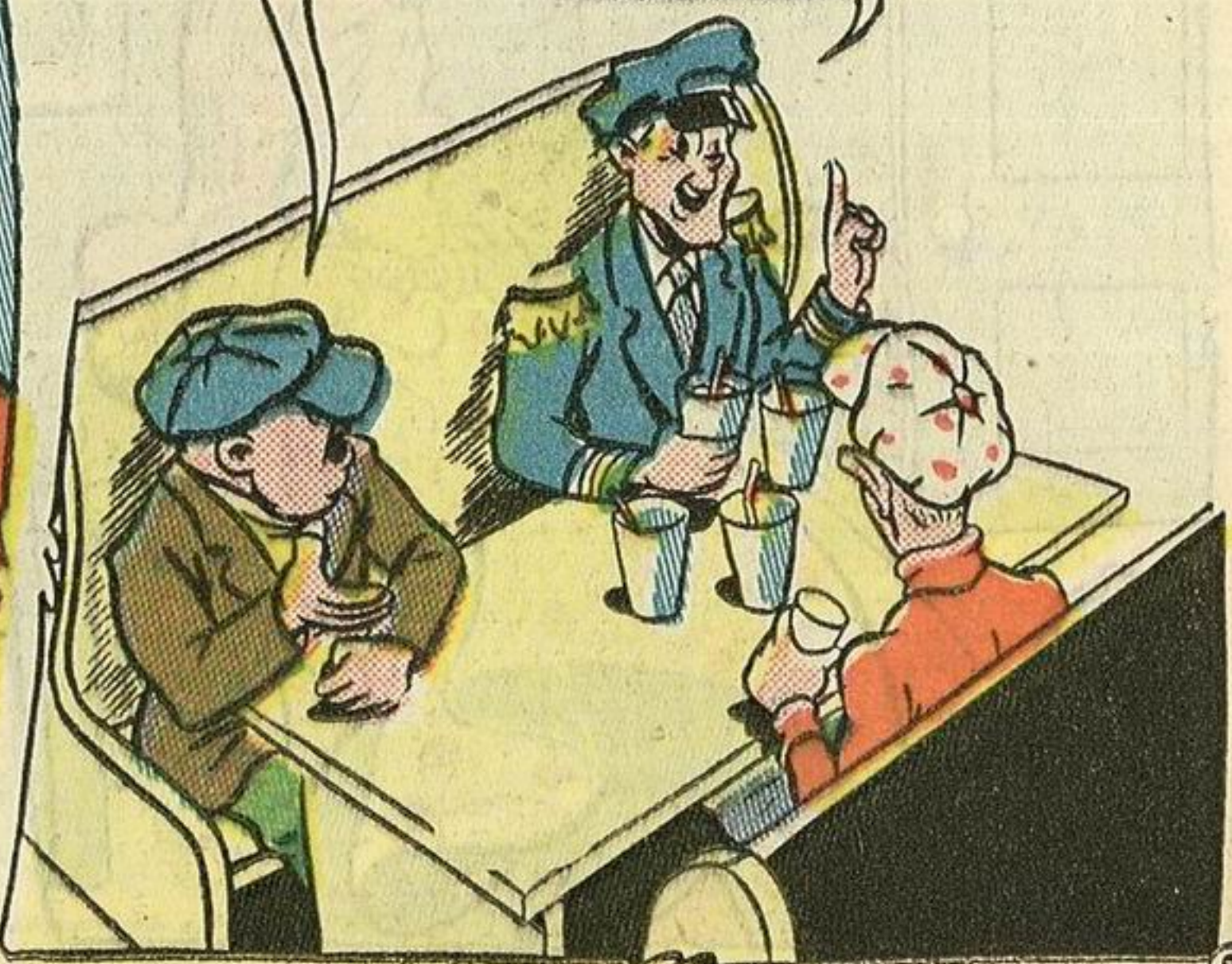
IN THE NEXT BOOTH-

OKAY, DOPES! HMPH.. IF YA ONLY  
KNEW MY PLANS, YA'D KNOW  
MOE AN' JOE DON'T STAND A  
CHANCE AROUND THIS TOWN ANYMORE!

INVITE THAT KID IN  
HERE! MEBBE WE  
CAN FIND OUT  
SUMP'N VALUABLE,  
MOE!

WHY, THOSE CROOKS  
OUGHTA GIVE UP  
WITH YOU ON THE  
JOB!

RIGHT! WOT THEY DON'T KNOW  
IS THAT I'M GONNA HAVE MY  
PATROL GUARDIN' EVERY PLACE  
IN TOWN WHERE THEY MIGHT  
STRIKE!





AN' I KNOW **ONE** PLACE WHERE THEY **COULD** STRIKE-- AN' **CLEAN UP!** THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE'S RAISED A FUND FOR POLICE EQUIPMENT -- AN' THE MONEY'S BEIN' DELIVERED TO THE CHAIRMAN **TONIGHT!** BUT THERE'S NO WORRY--



-- BECAUSE I'M GONNA BE ON GUARD THERE -- SITIN' ALL EVENIN' WITH **ANGELPUSS!**



OH-H-H-H!

NO CHANCE OF CROOKED WORK WITH **YOU** ON THE JOB! WE GOTTA GO NOW-- WE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS TONIGHT TOO!

YEH, YEH-- S'LONG--  
-- NICE GUYS--

SODA  
JERKERIE



I GUESS IT'S ALL OVER WITH ANGELPUSS AN' ME! NOTHIN' LEFT BUT THE FOREIGN LEGION-- OR FULLER BRUSHES--

YA CAN'T GIVE UP SO EASY! JEEPS, IF **YOU** WAS TA LAND THOSE CROOKS, YA'D BE THE BIG-TIMER ANGELPUSS CRAVES-- AN-  
**BYE-BYE ZOOT!**

SODA  
JERKERIE



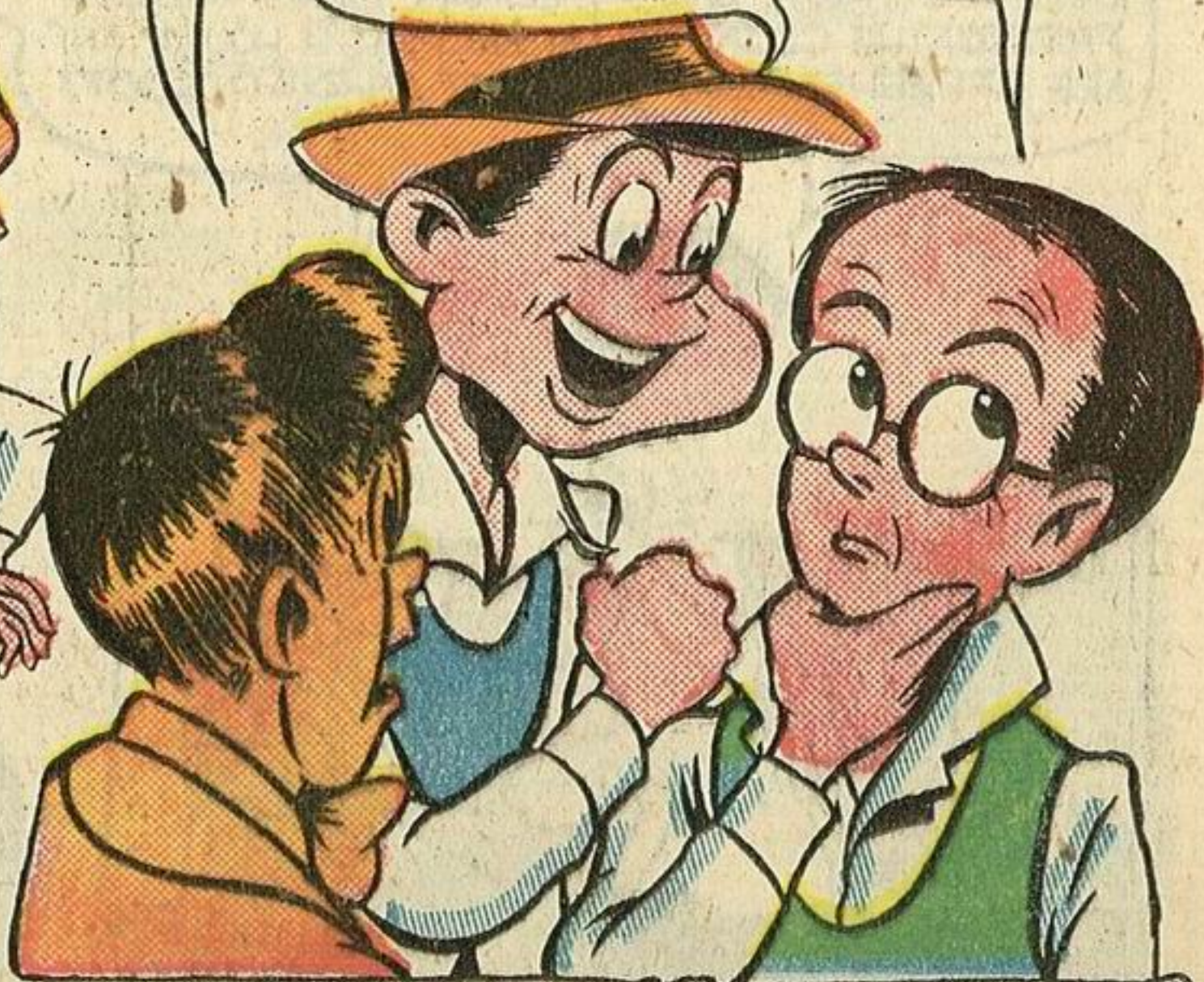
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A **CHANCE!** EVEN IF I **WUZA** A DETECTIVE, I'D HAFTA BE **EVERY** PLACE TA CATCH **THOSE** FELLAS-- AN' I'M ONLY **ONE** GUY!

**EE-YOW!** THIS TIME I **REALLY** GOT AN IDEA! JUST SUPPOSIN' THERE WAS A **LOTTA** COOKIES-- AN' **ALL** OF THEM **WUZA** DETECTIVES-- **COME ON!** WE GOTTA SEE THE **BRAIN!**

JIT, YER **CRAZY!**

YA HEARD ME, BRAIN! COULD YA TURN OUT A **LOTTA** THOSE ROBOTS-- WITH **DETECTIVE** SENSE, YET?

HMMM -- I THINK IT **COULD** BE DONE!





SHERLOCK HOLMES.. HAWKSHAW THE  
DETECTIVE -- PHILO VANCE--THE THIN MAN--



WOT'S HE  
UP TO?

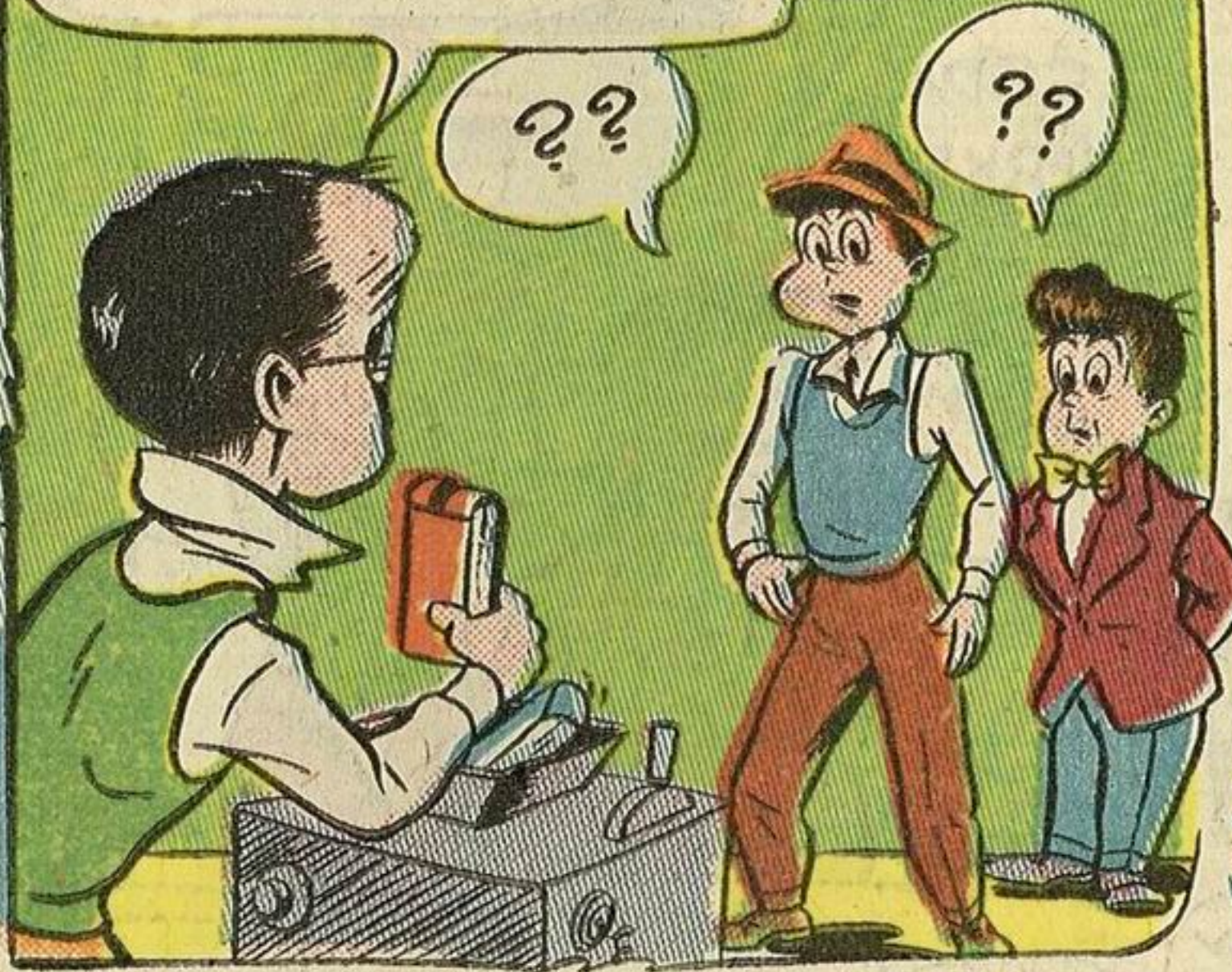
SEARCH ME!



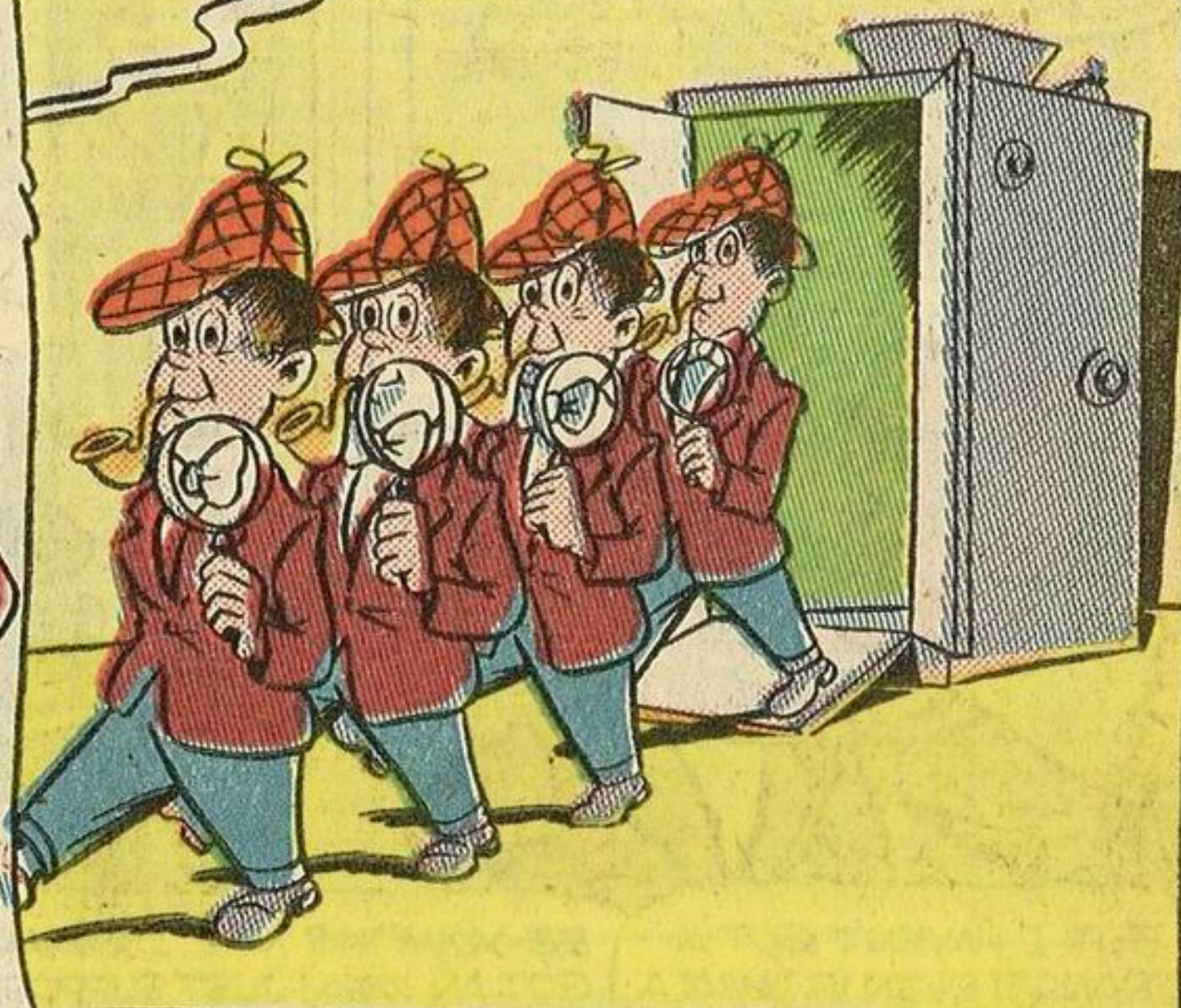
CHOP  
CHOP



OBSERVE.. BY THIS TECHNIQUE, I INCULCATE  
SUPER-SLEUTHING ABILITY INTO THE ROBOT  
INTELLECT! --- NOW WATCH!



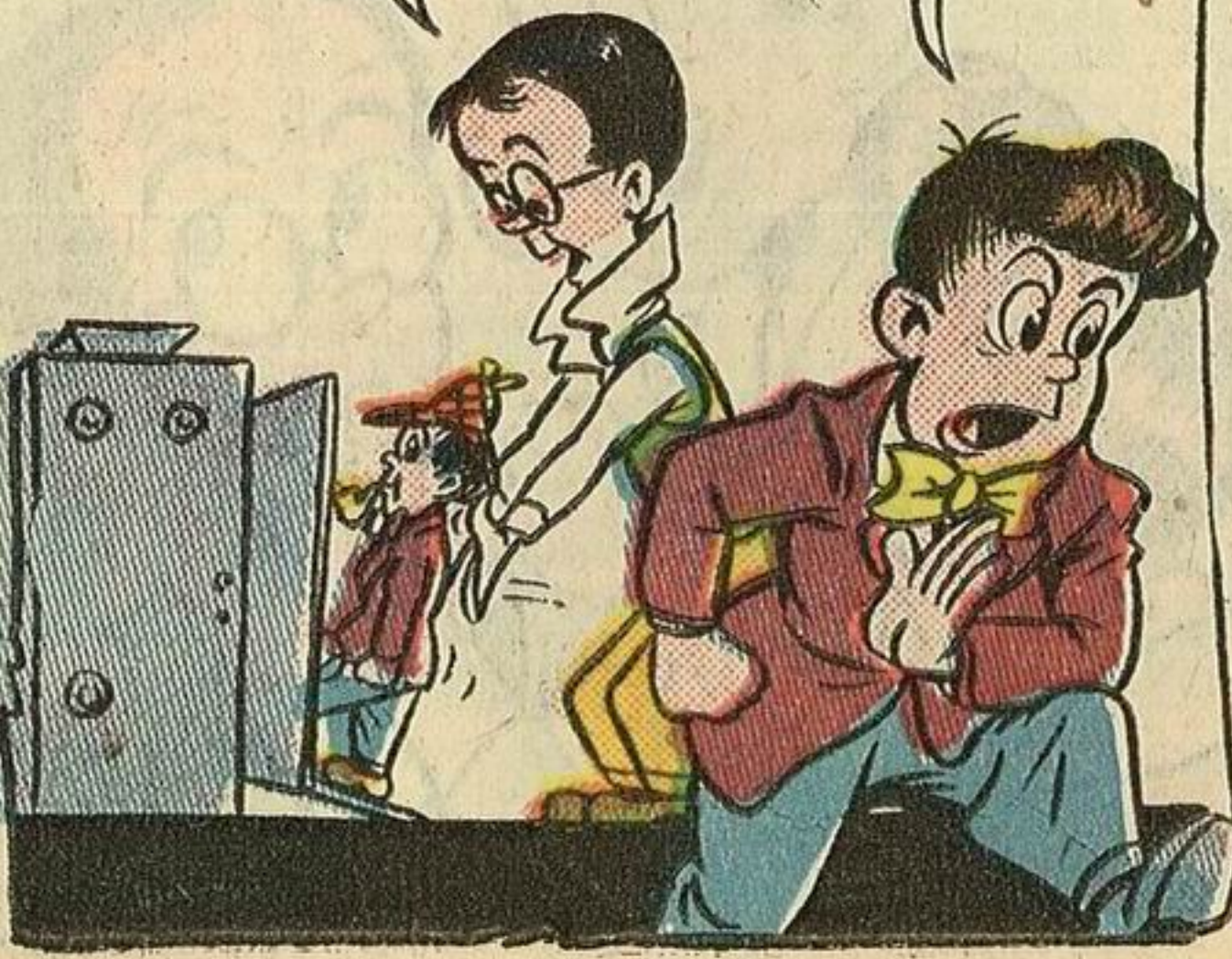
YIPPEE! IT WORKED!



WITH NIGHTFALL...THE  
TIME WHEN MOE AND JOE  
STALK...WE HAVE BUT TO  
RELEASE THEM, AND  
**PRESTO!** THE CULPRITS  
ARE APPREHENDED!

THE WHOLE IDEA'S **NUTS!**  
THOSE THINGS CAN GO  
WHERE **THEY** WANT..BUT **I'M**  
GONNA HANG AROUND  
ANGELPUSS'S HOUSE AN'  
KEEP AN EYE ON **ZOOT!**

THERE THEY ARE -- CLOSE TOGETHER  
ON THE DIVAN! OH, WHY WAS I  
EVER BORN?





NEARBY, THE LITTLE SLEUTHS  
ARE AT WORK!



WOTTA SETUP THIS IS GONNA BE-- AN'  
NOBODY WISE TO US YET!



IN FACT--HA--HA!-- THERE'S NOBODY  
EVEN GOT A **CHANCE** OF GETTIN' ON  
OUR TRACKS!



MEANWHILE--

I KNOW I CAN DEPEND ON  
YOU TO WATCH THIS  
CAREFULLY, ZOOT!

AN' WHY NOT? I'M THE GUY  
WHO'S GONNA LAND **MOE**  
AN' **JOE**. REMEMBER?



OKAY, YOU  
BIRDS. **STICK**  
**'EM UP!**

HAND OVER  
DAT SWAG!

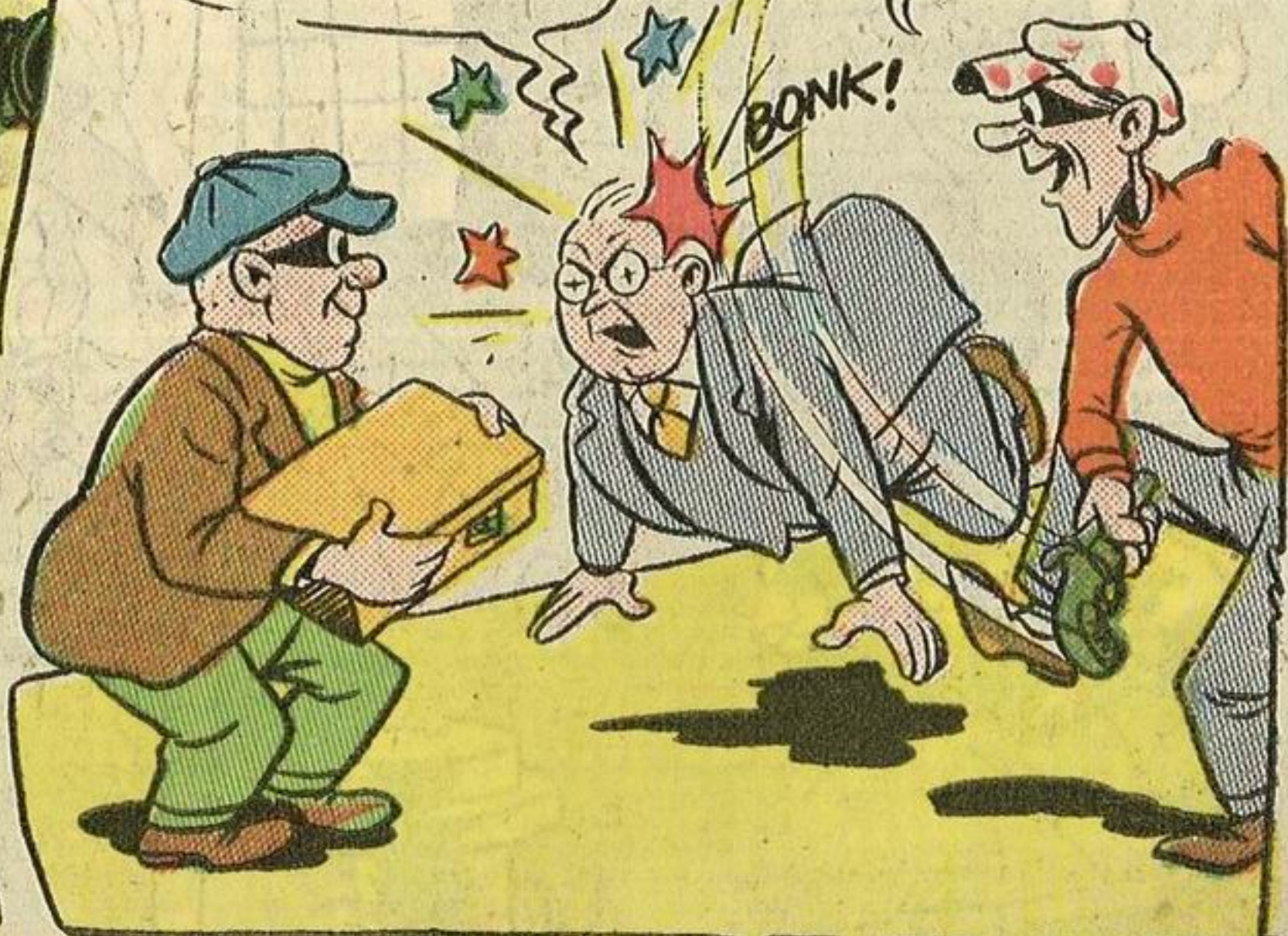
OH-HHHH!

WELL, I'LL BE--! WHAT  
A HERO YOU TURNED  
OUT TO BE!



I'M NOT GONNA STAND BY  
AN' LET YOU CROOKS--  
--OW-WW!

AH-AH!  
PAPA SPANK!







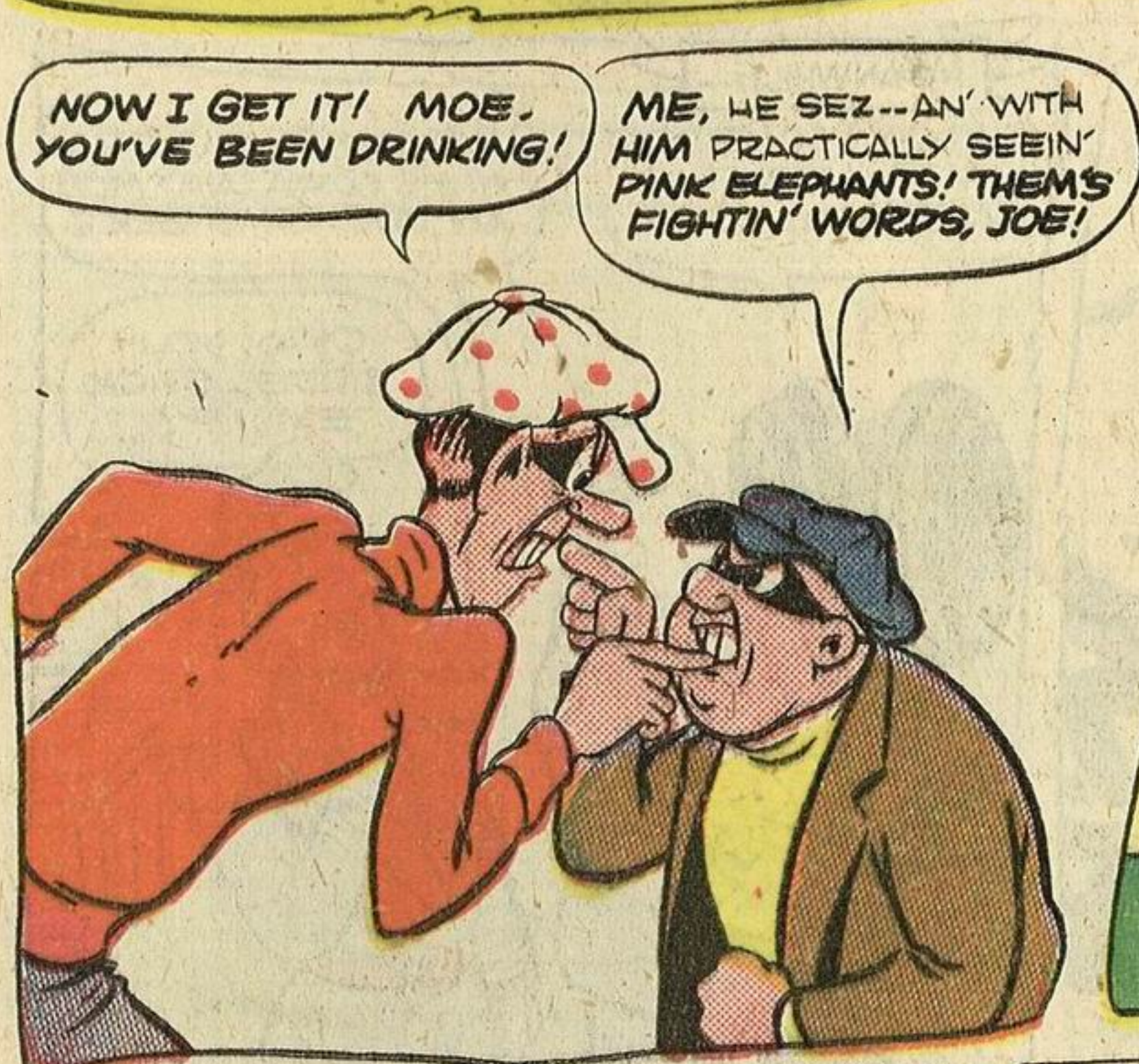
ULP! L-LOOK, MOE!

OH, N-NO, JOE! S-SAY IT AIN'T SO!



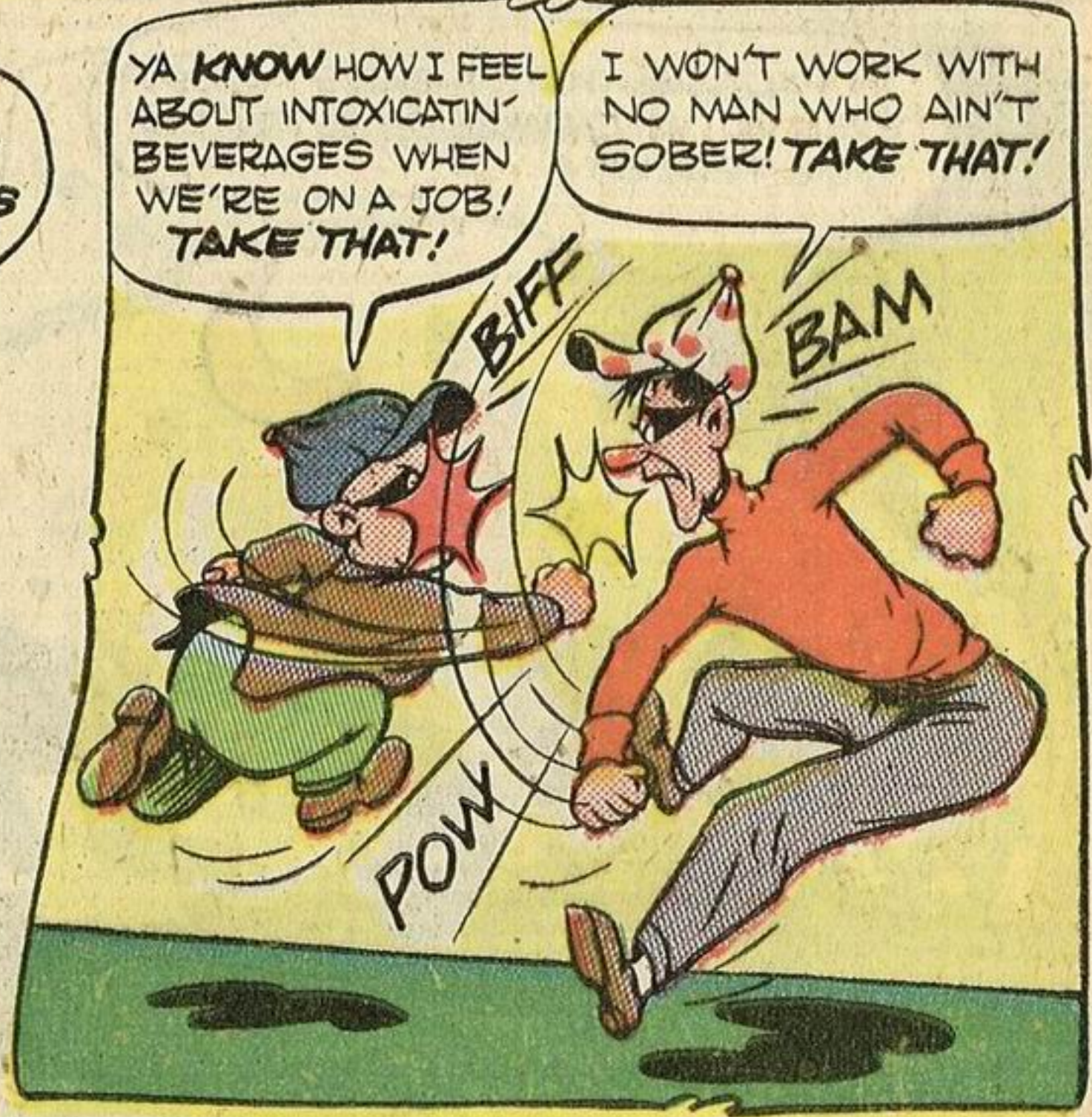
C-CAN I BELIEVE ME EYES?

D-DO I SEE WHAT I THINK I SEE?



NOW I GET IT! MOE, YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING!

ME, HE SEZ--AN' WITH HIM PRACTICALLY SEEIN' PINK ELEPHANTS! THEM'S FIGHTIN' WORDS, JOE!



YA KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT INTOXICATIN' BEVERAGES WHEN WE'RE ON A JOB! TAKE THAT!

I WON'T WORK WITH NO MAN WHO AIN'T SOBER! TAKE THAT!



HOLY SMOKE...WOT GIVES? IT SOUNDS LIKE THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE!

SMOK!  
THUD!

SOK!  
OW-ww

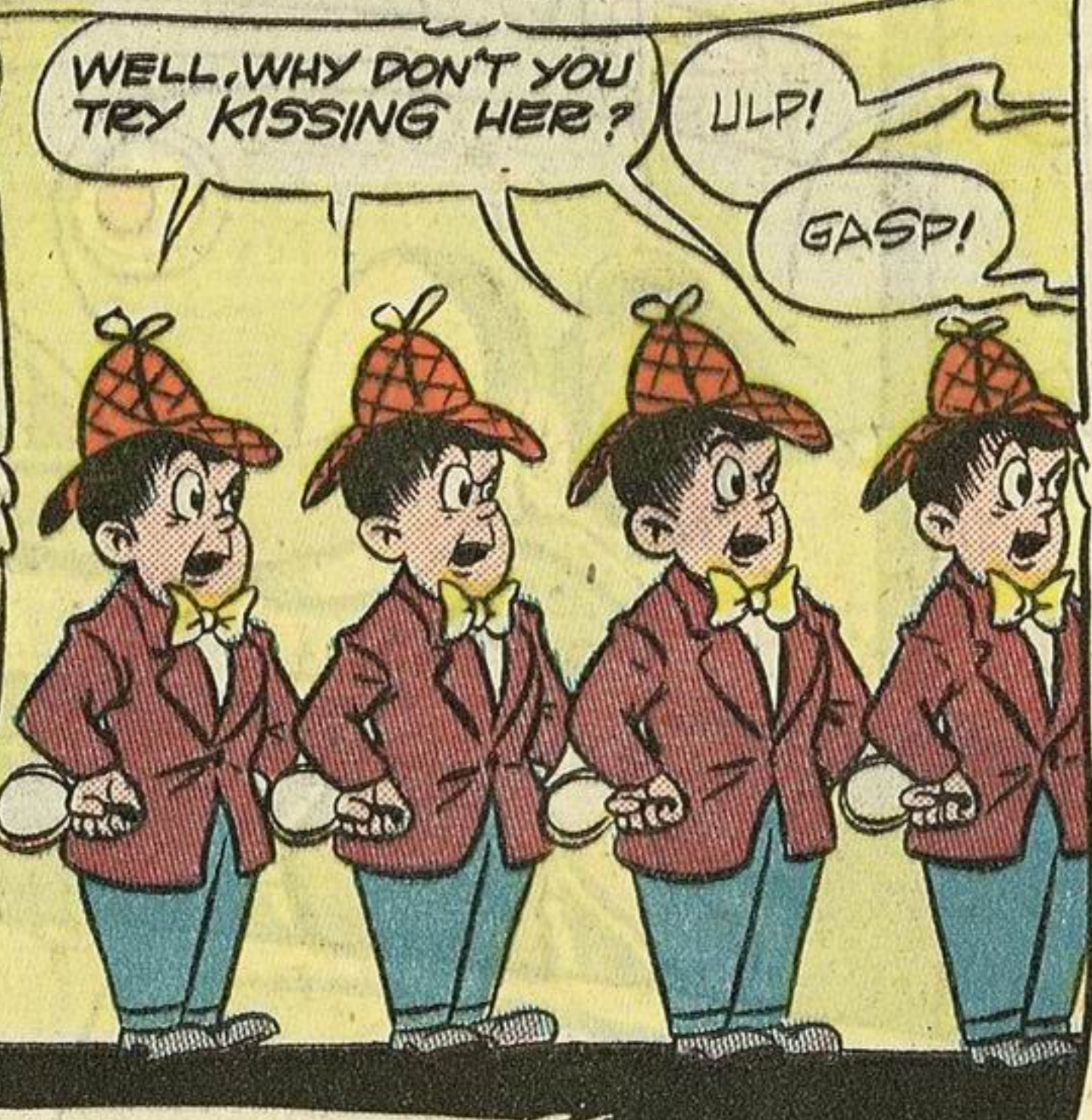
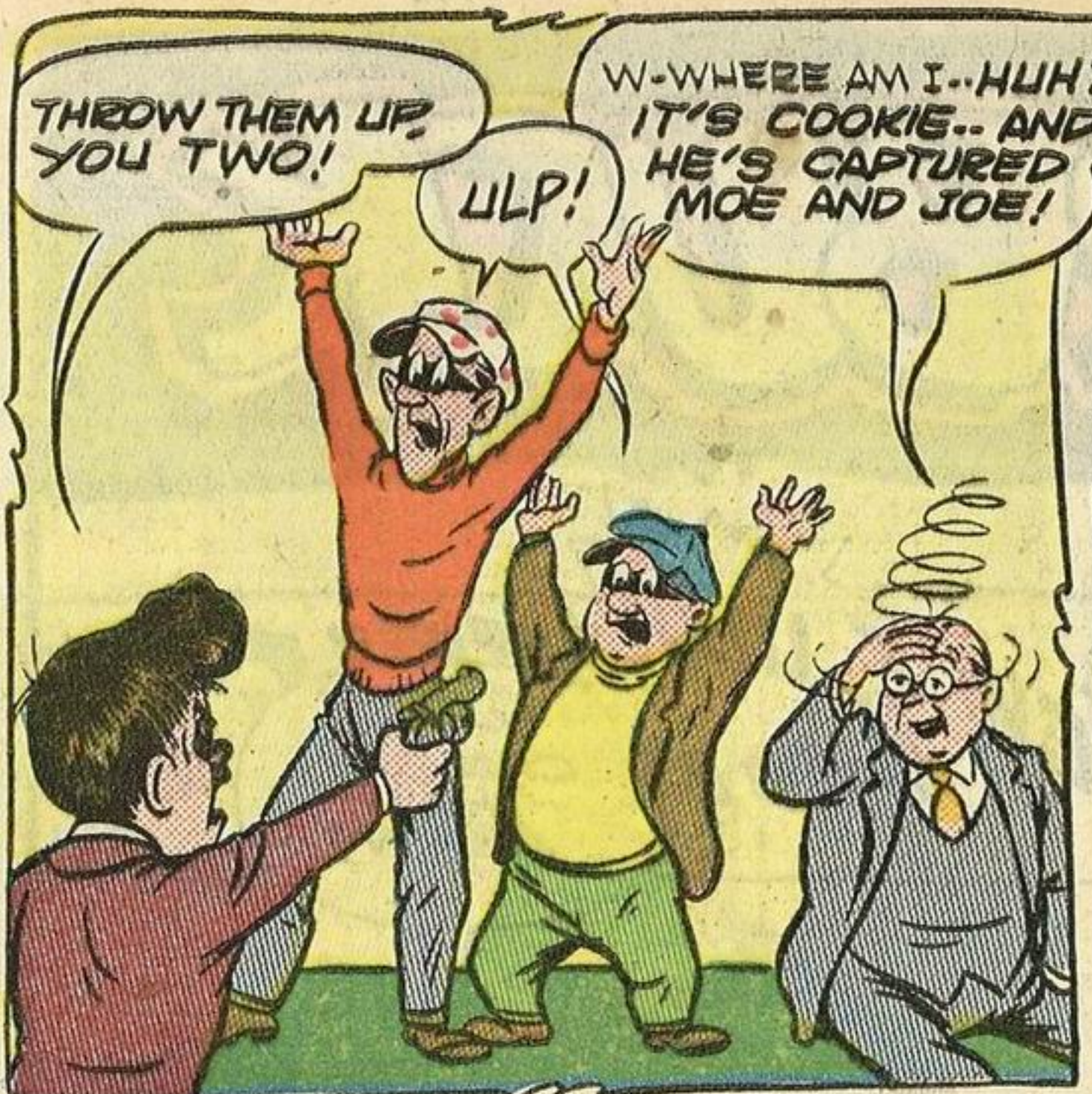


THIS FOR YOU!

AND THAT FOR YOU!

M-MOE AN' JOE! IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THIS GUN-







# JITTERBUCK

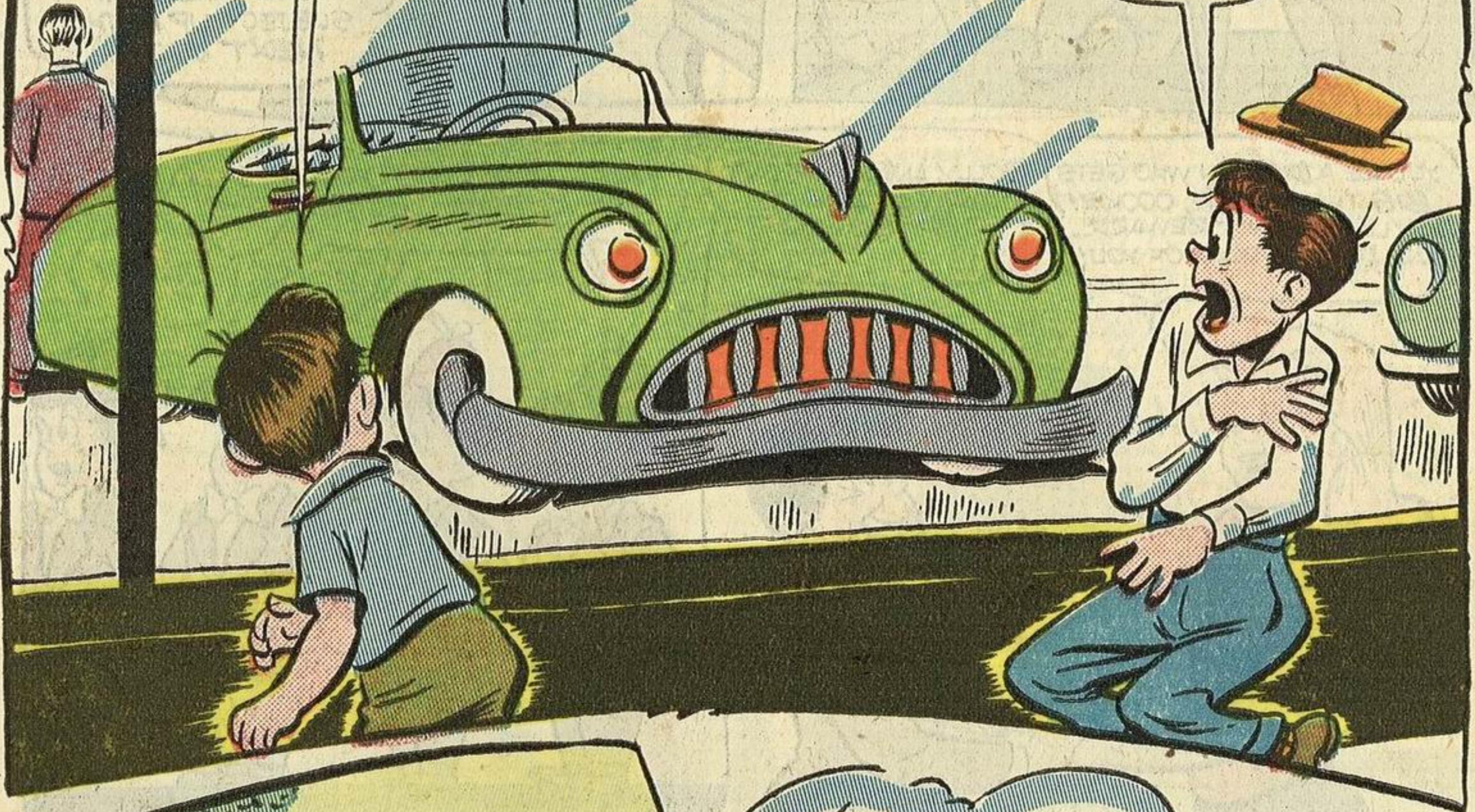
WOW, JIT!...  
ISN'T THAT A MEAN-  
LOOKIN' BOAT?

The  
NEW

ULP!

Y-YA  
CAN SAY  
THAT  
AGAIN!

"8"

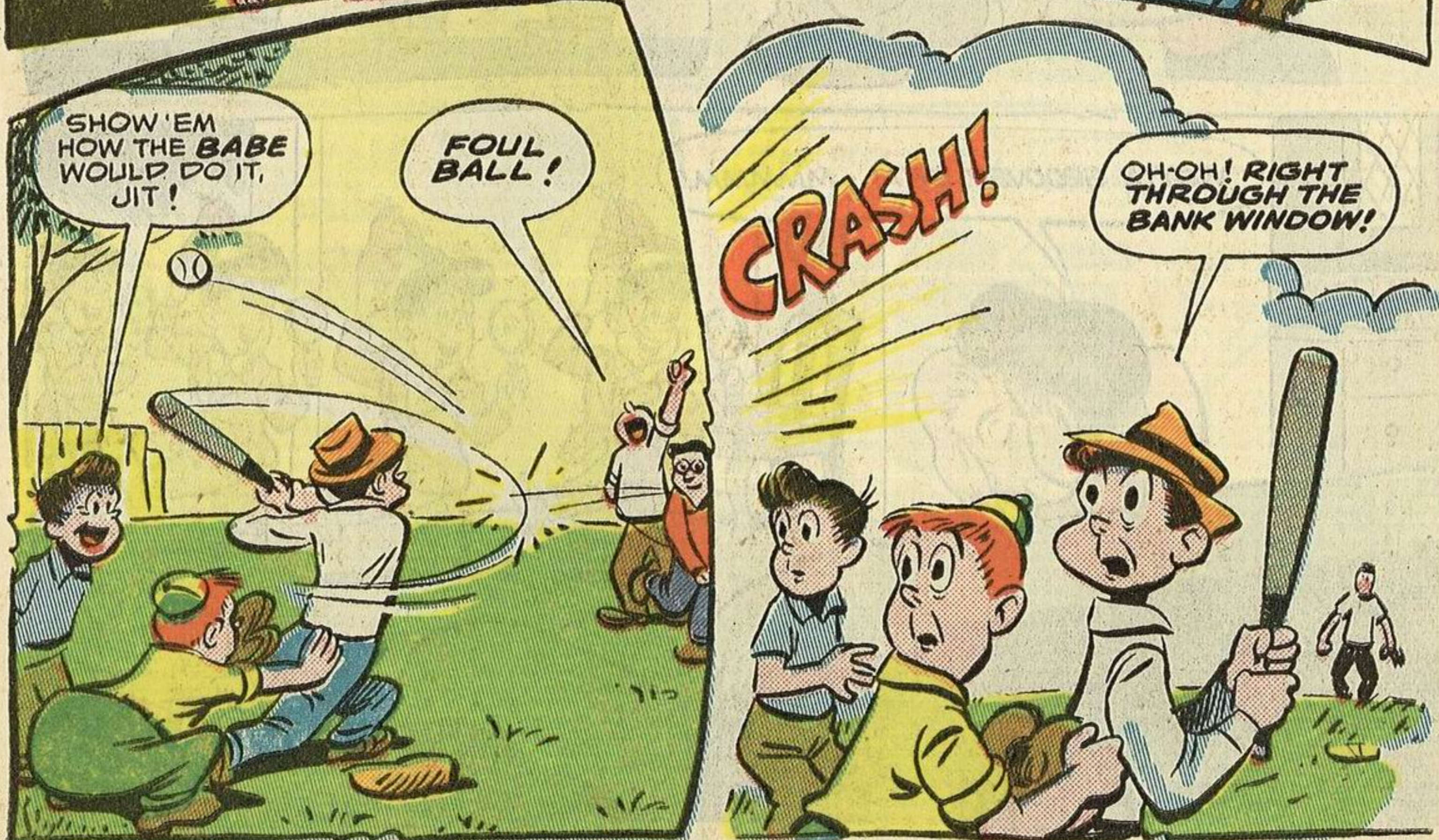


SHOW 'EM  
HOW THE BABE  
WOULD DO IT,  
JIT!

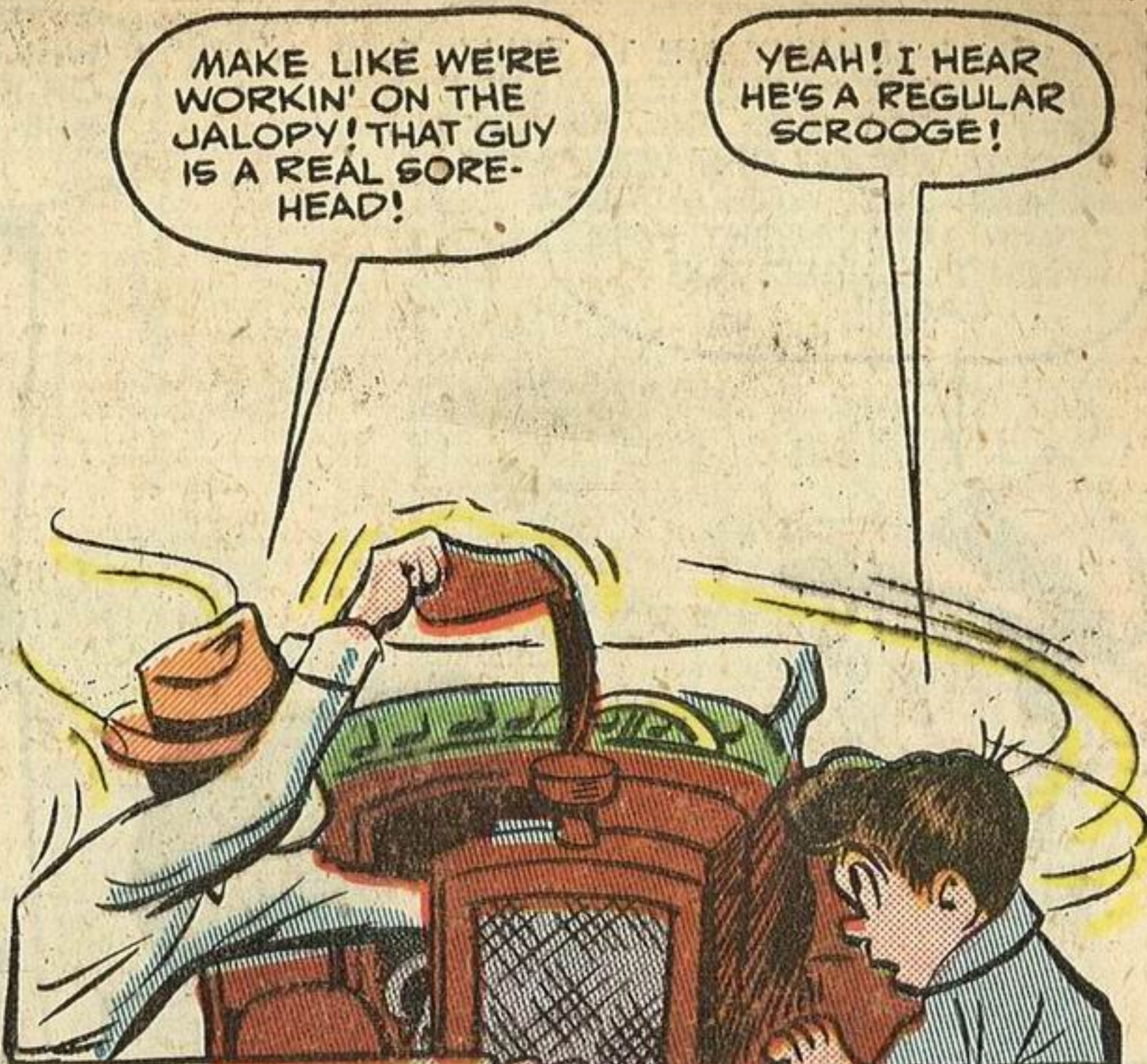
FOUL  
BALL!

CRASH!

OH-OH! RIGHT  
THROUGH THE  
BANK WINDOW!









YA MEAN YA WANT ME TA TELL HIM I DID IT...SO MY OL' MAN'LL HAFTA FOOT THE BILL AN' TAKE IT OUTA MY ALLOWANCE? **NOT ME, KID**...NOT WITH A DANCE COMIN' UP TONIGHT FOR WHICH I'LL NEED THE CASH!



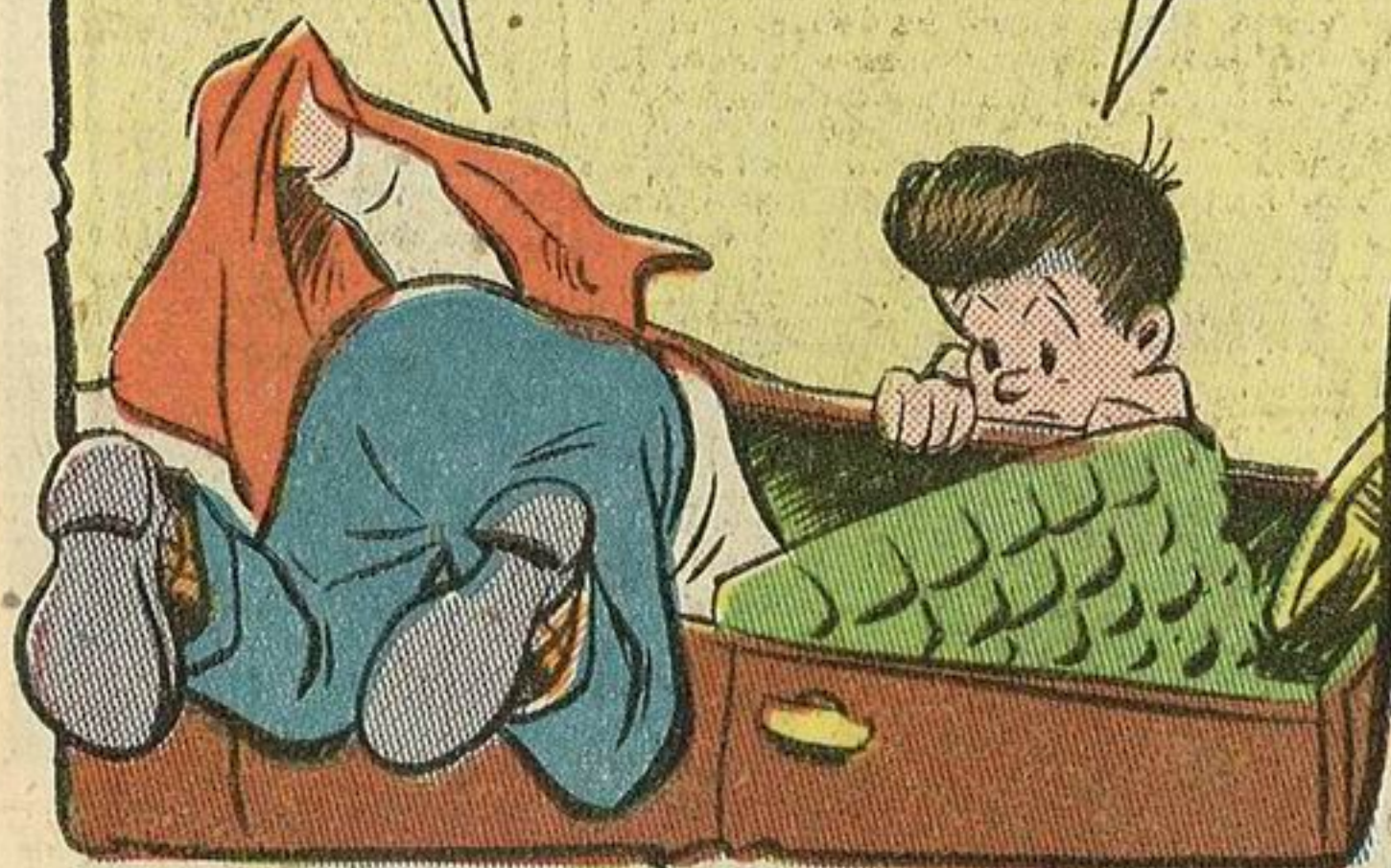
WHY, YOU RAT! THINK OF HIS MOTHER WHEN SHE HEARS ABOUT THIS!

QUIET...I'M THINKIN' HIS MOTHER **WON'T** HEAR ABOUT IT! I GOT A **BRAINSTORM!**



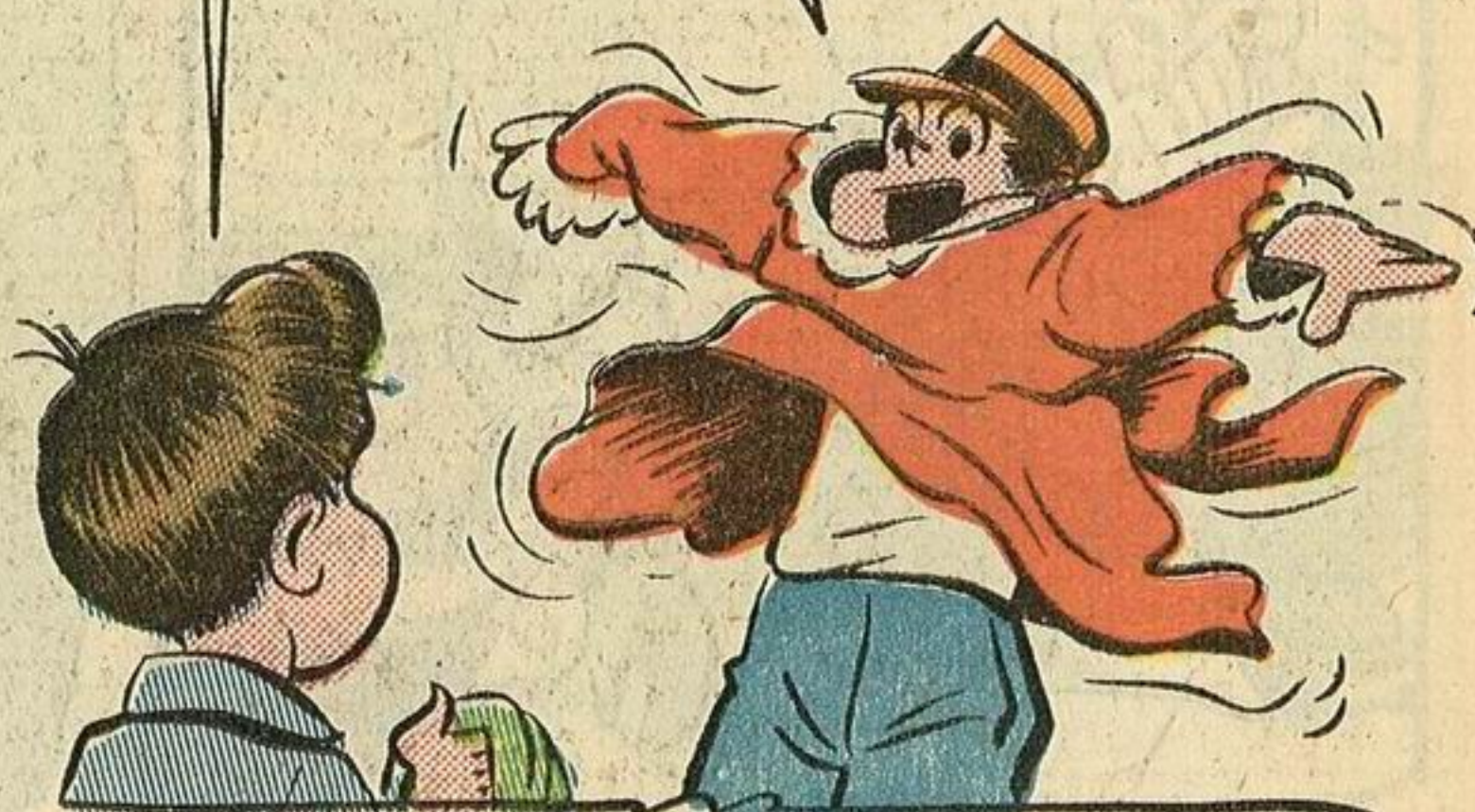
LESSEE NOW...THAT LAST YEAR'S HALLOWE'EN COSTUME WUZ IN THE BACK OF THIS CRATE...YEAH, HERE IT IS! GRAB THIS BANDANA LIKE A GOOD BOY, COOKIE!

?



WOT GIVES?

WELL, I GOT TWO LIVES TA SAVE...THAT KID'S AN' MINE...AN' THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT! I'M ABOUT TA **BECOME HIS MOTHER!**



LEAVE IT TO THAT GUY TO THINK 'EM UP!

**HEY, YOU!**  
**DROP THAT BRAT!**



**YOU HEARD ME!**  
**UHAND MY OFF-SPRING, YOU VIPER!**





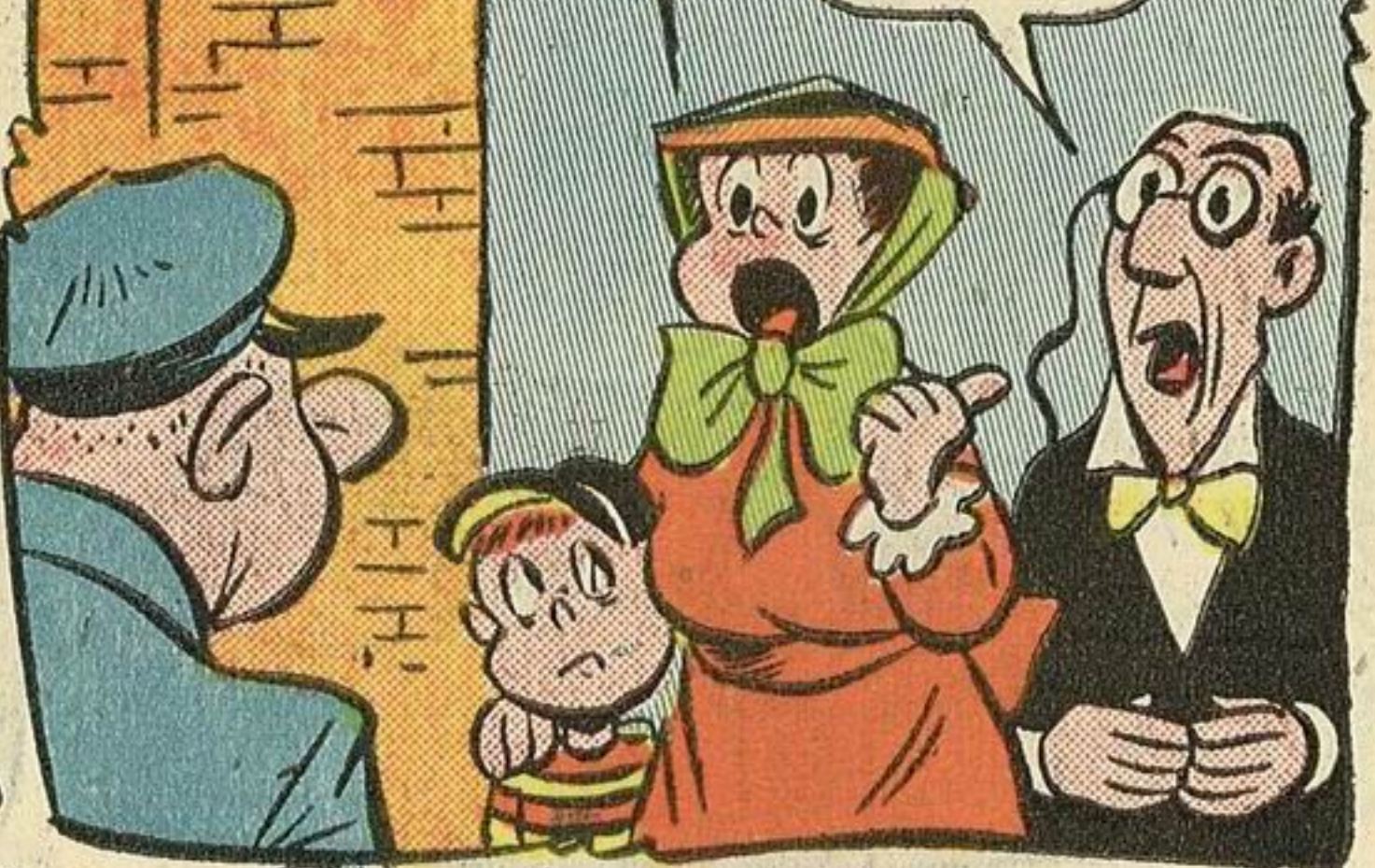
HALP, COPPERS!  
A KIDNAPPER  
YET!

BUT  
MADAM,  
PLEASE!  
I...

HERE, HERE NOW!  
WOT'S THE RIOT  
ABOUT?

THIS  
MONSTER  
WAS STEALIN'  
MY KID!

THE LADY IS  
MISTAKEN,  
OFFICER! HER  
CHILD BROKE  
MY BANK'S  
WINDOW WITH  
A BASEBALL  
AND I WAS  
TAKING HIM  
HOME TO...



SURE NOW, MR. FATWALLET,  
AN' WOULDJA BE DOIN'  
THAT TA THE POOR TYKE?  
YA MUST'VE BEEN A BOY  
YERSELF ONCE...  
REMEMBER?

YES, BUT A RICH  
ONE! HE NEVER  
KNEW WOT IT WUZ  
TA BE UNDER-  
PRIVILEGED!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OFFICER, I WAS  
A BOY ONCE!... I REMEMBER  
DISTINCTLY WHEN I FIRST  
STARTED TO WORK AT  
THE BANK...



BUT YOU'RE **WRONG**, MADAM,  
WHEN YOU SAY I WASN'T UNDER-  
PRIVILEGED!

SON, I HOPE YOU'LL TRY TO FORGIVE  
ME FOR MY MEANNESS! BELIEVE ME,  
I'VE SEEN THE LIGHT... AND I'M  
GOING TO MAKE IT ALL UP TO  
BOTH YOU AND YOUR  
MOTHER!

KISS ME,  
KID! IT  
WORKED!





...AN' THEN I GO TO  
GIVE THE KID A MOTHERLY  
KISS, AN' HE POKES ME IN  
THE EYE! ... BUT WOT ARE  
**YOU** LOOKIN' SO WORRIED  
ABOUT? SUMP'N WRONG  
WITH OUR HOT ROD?

OUR HOT ROD IS  
A **COLD POTATO!**  
SHE'S **DONE!** ANOTHER  
BEARINGS GONE, PLUS  
A MILLION OTHER  
AILMENTS!

SAME-A THING WITH  
**SUSIE** HERE, BOYS!  
SHE'S-A NO MORE  
GOOD FOR WORK, BUT  
SHE STILL-A CAN MOVE!  
MAYBE YOU LIKE TO  
SWAP-A THE JALOP  
FOR THE HORSIE, HUH?

NOTHIN' DOIN',  
PAL! WE GOTTA  
TAKE SOME  
DOLLS TO A  
**DANCE** TO-  
NIGHT...NOT A  
**RODEO!**

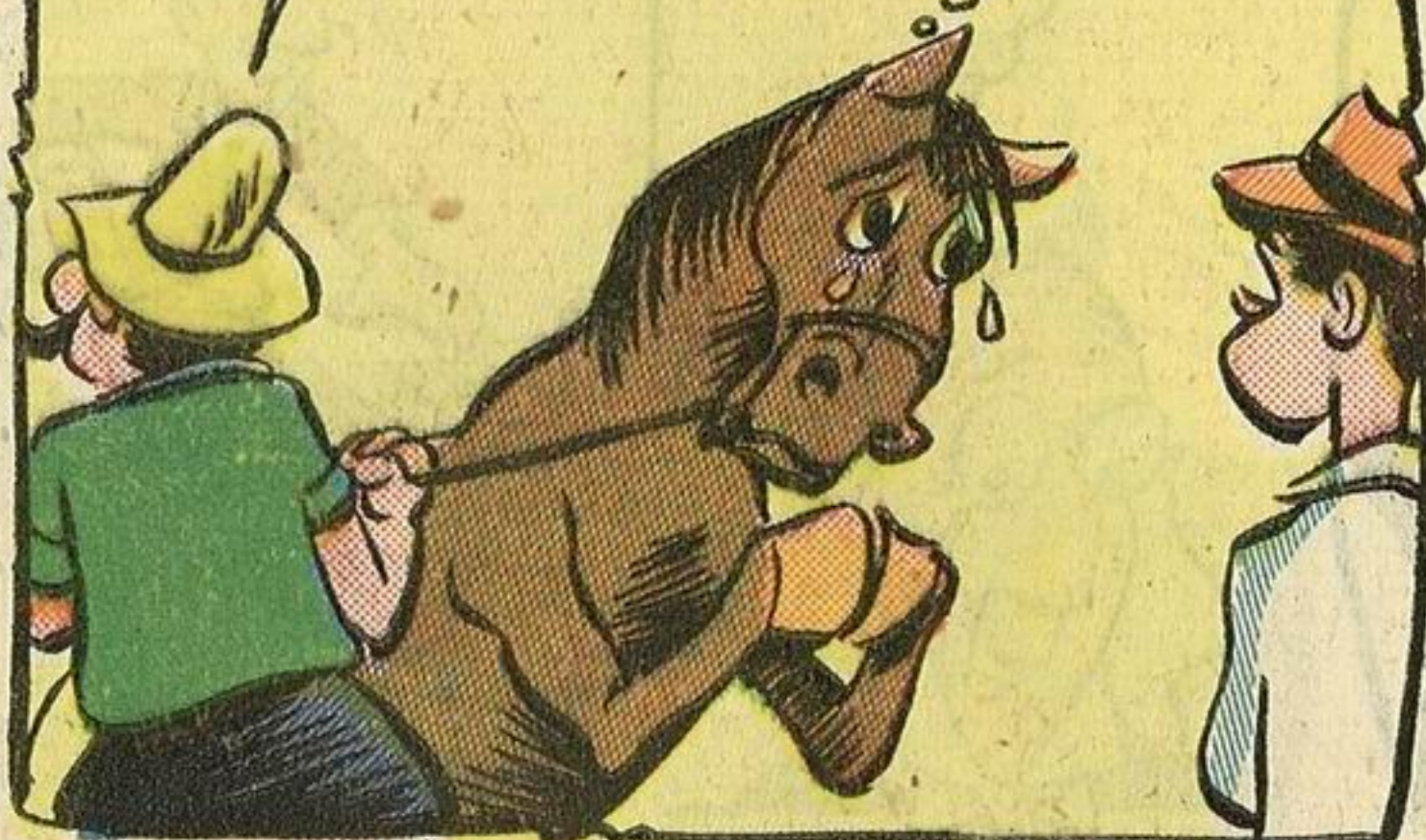


WELL, OKAY, KEEDS!  
...OFF-A YOU GO TO  
THE GLUE FACTORY,  
SUSIE! **C'MON!**

PLEASE!

HA-HA! IMAGINE  
A SWAP LIKE **THAT!**  
CAN YA IMAGINE GOIN'  
TA THE DANCE ON  
**THAT NAG?**

NO... AN' I CAN'T  
IMAGINE GOIN' IN  
**THIS** THING,  
EITHER!



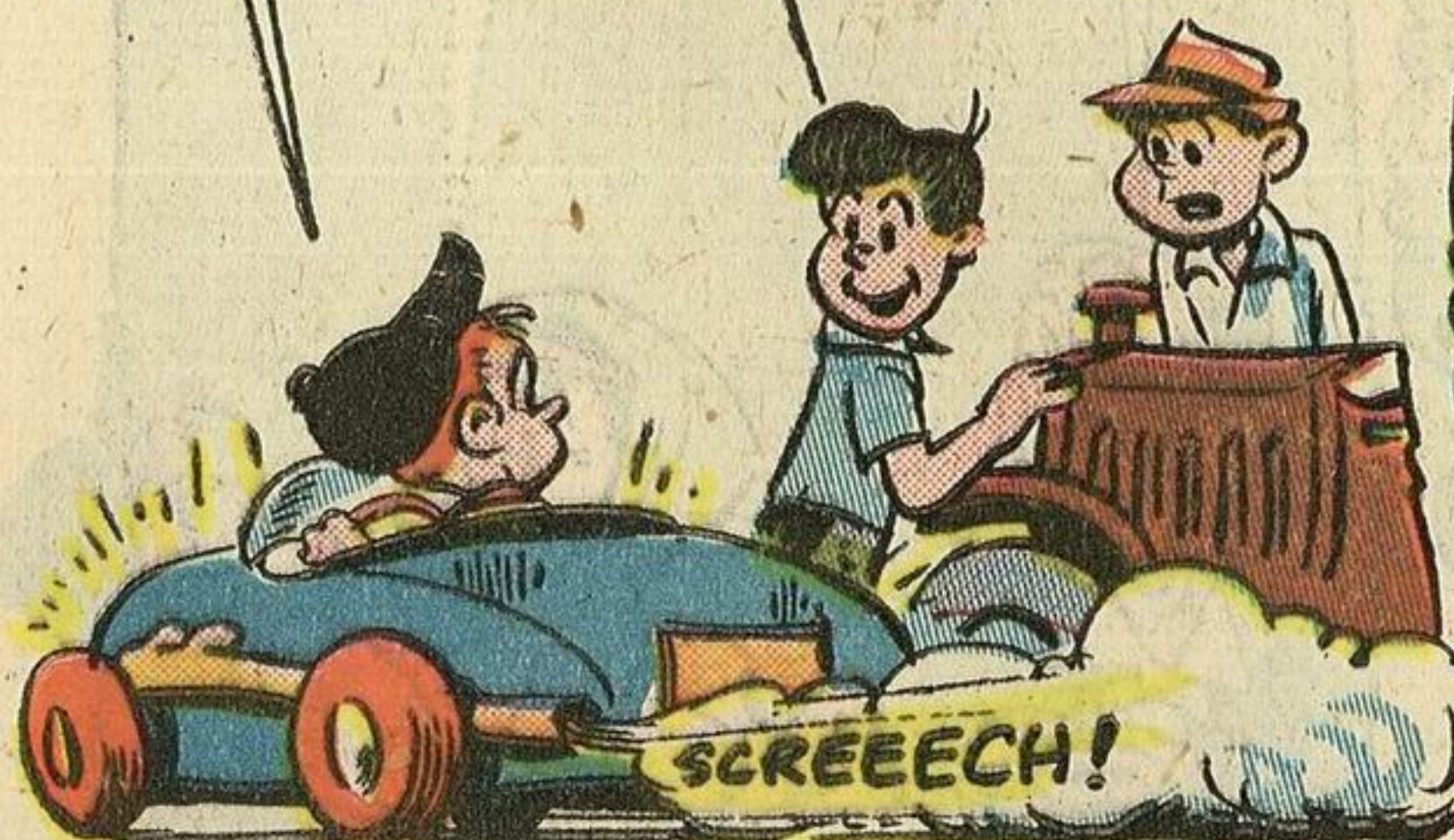
HI,  
PAL!  
THANKS  
FER BEIN'  
MY OLD  
LADY!

HEY JIT, LOOK!  
IT'S THAT KID  
AGAIN!

HOLY  
SOX! WHERE  
DIDJA GET  
**THAT?**

IT'S FROM THE **BANK GUY!**...HE  
ALSO PAID OFF THE MORTGAGE  
ON OUR HOUSE AN' GAVE ME AN'  
MA AN' PA A LOAD OF OTHER  
PRESENTS! SAID HE WUZ GONNA  
USE HIS DOUGH TA MAKE ALL THE  
POOR KIDS IN THIS TOWN HAPPY!

NO  
KIDDIN'!





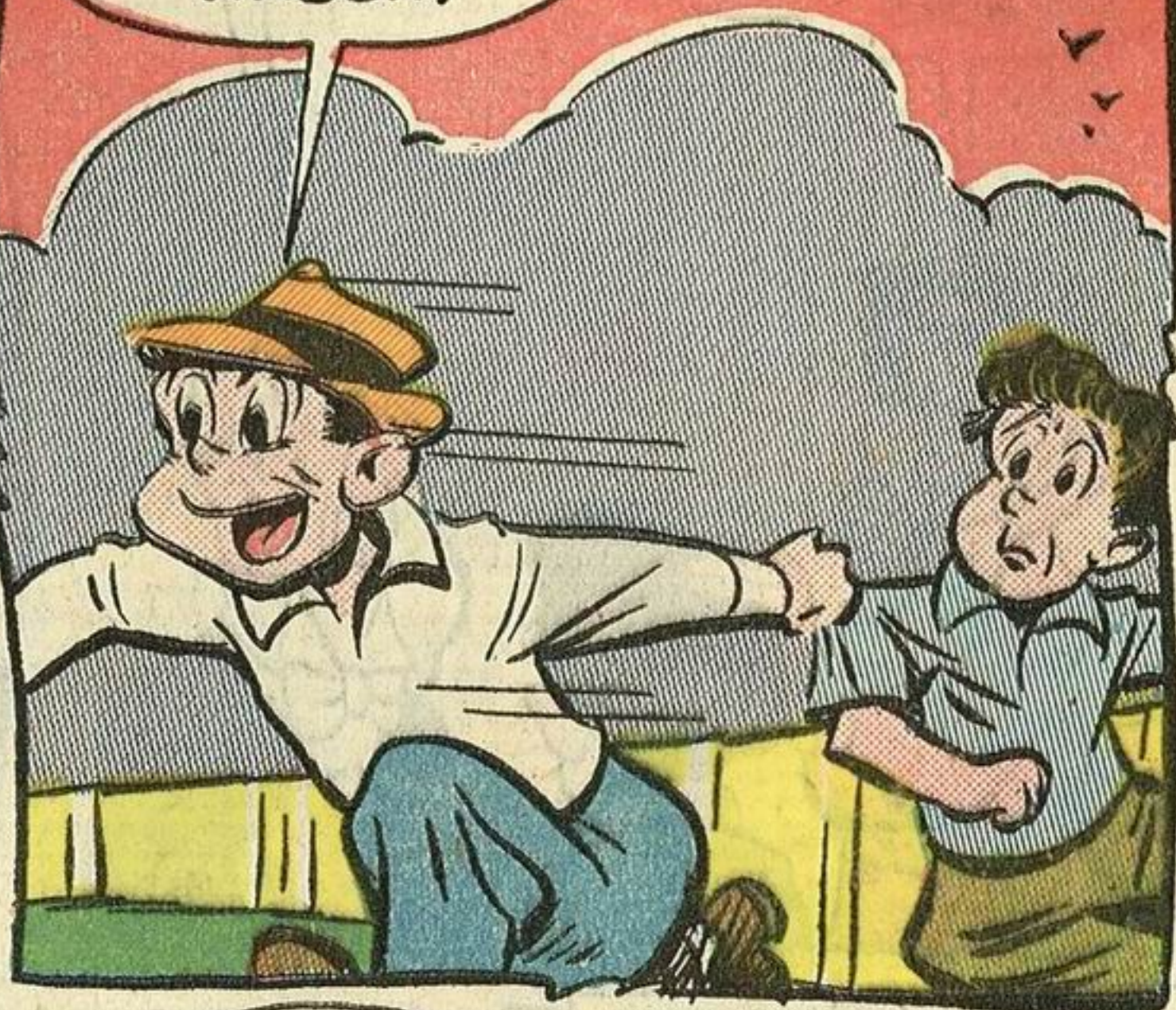
HOW D'YA LIKE *THAT*? I  
BREAK A WINDOW... THEN  
I'M A MOTHER... THEN THE  
KID GETS A NIFTY LITTLE  
MIDGET CAR! *UMMMM!*

FORGET IT...  
CONCENTRATE  
ON OUR FOLDED  
JALOP!

S'LONG,  
PAL!

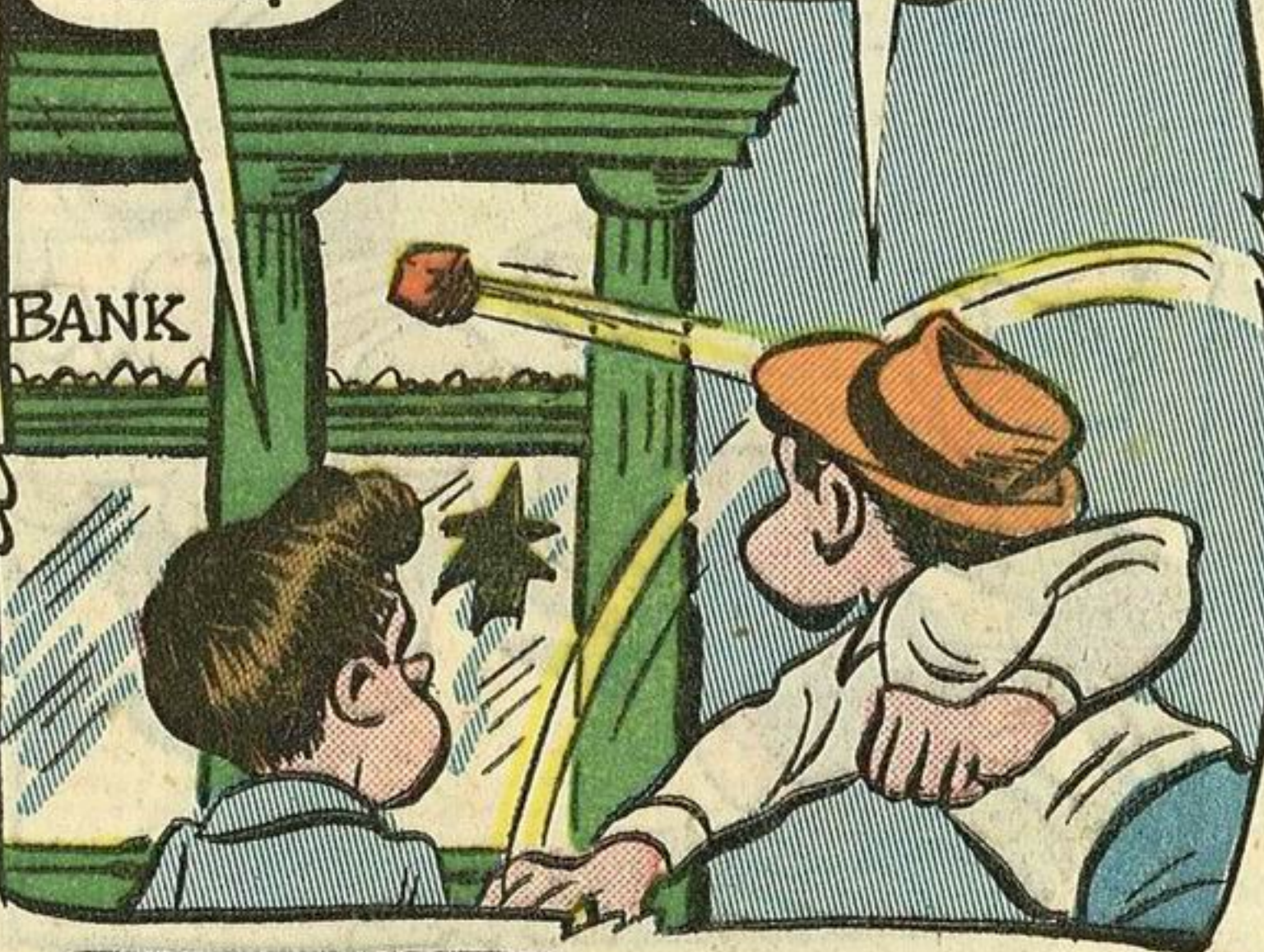


NEVER MIND THAT!  
C'MON... WE'LL GET  
A BRAND NEW  
WAGON!



ARE YOU  
*NUTS*? WOT'S  
THE GIMMICK  
WITH THAT  
*ROCK*?

HE SAID HE WAS GONNA  
HELP ALL THE *UNDER-  
PRIVILEGED KIDS* IN  
TOWN, DIDN'T HE?



YEAH,  
BUT...

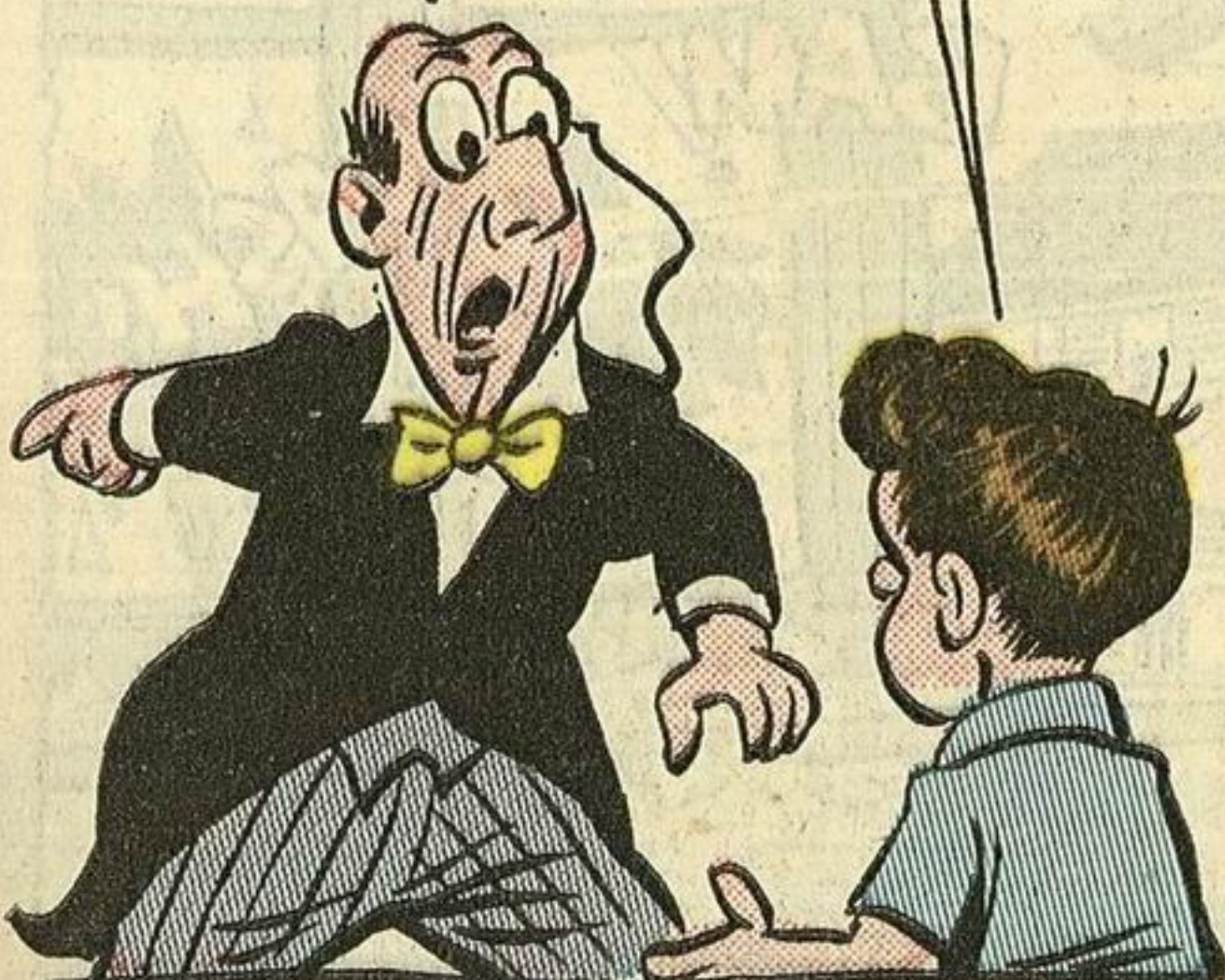
WELL, YOU  
REALLY ARE  
UNDERPRIVILEGED!  
... WAIT THERE!

**CRASH!**

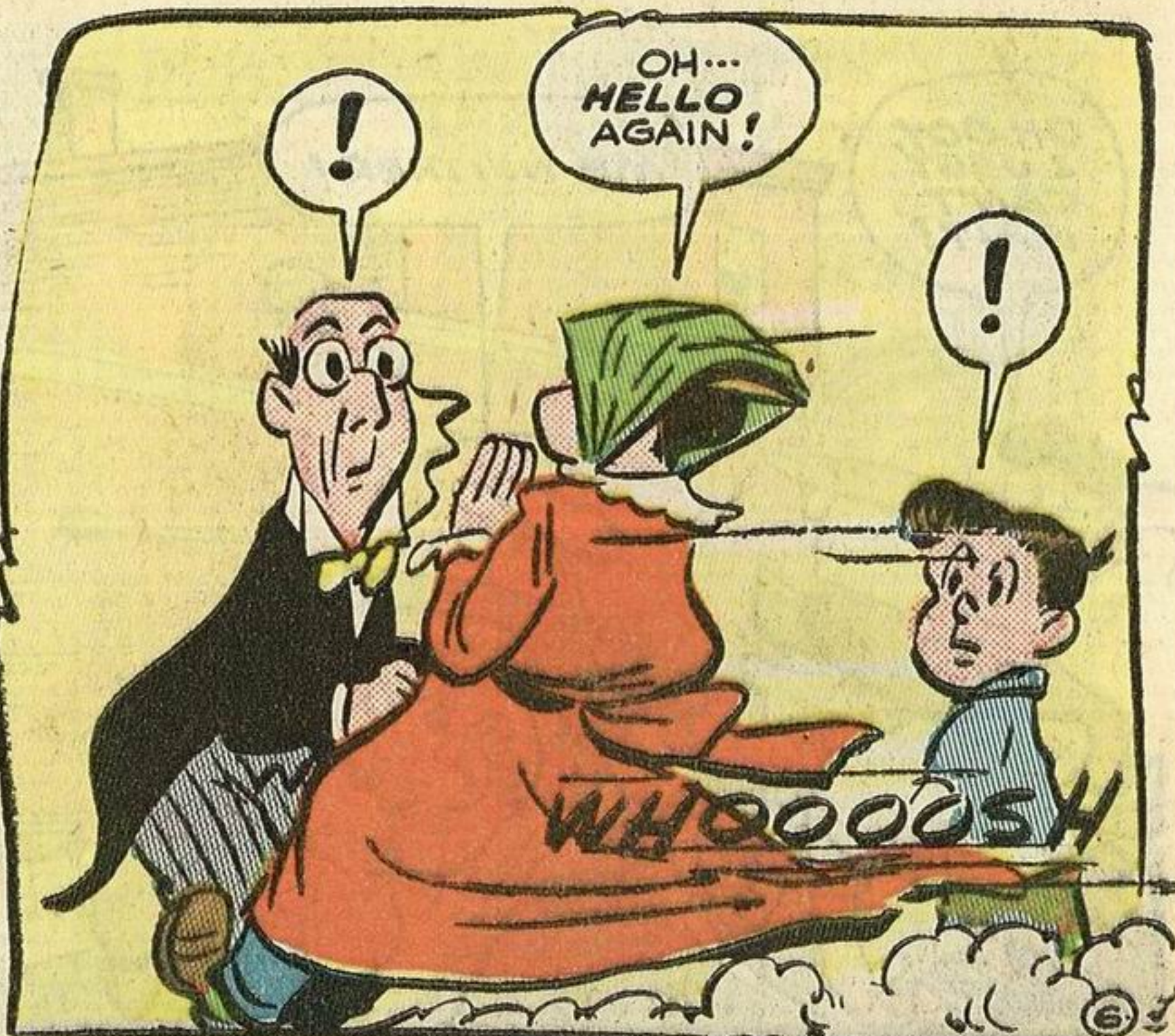


YOUNG MAN, ARE  
YOU RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THAT BROKEN  
WINDOW?

WELL  
...ER...



OH...  
HELLO  
AGAIN!





OH, DEAR, I SEE YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE WITH MY LITTLE NEPHEW THIS TIME!... POOR BOY!

POOR BOY? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?



HE'S SO UNHAPPY BECAUSE HE DOESN'T OWN A CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE THAT HE JUST GOES AROUND BREAKING WINDOWS ALL THE TIME!

YOUNG MAN, CHEER UP! IF A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT WILL MAKE A BETTER CITIZEN OF YOU, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR WISH WITHIN THE HOUR! YESSIR!

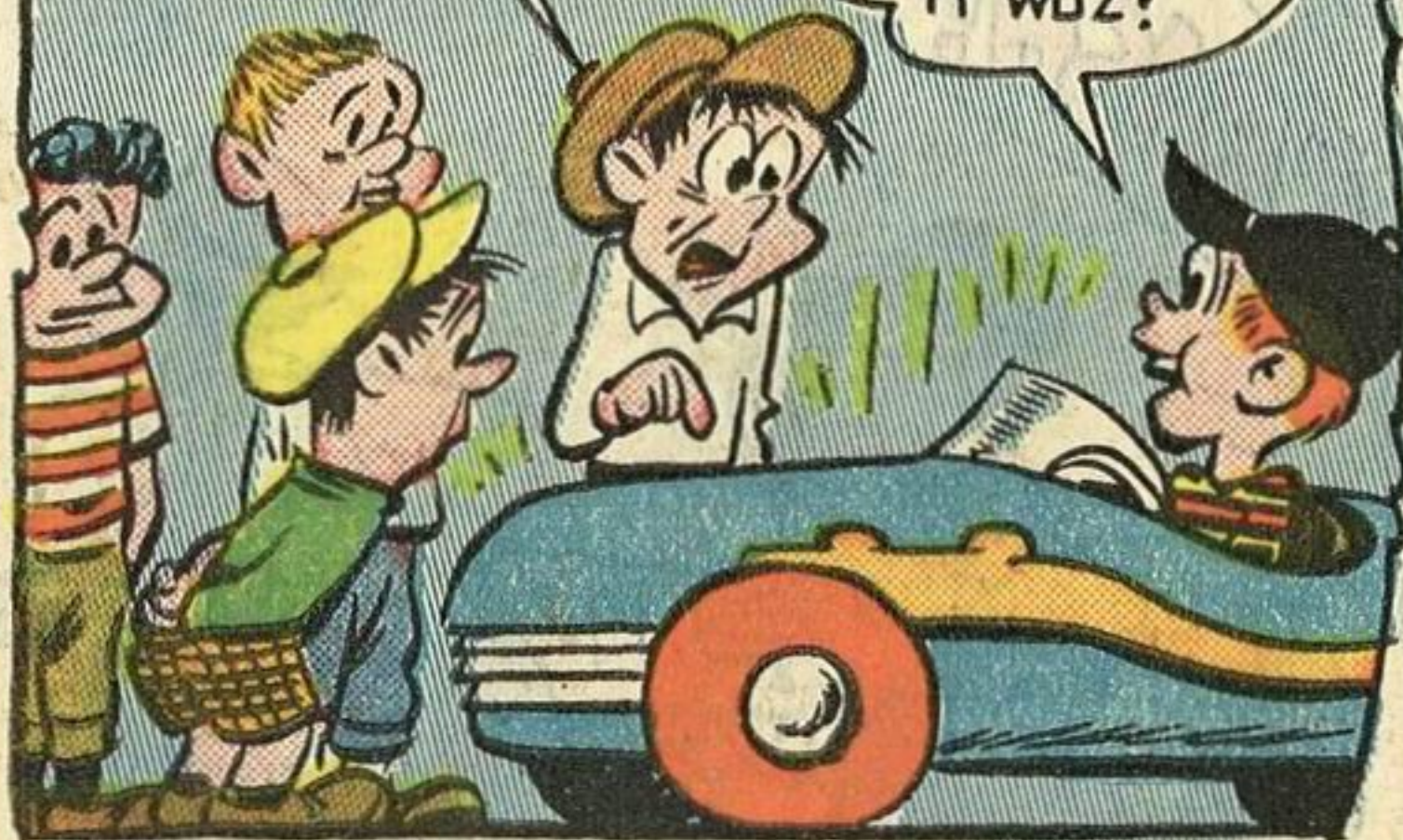
ULP!



IN THE MEANTIME...

YA MEAN TA SAY JUST BECUZ HE THOUGHT YA BROKE HIS WINDER, HE GAVE YA DIS CLASSY CHASSIE?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, DAT'S WOT IT WUZ!



THEN WOT'RE WE WAITIN' FER?... C'MON, GANG!



OH BOY, I JEST CAN'T WAIT!

ME NEITHER!



**CRASH!** BANK  
**BAM!** **CRASH!** **TINKLE!**

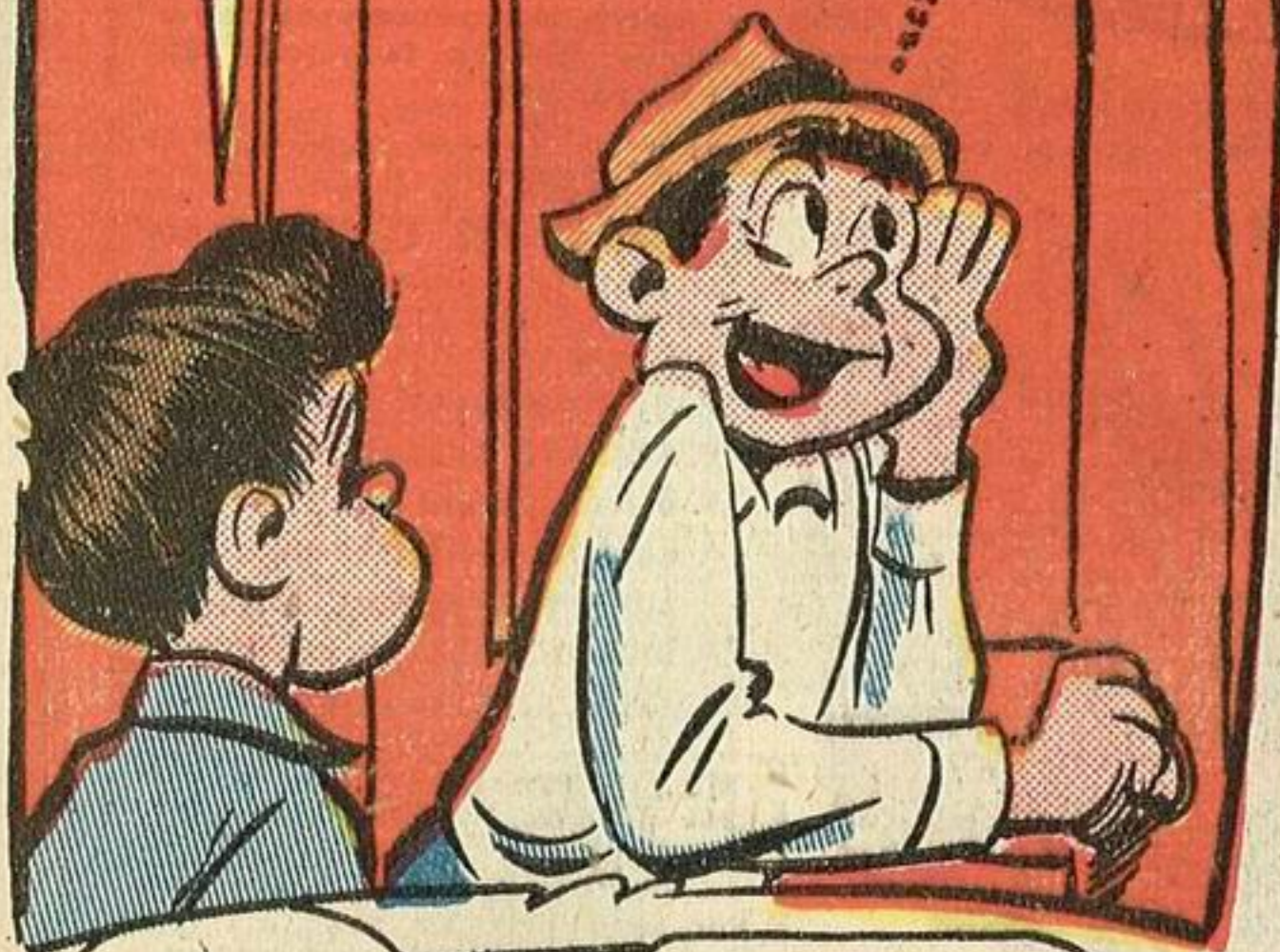




Later...

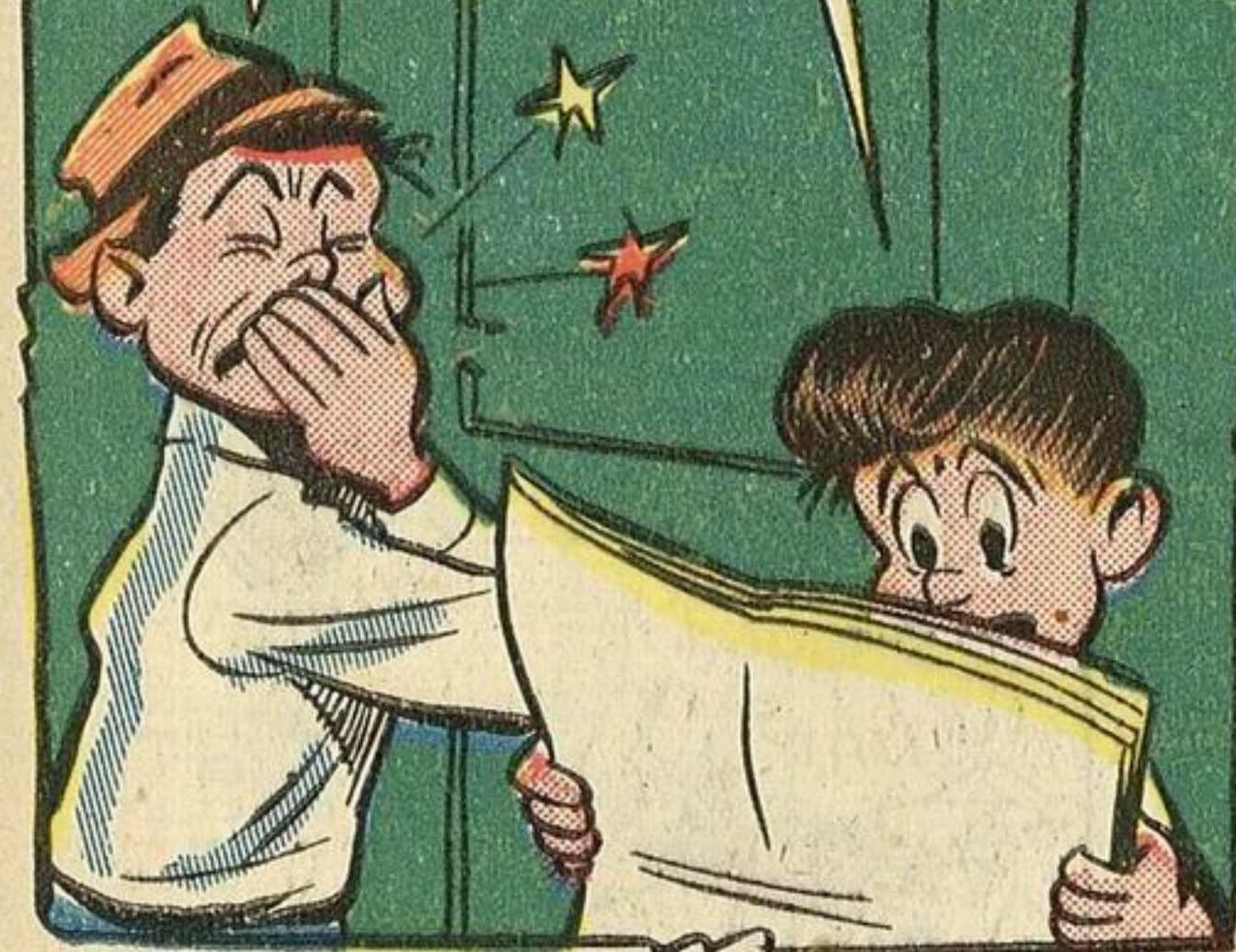
AW, JIT... I CAN'T TAKE A CAR FROM THAT GUY! IT ISN'T FAIR! IT...

PIPE DOWN, WILLYA? SH-HH... THERE'S A CAR STOPPIN' IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE NOW!



IT WAS ONLY THE PAPER BOY!

YEAH...YEAH ...BUT LOOK AT THE PAPER!



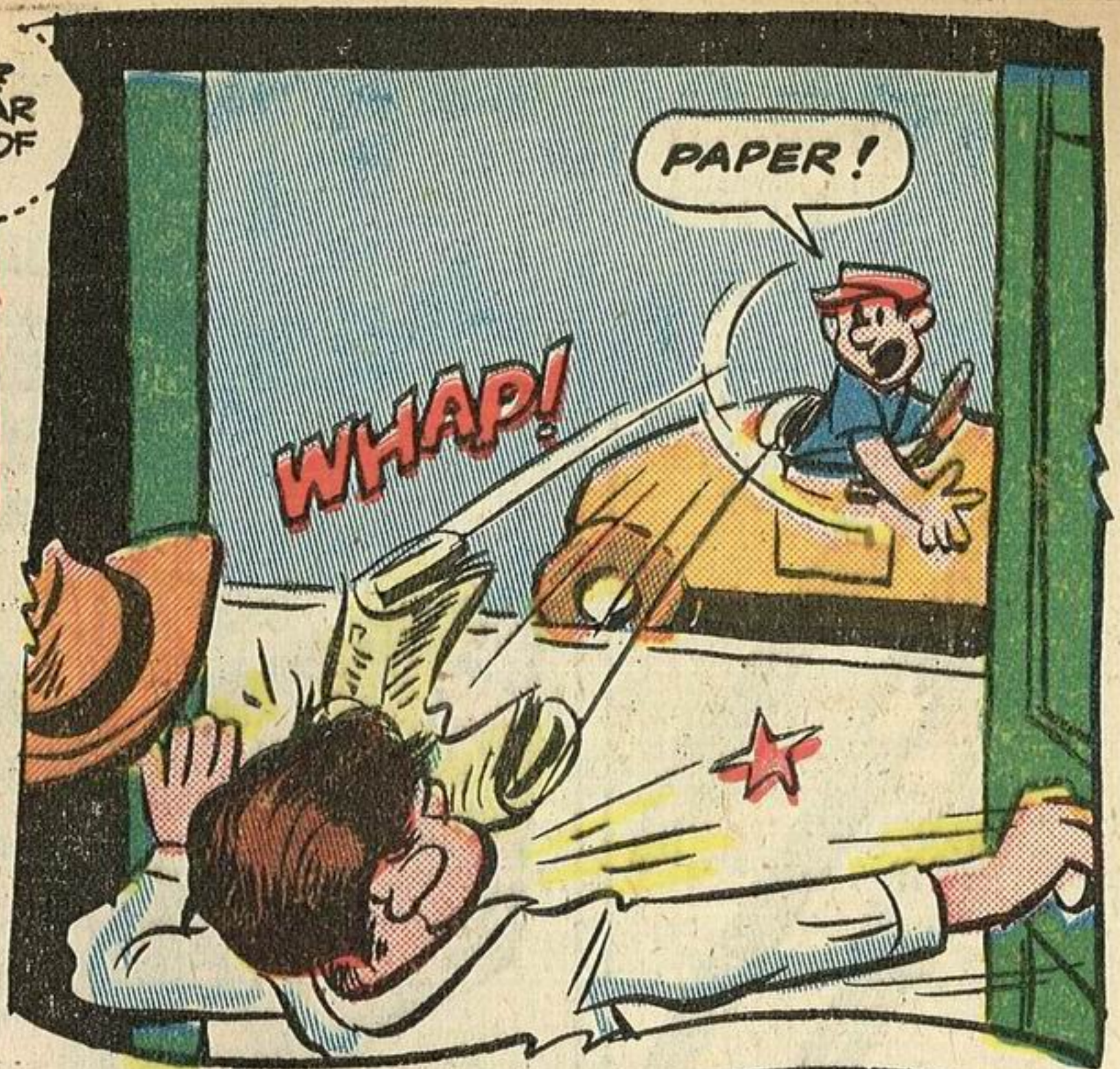
YER SURE THIS IS THE WAY TO THE GLUE FACTORY?

YEAH!



PAPER!

WHAP!



OH, N-NO!

EVENING BULLETIN

EXTRA

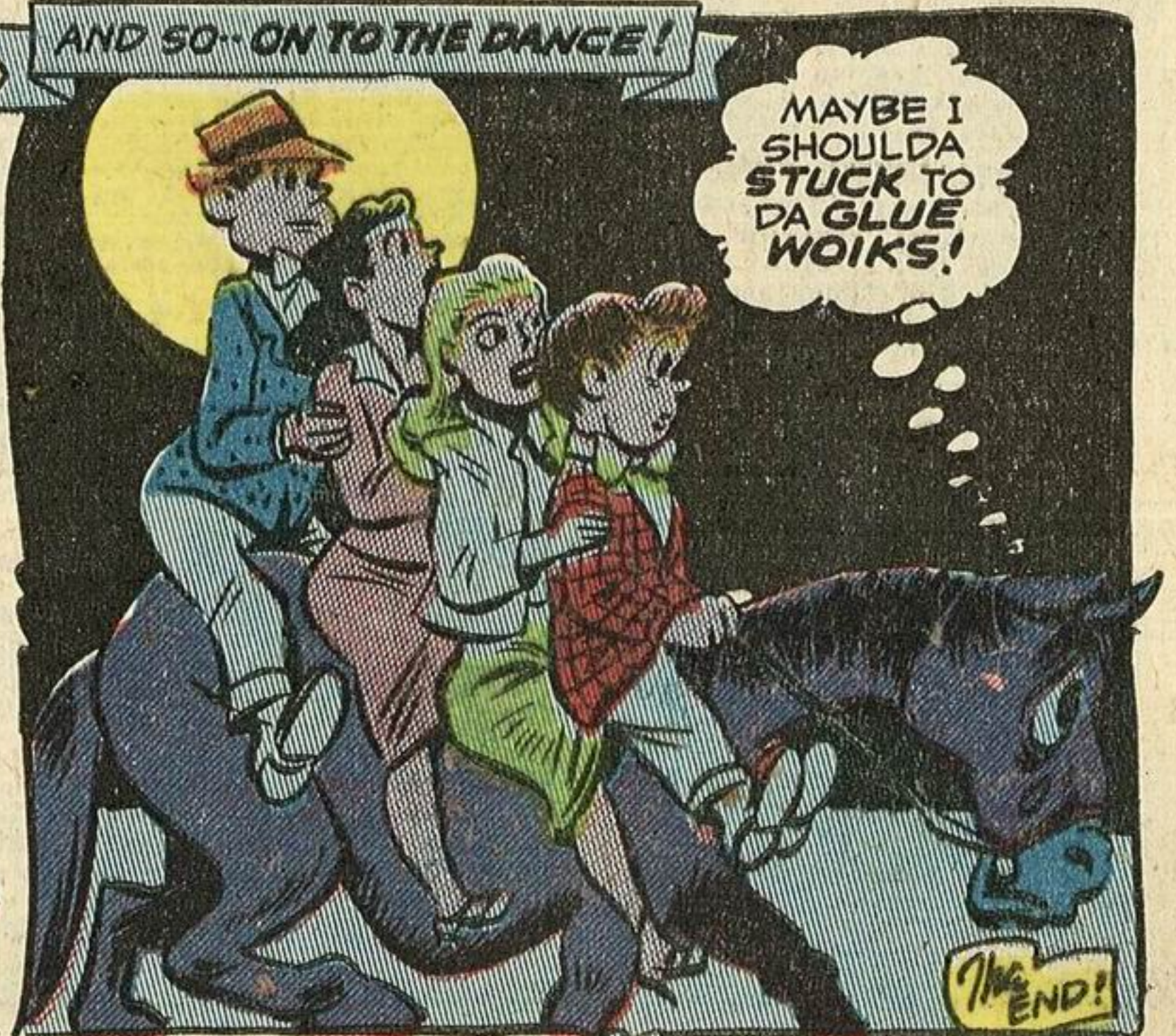
# BANK PRESIDENT SUFFERS FROM AMNESIA

WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD BY ROCK ... REMEMBERS NOTHING, SAY DOCTORS! MAY NOT RECOVER MEMORY FOR SEVERAL WEEKS



AND SO... ON TO THE DANCE!

MAYBE I SHOULD STUCK TO DA GLUE WOIKS!



THE END!



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☐ Send C.O.D., I save postage.

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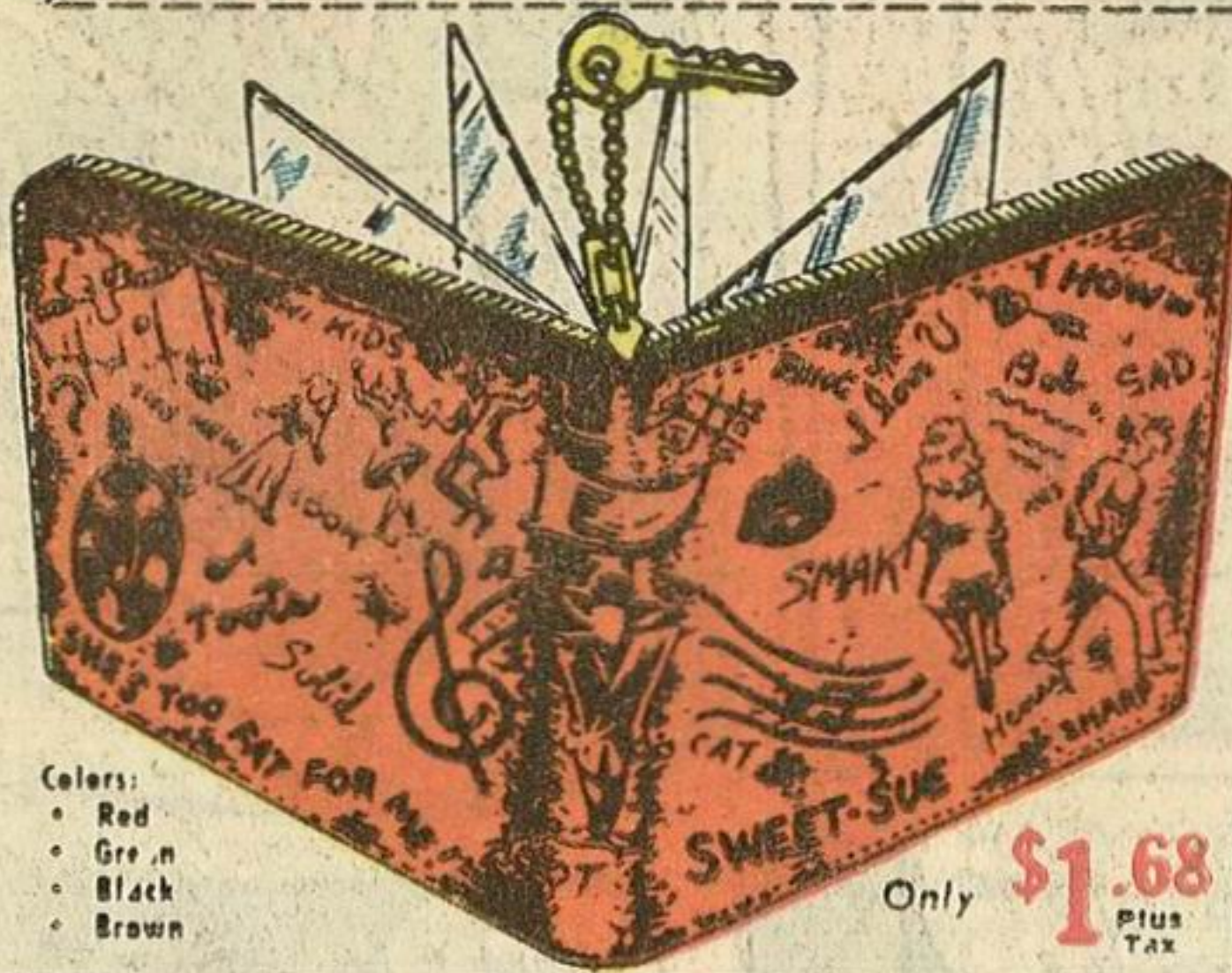
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JEWEL, Inc., Dept. A-12

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Locket I want — A ☐ B ☐

☐ Enclosed Check, M. O., you pay postage

☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

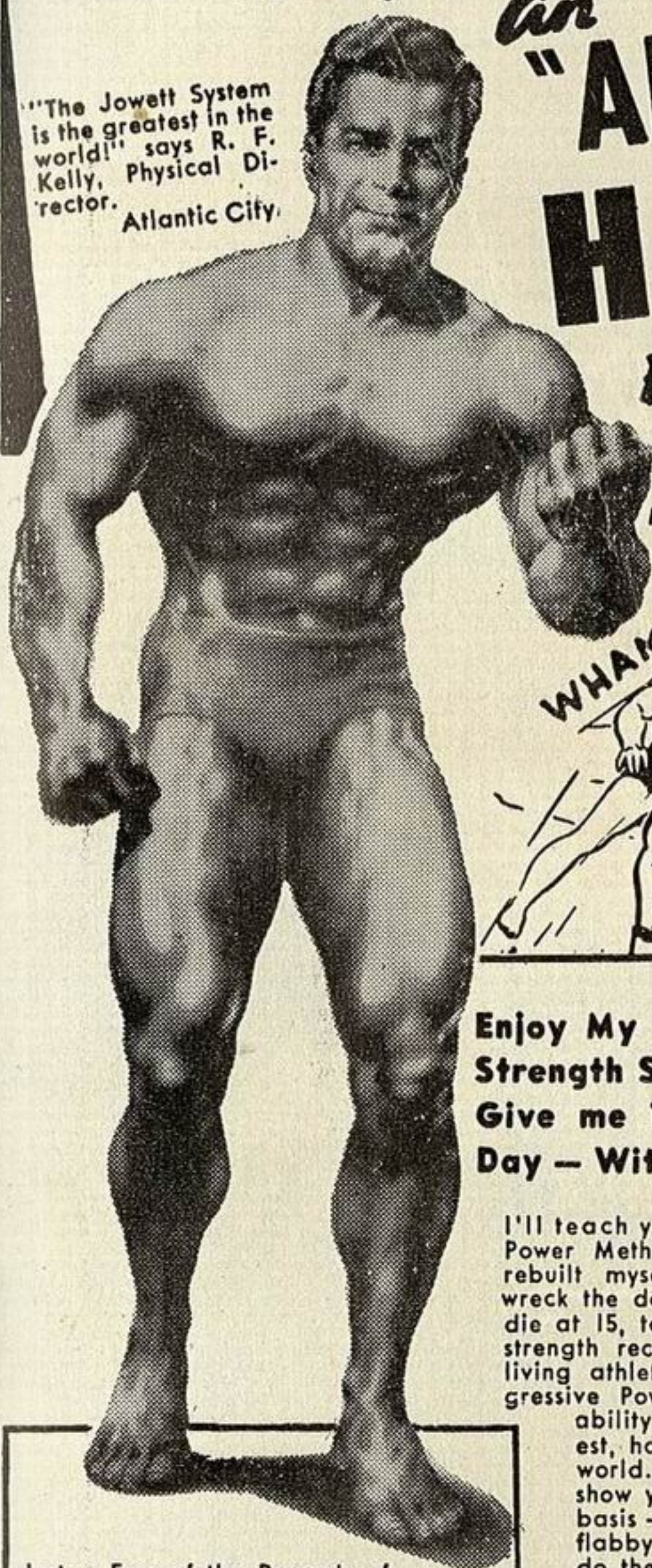
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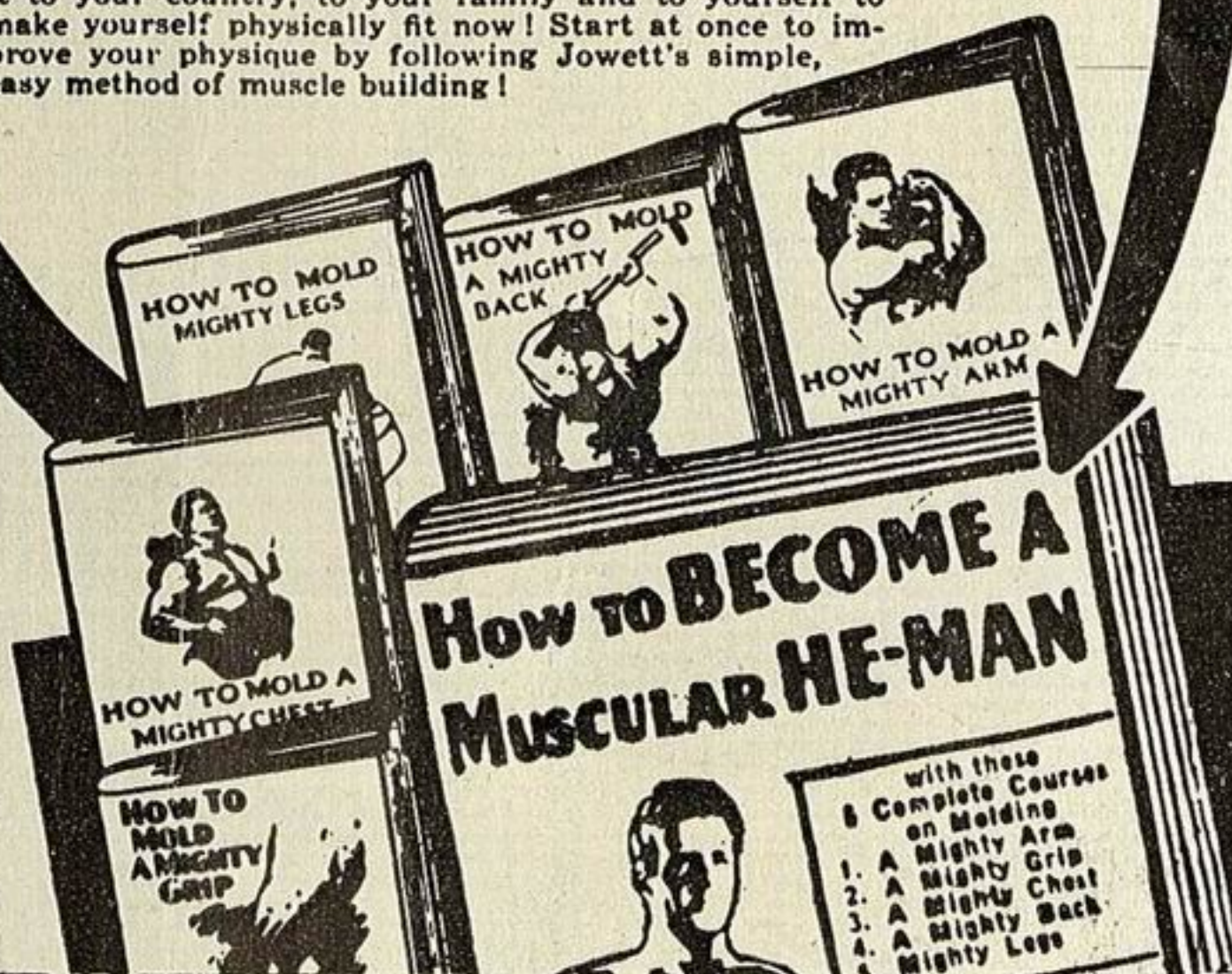
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